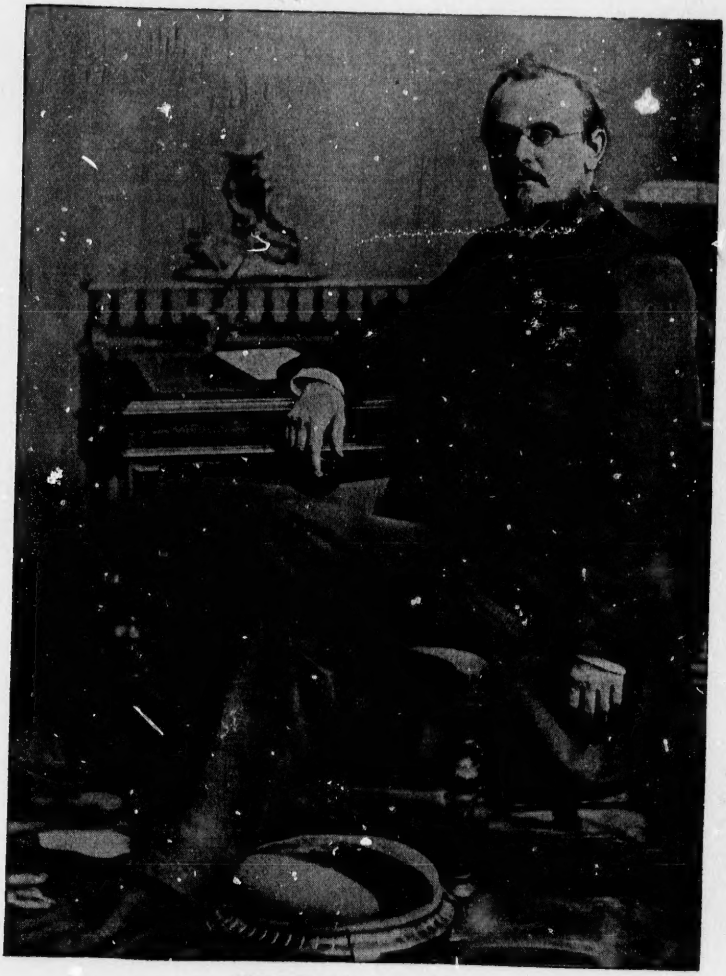

EDWARD HENRY ELWELL.

THE

HISTORY OF MAINE

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT

REVISED TO DATE AND FIVE CHAPTERS OF NEW MATTER ADDED BY

EDWARD H. ELWELL

LATE EDITOR OF THE PORTLAND TRANSCRIPT

SECOND EDITION, ILLUSTRATED

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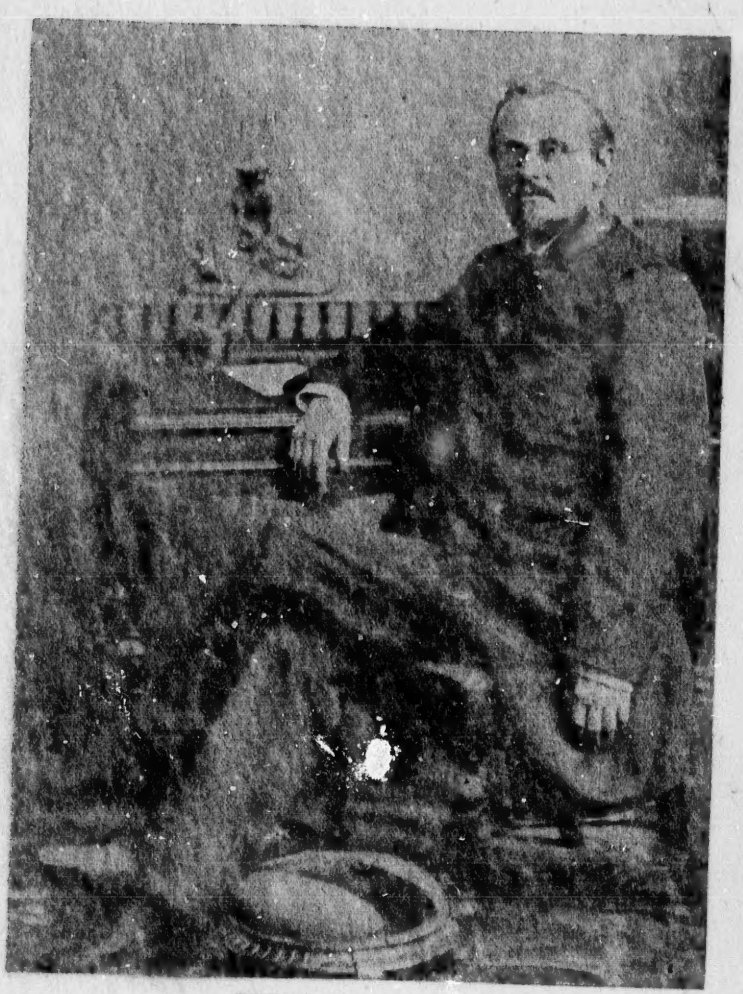

EDWARD HENRY ELWELL.

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PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

It is seventeen years since the History of Maine was published, and more than twelve years it has been out of print, making it highly desirable that the growing interests of the state should be placed before the people.

This edition has been under the careful supervision of Mr. Edward H. Elwell, than whom no man in the state was better fitted for the task. He had long been editor of the Portland Transcript, and was a critical observer of the topography, material, educational and political condition of Maine. Every page has been carefully scrutinized, corrections and additions made, and five new chapters added upon subjects not treated upon in the first edition.

Resources and Industries,
Morals and Religion,
Population,
Education,
Politics.

The death of Mr. Elwell, shortly after completing this work is a loss and bereavement to every intelligent citizen of Maine.

Brown Thurston Company.

Portland, 1892.

PREFACE.

MAINE is the native state of the writer of this volume. Seventy years ago, in the year 1805, he was born in Brunswick, within sound of the roar of the falls of the Androscoggin.

His childhood was spent in Hallowell, then a small but thriving hamlet upon the banks of the Kennebec. In the halls of Bowdoin he received his collegiate education.

In his maturer years he ever repaired, for recreation, to the parental home, then at Farmington in the beautiful and luxuriant valley of the Sandy River.

In Maine he found the cradle of his infancy. There are the graves of his fathers. Upon its soil he has spent the happiest years of his life. To give a biographical sketch of his native state, of its birth, growth and maturity, has been with him a labor of love.

It is not the object of this history to search out discoveries which have hitherto eluded the scrutiny of antiquarians, or to settle disputed questions which have arisen in reference to minute details in early days.

He wishes to give a faithful and graphic record of the wondrous past,—such a record as will be read with interest at every fireside. It is indeed an exciting story he has to tell,—of perilous adventures by sea and land, of struggles against the hardships of the wilderness, of terrible conflicts with a savage foe.

In the rich libraries of Portland, Boston and New Haven, the writer has found ample material for his work. He has endeavored to give the reader his authority for every important statement he has made. Where there is irreconcilable discrepancy in the annals of the past, he has endeavored faithfully to give each side.

The history commences with the landing of the Northmen upon our shores about a thousand years ago, and closes with the present grandeur of the State, when our prosperous Republic is about to celebrate the centennial anniversary of its existence as an independent nation.

The writer has only to say, in conclusion, that he feels that this is one of the last labors of his long life. He has spared no pains to make this history as accurate as possible; and he now commends it to the kindly consideration of the sons and daughters of Maine.

FAIRHAVEN, CONN, 1875. JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

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THE HISTORY OF MAINE.

CHAPTER I.

VOYAGES OF THE NORTHMEN [1] AND OTHER EARLY EXPLORERS.

Country of the Northmen — Voyages to Iceland and Greenland — Voyage of Thorwald — His Death — Expedition of Thorfinn and Gudrida — Visit to Buzzard's Bay and Narraganset Bay — First Description of New England — A Mystery of History — Voyage of John Cabot — Voyage of his Son, Sebastian Cabot — French and English Claims — Gaspar Cortereal — Verrazano — Strange Interview with the Indians — Estevan Gomez — Norumbega — John Rut.

EVENTS contemplated through the lapse of a thousand years must be dim. In ancient times the region of northern Europe, which now comprehends Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, was called Scandinavia. The hardy people who dwelt in that frigid clime were called Northmen. They were a seafaring people, regarded mainly as pirates. Shores far distant were ravaged by their plundering expeditions.

It is said, that, ten centuries ago, one of these Northmen, Naddod, who was called the sea-king, driven by storms, discovered Iceland. It was, ere long, settled by a colony from Denmark. It is said, that, about seventeen years after the discovery of Iceland, a storm drove another vessel from that island across to Greenland, a distance of but about four hundred miles. This was in the extreme north-eastern portion of the North Ameri-

[1] For the following account of the voyages of the Northmen, I am mainly indebted to the celebrated work entitled, "Antiquitates Americanæ, Hafniæ. Copenhagen, 1839. By C. C. Rafn." So far as it is possible to obtain any accuracy upon this subject, the authority of Mr. Rafn is unquestionable.

can Continent. Thus, according to this report, the Northmen discovered America more than six hundred years before Columbus approached our shores.

About ten years after this, another Northman, by the name of Biarne, seeking Greenland, was driven by fierce gales far to the south. It is surmised, from his vague descriptions, that he must have caught sight of Cape Cod, and that he thence coasted north-easterly, back along the shores of Maine and Nova Scotia, to Greenland.

As the story goes, four years after this, in the year 1000, a man by the name of Leif took another vessel, and set out on an exploring expedition. He touched at dreary, desolate Newfoundland; leaving the coast of Maine unseen far away on his right, he directed his course south-west, till he reached the head of Cape Cod. Sailing around the Cape, and turning to the west, he entered a large bay, which it is supposed was Narraganset, and landed, probably not far from the present site of Newport in Rhode Island.

They found the climate so mild, the region so delightful, the fruit so abundant, that they decided to spend the winter there. As rich grapes abounded, they named the country Vineland. In the shortest day of winter they recorded that the sun rose at half past seven, and set at half past four. This would quite decisively indicate that they were in the region of southern New England.

In the year 1002 a brother of Leif, by the name of Thorwald, set out on another exploring tour to these newly discovered and attractive realms. Following his brother's track, he reached the same bay in which Leif had wintered, and occupied the same cabins which he had reared. In the spring he sent out the long boat with a party of sailors, to examine the coast west and south. We know nothing of the results of this expedition.

It is inferred, from the accounts which are still quite vague, that Thorwald spent another winter in Narraganset Bay, and that he named the spot Leifsbuder, or Leifshouse. In the spring he set sail in his ship, to follow the coast back to Greenland. Sailing around Cape Cod, which he named Naeset, he turned

the bows of his ship due west, towards the main land, and came to anchor not improbably in what is now Boston Harbor. He was so delighted with the aspect of the wooded hill, and the green vales, and the charming expanse of the bay studded with islands, that he exclaimed, "Here it is beautiful; here I should like to spend my days!"

While at anchor here, they discovered three small canoes, each containing three natives. These barbarian Northmen, with cruelty which would have disgraced savages, pursued the harmless natives, and killed eight of them. One only escaped. The fiend-like deed roused the tribe. Soon a fleet of canoes, filled with Indian warriors, seemed to cover the bay. But their puny arrows could make no impression upon the oak-ribbed ship of their foes. The Northmen, sheltered by planks, could bid defiance to the assaults of these justly exasperated natives. The assailants, seeing the futility of their efforts, retired.

They knew not that one barbed arrow, God-directed, had entered the vitals of Thorwald, piercing him just beneath the arm. He was the only one injured. As the deeply imbedded arrow adhered to the wound, and the blood gushed forth, he had only time to say, —

"This is my death-blow. I advise you to depart as soon as possible; but first take my body to the shore, and bury it upon the promontory before you. There I had intended to make my abode: I shall now dwell there forever. Place two crosses at my grave, — one at the head and one at the foot; and let the spot, in all future time, be called Krossanaes."[1]

This event took place, as is supposed, near Boston Harbor. It was the first conflict between the native Americans and the Europeans. In this encounter the Europeans were palpably and outrageously in the wrong. Thorwald's men returned to Narraganset Bay, where they spent the winter. We have no account of their having any intercourse with the Indians. They probably set traps for beaver and other animals. It is stated that in the spring they set sail for Greenland with a cargo of wood and furs.

It would seem, from this account, that Thorwald and his men

[1] The Promontory of the Crosses.

were upon the Rhode Island shore for two years. They made sundry explorations, both east and west. The remarkable headland, now called Cape Cod, they minutely described. They gave it the name of Naeset, or the Nose. It is worthy of notice, that when our Puritan fathers landed at the head of the Cape, after the lapse of eight hundred years, the Indians called it Nauset, there being the change of but a single letter in the name.

Erik had a third son, Thorstein. With fraternal affection, the young man decided to fit out an expedition to Vineland, as the country was then called, that he might obtain the remains of his brother, and bury them by the graves of his fathers. He fitted out the same ship in which Thorwald had sailed, and took with him a crew of twenty-five picked men. His wife, Gudrida, who is represented as a woman of remarkable prudence and energy, accompanied him.

The ship encountered a series of terrible storms, and was driven far away to sea, they scarcely knew where. Turning homewards, they did not reach the ice-bound shores of Greenland until early in December, 1005. They landed at one of these cheerless settlements, greatly exhausted by the tempests against which they so long had struggled. Here Thorstein was taken sick and died, with many others of his crew. It is probable that the ship was frozen in, for she did not leave her dreary anchorage until the spring. The heart-stricken widow then returned to her friends.

A year passed away, and Gudrida was married again to a gentleman of Iceland, by the name of Thorfinn. He was a wealthy man, of illustrious birth, and distinguished for his virtues and his energy. Our own New England, the Vineland of the Icelanders, was to them, in comparison with their icy abode, the land of fruits and flowers, of genial clime and sunny skies. Thorfinn, influenced, it is said, by the glowing description he had received from the lips of his wife, of these favored realms, fitted out another exploring expedition. It was probably his intention to establish a colony, for he took three ships and one hundred and sixty men.

The expedition set out from one of the southern ports in

Greenland, in the summer of 1008. They sailed along the coast of Nova Scotia, then called Markland; and then, keeping the land, of what is now called Maine, ever in sight, cruised along the shore until they reached Cape Cod. It does not appear that they landed at any point.

They sailed around Cape Cod, being much impressed with its long and sandy beaches. Passing the group of the Elizabeth Islands, with which they were much charmed, and where they saw water-fowl in such wonderful abundance that they could scarcely step upon the shore without treading upon their eggs, they cast anchor in Buzzard's Bay.

From this point a small party was sent out on an exploring tour to the north. The ships, with the remainder of the men, sailed westward, and again entered the beautiful sheet of water which their countrymen had previously visited, the Narraganset Bay. It may be doubted whether there is anywhere a more genial climate than that of southern New England. Farther north the winters are too cold; farther south the summers are too hot. In this temperate region there is perhaps as desirable a blending of heat and cold as can anywhere else be found.

Thorfinn was delighted with the spot. He found grapes in rich clusters, wheat growing wild. Through the winter no snow fell, and the cattle fed in the open fields. The natives, who may not have heard of the infamous assault of Thorwald in Massachusetts Bay, gathered around in large numbers and with the most friendly feelings. They brought in furs and skins, which they were eager to exchange for the knives, hatchets, and beads, which the strangers brought. The little hamlet of log huts which Thorfinn erected on the shore, he called Thorfinn's Buder, or Thorfinn's Building.

The Icelandic chronicler of this enterprise writes that the natives valued very highly the red cloth the strangers brought. They would give furs of the richest fibre for a piece not broader than a finger's breadth, which they bound around their heads like a crown.

We have mentioned, that, at Buzzard's Bay, an exploring party had been sent out to visit the region north and east. This company consisted of eight men, led by an Icelander of very

enterprising spirit, named Thorhall. He is represented as a man of very dark complexion, of stout build, and great physical strength. They embarked in a large boat, sailed along the eastern coast of Cape Cod, and then struck across Massachusetts Bay, north-westerly towards the coast of Maine.

On this passage he encountered a north-west wind of such fury and continuance, that, according to the almost incredible statement, he was driven entirely across the Atlantic Ocean to the coast of Ireland. As the story goes, he and his men, upon landing, were made slaves.

At the Narraganset settlement dissensions arose between the Northmen and the natives. Battles ensued. The Northmen were worsted in the conflict, as probably they deserved to be. Impartial history must declare, that, perhaps without exception, in the battles waged in this country between the Europeans and the natives, the Europeans were the aggressors. The natives seem invariably to have fought to avenge some wrongs previously received.

The Northmen, who were but little better armed than the natives, and far outnumbered by them, found their position very perilous. Thorfinn decided to break up his colony and return to Greenland, but he had heard no tidings from Thorhall: he therefore took one of his ships, and sailed in search of him. The rest of his company he left on the shore at Buzzard's Bay.

It is supposed that he reached the coast of Maine. There he cast anchor at the mouth of a river. Endless forests were spread out before him, with scarcely any open space. Thorfinn, disappointed in his search for Thorhall, returned to his companions whom he had left at Buzzard's Bay, and there he passed the winter. It was his third winter in Vineland.

In the spring of 1011 he again spread his sails, and returned to Greenland. There are some indications in the narrative, that a few men were left in the colony at the bay: this is, however, uncertain. Thorfinn took with him two native boys. Whether they were carried away by stealth, or of their own free will, is not known. The report he gave of the climate and its productions, and the exhibition he made of its furs and skins, and of rare varieties of wood, inspired others with the desire to visit these regions of so much promise.

It was then supposed that Vineland belonged to Europe,— that it was merely an extension of the coasts of Norway and Sweden. They called the natives Skrellings, or little men,[1] the same name which they had given to the Esquimaux of the extreme north. In a very celebrated work, written about that time by Adam of Bremen, entitled "Ecclesiastical History of the North of Europe," we find the following curious passage:—

"Sueno, King of Denmark, to whom I paid a visit, described to me, in conversation on the northern countries, among many other islands, one which had been called Vineland, because the vine would grow there without any cultivation, and because it produced the best sort of wine. Plenty of fruits grow in this country without planting. This is not mere rumor. I have this news from very authentic and trustworthy relations of the Danes. Beyond this land, however, no habitable country is found. On the contrary, every thing to the north is covered with ice and eternal night."

This is the first description of New England which is given to the reading public of Europe. It is supposed, from incidental allusions which are found in the annals of those days, that after this there were many commercial expeditions to Vineland, to obtain furs, skins, wood, and other commodities, for the Greenland and Iceland markets. Of these no special record was made.

As it is stated, that, in the year 1121, a bishop by the name of Erik visited Vineland on a Christian mission, it is probable that there was some colony on the coast, or perhaps scattered colonies, where Northmen were engaged in trading with the natives, fishing, and wood-cutting. The beauty, salubrity, and fertility of the country, compared with Greenland and Iceland, must have presented strong inducements to visit the sunny realm, and to remain there.

In Newport, R.I., there are the ruins of a stone tower, which have evidently been battered by the storms of ages. As the origin of the building is entirely lost in the haze of distance, it is by many supposed that the tower was built by the hands of the Northmen. The architecture is neither above nor below their capabilities. The building might have been con-

[1] This is probably the signification of the term, though various other interpretations have been suggested.

structed as a citadel of defence, or for industrial purposes. In view of the facts contained in these pages, it is not unreasonable to suppose that the venerable tower remains a memorial of the Northmen's visit.

OLD STONE TOWER, OR MILL, NEWPORT.

One or two hundred years of silence pass away. The storms of winter wail through the forests of Vineland. The suns of summer clothe the extended landscape in verdure, opening the flowers, and ripening the grapes. Indian hunting-bands, of unknown name and language, wander through the solitudes in pursuit of the bear, the deer, the moose, and, after life's brief and joyless dream, vanish in death. But from these awful solitudes no voice reaches us. We have no record of the joys or griefs of these benighted children of the forest. We simply know that everywhere upon this globe, — this residence of fallen humanity, — man is born to mourn. In the wigwam of the savage, as in the palace of the monarch, eyes must weep, and hearts must bleed.

As we have mentioned, the Northmen called Nova Scotia Markland, or, "The Country of the Woods." As there were no definite boundaries then conceived of, this name included the northern portion of Maine, as Vineland included its southern portion. An Icelandic geographer, in his description of the globe, writes, his language being translated into modern terms: —

"From northern Russia, the land extends northerly to uninhabited deserts, until Greenland commences. Thence, towards the south, lie Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, and Vineland. It is supposed that Vineland stretches out towards Africa. England and Scotland, form one island. Iceland is a large island on the north of Ireland. All these countries are in that part of the world called Europe."

The fact must forever remain inexplicable, why the Northmen, after having discovered and partially colonized the fair

realms of Vineland, should have abandoned them entirely, while they continued their settlements in the dreary regions of Greenland and Iceland. They called the region "Vineland the Good." They extolled, in merited praise, the capacious harbors and the beautiful rivers with which this goodly land was blessed. Here the purple grapes hung in clusters; apples, pears, peaches, and an innumerable variety of plums, grew in orchards which Nature's hand had planted. Indian corn waved gracefully in spontaneous growth. They found pure water, fertile fields, and sunny skies. Wood was in abundance, for buildings, to cheer the winter fireside, and for the mechanic arts. Yet all this they abandoned for bleak and frigid realms in the neighborhood of the north pole.

The Northmen, as we have said, did not consider Vineland a new world. They thought it only a continuation of their own Scandinavian land. Iceland became quite a noted republic. Thriving colonies rose on the icebound coasts of Greenland; and yet Vineland was left, for several hundred years, to the undisturbed possession of its savage inhabitants.

The centuries passed slowly away, and Vineland was forgotten. The colonies in Greenland perished. Iceland, far away amidst arctic seas, was isolated, and scarcely known to exist by Southern Europe. When, in 1492, Columbus discovered the islands of the West Indies, he supposed himself to be upon the coast of Asia. Five years after this, Henry VII. fitted out an expedition from Bristol, England, supposing that China might be reached by crossing the Atlantic in very high latitudes. The command of this expedition was probably intrusted to John Cabot." [1]

This renowned voyager had three sons, Lewis, Sebastian, and Sancius, all of whom seem to have inherited in a degree the nautical taste and the love of adventure of their father. Sebastian, in particular, subsequently attained world-wide renown. A fleet of five ships sailed from Bristol, England, in the spring of 1497.

[1] There has been much discussion by antiquarians in reference to the voyages of John Cabot and his son Sebastian, which it would be out of place to introduce here. Those who feel interested in that question will find it fully presented in the Documentary History of Maine, by William Willis, vol. i. I give the narrative here as it is generally received.

John Cabot was intrusted with the command.[1] His three sons accompanied him. In the instructions furnished by the king, he was authorized to sail under the royal banner to all parts, in search of islands or countries unknown to Christians. He was to plant that banner, and to reign over the countries he might discover, as the king's vassal. In this patent, as it was called, the voyage was to be directed to the east, west, or north; it being understood that the south belonged to Spain and Portugal, as the first discoverers. Cabot and his associates were to provide every thing for the expedition at their own cost. They had nothing from the king, but the royal authority and protection as their passport.

We know but little in respect to this voyage. Sebastian wrote an account of it; but his manuscript is lost.[2] It is conjectured that the Cabots caught the first sight of the North-American Continent, on the coast of Labrador, on the 24th of June, 1497.[3] Some contend that the land which they first made was the Island of Cape Breton. Having run along the coast, we know not whether north or south, three hundred leagues, they returned to Bristol early in August, 1497. The Cabots were received with great joy; for it was supposed that they had discovered the empire of China.

We hear nothing more of John Cabot. He probably soon died. One year after this, in 1498, Sebastian Cabot sailed with two ships from Bristol, in the month of May. It is said that he touched the coast of Labrador far in the north. Finding it intensely cold, even in July, with vast islands of ice floating around, and the land trending to the east, he directed his course to the south.[4] Coasting the southern shores of Labrador, he cast anchor at Newfoundland. He was seeking a passage to India. As he cruised along, he kept the coast constantly in view on his right. Leaving behind him the forest-crowned cliffs of Nova Scotia, he entered what is called the

[1] Some authorities say that there were but four vessels, and that the vessel which bore Admiral Cabot was called "The Mathew." It is also said that not John Cabot, but his son Sebastian, had the command.

[2] See Biddle's Memoir of Sebastian Cabot, p. 221. London, 1832.

[3] Biddle's Memoir, p. 52.

[4] Galvano's Discoveries of the World, p. 88. London, 1601.

broad Gulf of Maine, eagerly examining all the indentations of its sublime, jagged, solitary shores.

The highlands of Maine can be seen at a great distance on the ocean. There was a continuous line of coast reaching out before him. It is supposed that he continued his voyage along the whole length of the coast of Maine, and across Massachusetts Bay, until he found himself land-locked, as it were, by the long curvature of Cape Cod.[1] Rounding this hook of sand, his hopes were probably greatly revived by seeing the open ocean, extending far away to the west. Whether he discovered the harbor of New York can never be known. Finding, to his disappointment, the land taking a southern turn, and his provisions falling short, after reaching the latitude of Cape Hatteras he entered upon his homeward voyage.

Great was his disappointment at this result of his voyage. Instead of finding the rich and populous realms of China, he encountered only uncultivated and savage wilds, blocking up his way. He was the first to recognize that the new world was a vast barrier between Western Europe and Eastern Asia.[2]

It was this voyage of Sebastian Cabot, along so large a portion of the coast of the North American Continent, upon which England founded her claim to the possession of the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific shore. The breadth of the continent was then entirely unknown. It was a received law of nations, that the discovery of a coast entitled the nation by whom the discovery was made to the possession of that territory, to the exclusion of the right of any other European power. It was also an acknowledged principle of national law, that the discovery and exploration of a river entitled the nation, by which this exploration was made, to the territory which that river and its tributaries drained.

English explorers were the first to behold the coast of these limitless and unexplored realms. Their flag was the first to wave over these waters. Hence England claimed the continent for nearly its whole extent.

[1] Documentary History of the State of Maine, by William Willis, vol. i. p. 141.
[2] New York Historical Collections, vol. i. p. 28.
[3] Asher's Life of Henry Hudson. London, 1860.

But France discovered the St. Lawrence, the series of majestic lakes; and her flag first floated upon the Mississippi, from its source to its mouth. Hence France claimed the Valley of the Mississippi, in its then unknown grandeur of expanse, — almost a world in itself. These conflicting claims led to the clash of arms, to demoniac battles, to horrors of blood, misery, and death, which can never adequately be told.

Soon after the expedition of the Cabots, the Portuguese sent vessels to explore the coast of North America. In the year 1500 Gaspar Cortereal, a man of a noble family, left Lisbon with two ships. It is said that the first land he made was the east coast of Newfoundland. Following the shore towards the south, he came probably to the coast of Maine. He describes the country as abounding in forests, well adapted for ship-building, with large rivers, and a sea-coast well stocked with fish of various kinds, especially with codfish.

With villany, which even the moral darkness of those days cannot extenuate, he enticed fifty-seven of the natives, men and boys, on board his ship, and, luring them below deck, closed the hatchways upon them, and carried them off to sell as slaves in Spain. Fifty of these he had on board his own vessel. Seven he put in his consort. But an avenging God decided that he should not return to Spain to sell, in her slave-marts, the victims he had stolen. In some fearful, ocean tragedy, which no eye but that of God beheld, the ship, its guilty commander, and all its inmates were ingulfed.[1]

The Venetian ambassador at Lisbon witnessed the arrival, in the Portuguese capital, of the seven Indians placed in the consort. In a letter which this Venetian, M. Pasqualigo, wrote, describing their appearance, he says, —

"These natives are tall, well-built, and in color, stature, and aspect, strongly resemble the Gypsies of Europe. They are admirably calculated for labor, and will make the best slaves I have ever seen." [2]

[1] History of the East Coast of North America. By Dr. J. G. Kohl. Bremen, Germany.

[2] This letter was published in Vicenza, Italy, 1507. It was entitled, "Pæsi Novamenti Retrovati et Nova Mondo," (*The Country newly discovered, and called the New World*).

About twenty years passed away when Francis I., king of France, fitted out an expedition of four ships to explore the coast of North America. The enterprise was intrusted to the command of an Italian from Florence, by the name of Giovanni da Verrazano. We have not a very full account of this voyage. The most careful investigation has led to the opinion, that the little fleet sailed from France in the autumn of 1523. In a storm two ships were separated from the rest. Whether they were lost, or returned to France, we know not. We hear of them no more.

After various adventures and delays, it is supposed that Verrazano, on the 10th of March, 1524, caught sight of the land at Cape Fear, on the coast of what is now North Carolina. He sailed about thirty leagues south; finding no good harbor, he turned back to the north. He cast anchor, as is supposed, near New River Inlet, about sixty miles west of Cape Lookout. The following is his account of that region, as he then beheld it, and as it still appears: —

"The first line of the coast is sandy. Behind this bar, there are small rivers and arms of the sea, that enter at certain creeks, and wash the shore on both sides. Beyond this, there is seen a country rising in height above the sandy shore. It has many fair fields and plains, with forests of gigantic trees. The water is shallow, and the shore without harbors."

Continuing his cruise, he sailed around Cape Hatteras, and, at the distance of about one hundred and fifty miles north, cast anchor near the land. A French ship had been wrecked in this vicinity, and one poor boy was washed ashore. The Indians nursed him as if he were their own child. They received Verrazano with the greatest hospitality. He requited them by enticing a little Indian boy on board his ship, and stealing him.[1]

Continuing to sail along in sight of the coast, coming to anchor every night, he reached, as is supposed, New York Harbor. It can scarcely be doubted, that, in the following description which he gives, he alludes to that region, and that the hills were the highlands of Neversink.

[1] Expedition of Verrazano; Documentary History of the State of Maine, vol. i. p. 225.

JUVENAT DES PÈRES MARISTES
SILLERY, QUÉ.

"We anchored at a very pleasant spot among prominent hills. In the midst of these there ran down to the sea a great body of water. It was so deep at its mouth, that any heavily-laden vessel might pass into it."

Sailing along the southern shore of Long Island, he again cast anchor, it is supposed, in the beautiful Narraganset Bay. He remained here, probably in Newport Harbor, a fortnight. The Indians, having forgotten the outrages of the Northmen, and not knowing what a treacherous man they had to deal with, received him confidingly, and welcomed him to their hospitable wigwams. He made several excursions into the interior, and was everywhere greeted with friendly words and deeds. During this visit, it is probable that he kept the stolen boy carefully concealed.

Verrazano was the first European, after the Northmen, who entered this lovely bay. It is interesting to observe how singularly his description accords with theirs in his allusions to the beauty of the scenery, the fertility of the soil, and the luxuriance of its vines and grapes.

On the 5th of May he again spread his sails. Coasting along the shores of New England, a distance of four hundred and fifty miles, keeping the land ever in view, he must have entered the great gulf of Maine. He gives quite a minute report of the coast of Maine, and of his intercourse with its inhabitants.[1]

He found the region mountainous, with dense forests of pines, hemlocks, spruce, firs, and such other trees as flourish in cold climates. He did not know that his predecessor in visiting that coast, Gaspar Cortereal, had practised, but three or four years before, villany upon the natives even surpassing his own; for, while he had stolen but one boy, Cortereal had kidnapped fifty-seven of the unoffending Indians. He was therefore surprised to find that the Indians of Maine did not receive him with smiles of welcome. He writes, —

"They seem very different from the other Indians we have met. The others were very courteous and gentle. But these are rude and hostile. They are so barbarous, that by no efforts could we induce them to have any traffic with us. They clothe themselves with the skins of beasts. Their food, so far as we could perceive, was obtained from hunting and

[1] Hakluyt's Voyages, vol. iii. p. 295. London, 1600.

fishing, with certain fruits and roots which grew spontaneously. They had no grain, and we saw no sign of tillage. They would sometimes come to the seashore, and stand upon craggy rocks, while we approached in our boats beneath. They would let down a rope with whatever they were pleased to offer, demanding, in return, knives, fishhooks, and tools. They took no account of our courtesy, but kept a careful watch, that we should not be permitted to land. When we had nothing more to exchange, and departed, they showed all the signs of hatred which it was possible to invent. We went on shore with twenty-five armed men. They shot at us with their bows, made great outcries, and fled to the woods."[1]

There is something truly affecting in the account thus given of the dread with which these outraged Indians regarded the kidnapping Europeans. Everywhere in the New World, where the Europeans first landed, they were received with truly brotherly kindness by the natives. They manifested no hostility until they became exasperated by the most atrocious wrongs.

During these years there were many private expeditions fitted out from England, France, Spain, and Portugal, of which no record has been made. It is certain that many of these unprincipled and reckless adventurers cheated, robbed, and insulted the Indians without any mercy.

Verrazano returned to the port of Dieppe, in France, in July, 1524. In his report to the king, he had the assurance to say that he had discovered a new country which had never been seen by any one in ancient or modern times.[2]

About a year after the voyage of Verrazano, which we have described, the Emperor Charles V. of Spain sent an expedition to the north-east coast of North America to search for a passage to the East Indies. Estevan Gomez was placed in command. He sailed from Corunna on the 10th of February, 1525. We know but little of his voyage, except that he entered many of the bays and ports of New England; that he named the territory, of which Maine is a part, the "Country of Gomez;" and

[1] It is supposed that this landing could not have been many leagues from Portsmouth. But whether it was within the present bounds of Maine, or New Hampshire, cannot be known.

[2] The Italian historian, Ramusio, says that Verrazano made another voyage to the New World, where he was killed in a battle with the natives. Others say that he was taken by the Spaniards, and hanged as a pirate.

that he was guilty of the enormous crime of "catching as many Indians as he could take on board his small vessels, and carrying them to Spain." We are not told how these poor captives were taken. But it seems probable that he conveyed them to Cuba, a Spanish colony, where he sold them as slaves.

The French had given the territory, then claimed and partially occupied by Spain, the Indian name of Norumbega. The limits of the region were exceedingly undefined. At one time it included the whole coast to the southern extreme of Florida. Then it was restricted to New England, afterwards to Maine, and finally to the region of the Penobscot alone. The Penobscot they called The Great River of Norumbega.[1]

We have very vague accounts of an English expedition to the coast of Maine in a ship "The Mary of Guilford," commanded by John Rut. This was in the year 1567. It is said that he frequently landed, with parties of his men, to explore the interior. The account which we have of this enterprise is meagre in the extreme. This was the second *English* expedition after that of Sebastian Cabot. Though Northmen, Frenchmen, and Spaniards had previously landed on the coast of New England, this is the first occasion upon which we are distinctly informed that the feet of Englishmen pressed our soil.

[1] Ramusio, tom. iii. fol. 433. See also Charts of French Discoveries, Maine Historical Collection, vol. i. p. 231. Ramusio writes, "Going beyond the cape of the Bretons, there is a country which extends west south-west to Florida, a good five hundred leagues. The inhabitants of this country are a very pleasant, tractable, and peaceful people. The country is abounding with all sorts of fruit. There grow oranges, almonds, wild grapes, and many other fruits of odoriferous trees. The country is named by the inhabitants Norumbega. Between it and Brazil there is a great gulf, in which are the islands of the West Indies."

CHAPTER II.

VOYAGES OF THEVET, PRING, DE MONTS, AND WEYMOUTH.

Journal of Thevet — Pring's Voyage — His Description of Penobscot Bay — De Monts Patent — His Strange Adventures — Takes Possession in the Name of the King of France — Alarm in England — Weymouth's Expedition — Anchors at Mohegan and Pemaquid — Friendly Intercourse with the Natives — Infamous Conduct of Weymouth — Kidnapping the Natives — Exploration of the Kennebec — Planting the Cross — The Homeward Voyage.

IN the year 1556, a French gentleman by the name of André Thevet, a scholar and a writer of much repute, desiring to see the New World, took passage in a vessel which sailed along the entire east coast of both South and North America.[1] Thevet visited the coast of Maine, and gives the following description of the Penobscot River: —

"Here we entered a river which is one of the finest in the whole world. We call it Norumbega. It is marked on some charts as the Grand River. The natives call it Agoncy. Several beautiful rivers flow into it. Upon its banks the French formerly erected a small fort, about ten leagues from its mouth. It was called the Fort of Norumbega, and was surrounded by fresh water.

"Before you enter this river, there appears an island surrounded by eight small islets. These are near the country of the Green Mountains. About three leagues into the river, there is an island four leagues in circumference, which the natives call Aiayascon.[2] It would be easy to plant on this island, and to build a fortress, which would hold in check the whole surrounding country. Upon landing, we saw a great multitude of people

[1] Thevet gave a very interesting account of this voyage in a work entitled, "Les Singularités de la France Antarctique, autrement nommé Amérique." (*The Singularities of Antarctic France, otherwise called America.*)

[2] Islesborough.

coming down upon us in such numbers that you might have supposed them to be a flight of starlings. The men came first, then the women, then the boys, then the girls. They were all clothed in the skins of wild animals.

"Considering their aspect, and mode of advancing, we mistrusted them, and retired on board our vessel. They, perceiving our fear, made signs of friendship. The better to assure us, they sent to our vessel several of their principal men, with presents of provisions. We returned a few trinkets of little value, with which they were highly pleased. The next morning, I, with some others, was commissioned to meet them, to see if we could obtain more provisions, of which we stood in great need. As we entered the house of the chief, who was called Peramick, we saw several slaughtered animals hanging on the beams.

"The chief gave us a hearty welcome. To show his affection he ordered a fire to be built, on which meat and fish were placed to be roasted. Upon this some warriors came in, bringing to the chief the dissevered heads of six men whom they had taken in battle. The sight terrified us. Fearing that we might suffer in the same way, we, towards evening, secretly retired to our ship, without bidding our host good-by.

"This greatly displeased him. In the morning he came to the ship with three of his children. His countenance was very sad, for he thought he had offended us. He said to me, in his own language, —

"'Go back on land with me, my friend and brother. Come and eat and drink such as we have. We assure you upon oath, by heaven, earth, moon, and stars, that you shall not fare worse than we do ourselves.'

"Seeing the good affection of this old man, twenty of us went again on land, all well armed. We went to his house, where we were feasted, and presented with whatever he possessed. Meanwhile large numbers of his people arrived. They all greeted us in the most affectionate manner, declaring that they were our friends. Late in the evening, when we wished to retire, they all entreated us to remain through the night. But we could not be persuaded to sleep with them. And so we retired to our vessel. Having remained in this place five days, we weighed anchor, and, parting from them with a marvellous contentment on both sides, went out upon the open sea." [1]

Nearly half a century passes away before we have any other tidings of importance in reference to Maine. There were many expeditions to other parts of the New World, an account of which would not be in place here. In the year 1602 an English navigator, Bartholomew Gosnold, crossed the Atlantic; and it is said by some, while it is disputed by others, that he touched the coast of

[1] Mass. Hist. Coll., vol. vii. p. 243.

Maine near Mount Desert.[1] The next year (1603) Martin Pring, with two vessels, "The Speedwell" and "The Discover," sailed from Milford Haven, with clothing, hardware, and trinkets, to trade with the natives for furs and for sassafras, which was deemed an herb of great medicinal value.

On the 7th of June, Pring entered Penobscot Bay. He gives a glowing account of the almost unrivalled scenery there presented. They found excellent anchorage, and fishing-ground never surpassed. The majestic forests deeply impressed them. Upon one of the islands they saw a number of silver-gray foxes. This led them to give the name of Fox Islands to the group. Sailing along the coast in a south-easterly direction, they passed by the beautiful islands which stud Casco Bay, and entered a river which was probably the Saco. This they ascended about six miles. It seems probable that they also entered the Kennebunk and York Rivers. Finding no natives to trade with, they sailed farther south, where they obtained quite a valuable cargo.[2]

The same year (1603) Henry IV. of France issued a patent granting to De Monts the region of North America between the fortieth and forty-sixth degrees of latitude; that is, all the territory between the island of Cape Breton and the mouth of the Hudson River. There was no western boundary but the Pacific Ocean. He was entitled to the exclusive trade with the natives, and was authorized to colonize and rule this vast territory according to his discretion. This realm of truly imperial territorial grandeur was called Acadia, a corruption of Arcadia in Greece.[3]

De Monts first made the land near the present site of Liverpool in Nova Scotia. It was on the 6th of May, 1604. Sailing around Cape Sable, he entered the Bay of Fundy, and, cruising along the eastern shore, found an admirable harbor, encircled by protecting hills, and yet opening to fertile valleys. This place

[1] Mr. Rufus King Sewall, in his valuable book entitled "Ancient Dominions of Maine," argues that Norumbega was not a province, but a large Indian town at the mouth of the Damariscotta River, between the Kennebec and the Penobscot. See the question fully discussed pp. 31–35.

[2] A Brief Narration of the Original Undertakings for the Advancement of Plantations in America. By Sir Ferdinando Gorges. London, 1658.

[3] British Dominion in America, book iii. part ii. 246. Some have argued that the name was derived from an Indian tribe.

was selected for the location of a small colony, and it received the name of Port Royal. Subsequently, upon the province being ceded to England, the name was changed to Annapolis, in honor of the British queen Anne. This was in the extreme west of the present province of Nova Scotia.

De Monts, leaving a companion, M. Poutrincourt, in charge of the colony, continued his voyage.[1] Crossing the Bay of Fundy to what is now New Brunswick, he discovered a large river, to which he gave the name of St. John, which name it still retains. He then continued his course to Passamaquoddy Bay, now the extreme eastern border of the State of Maine. He explored this bay, and ascended the St. Croix and Schoodic Rivers to an island containing about fifteen acres. It being late in fall, De Monts decided to pass the winter there. Selecting a spot easy of defence, in the midst of a grand forest which afforded shelter from the piercing northern winds, he built several log-cabins for his men.

The winter was very severe, so that they kept much of the time within their dwellings. Occasionally savages were seen; and it would appear that De Monts stood in great fear of them. He planted cannon to command the approaches, kept a constant watch night and day, and seems to have discouraged all advances on the part of the Indians. He was probably unwilling to have them know his weakness. His people suffered terribly from the scurvy. Out of a ship's company of about eighty, thirty-six died during the winter.[2]

It was not until the middle of May that the survivors were able to re-embark in search of a milder climate. Coasting westwardly, they entered Penobscot Bay. Thence, continuing their cruise, they cast anchor at the mouth of the Kennebec. Here De Monts raised a cross, and took possession of the country in the name of the King of France. He traversed Casco Bay, occasionally casting anchor at attractive spots along the silent shores, which seemed to invite a settlement. But his company being greatly diminished, and the Indians being manifestly

[1] In reference to this settlement, see Holmes's Am. Ann., p. 148.

[2] History of De Monts' Voyages, par Mark L'Escarbot, translated in Churchill's Coll., p. 796. L'Escarbot accompanied De Monts on this expedition.

unfriendly, as well they might be, after going as far south as Cape Cod, he returned to Port Royal.

Here De Monts found another ship from France, and an accession of forty men to strengthen the colony. He constructed a fort, built several log-houses, and, having given minute direction for the management of affairs, returned to France. Four gentlemen of much distinction were left to administer the government of the colony, and to explore the country.

Rumors of these important movements reached the British government. The immensity of the territory which France claimed, and the efforts of the French to colonize those countries, created alarm. The Earl of Southampton, with Lord Arundel and others, under the patronage of the crown, fitted out a ship to visit these coasts. The object proclaimed was to find a north-west passage to India. The real object was to watch the proceedings of the French, and to prepare the way for the establishment of English colonies.

A thoroughly-built, well-furnished ship, "The Archangel," sailed from the Downs on the 31st of March, 1605. Capt. George Weymouth was in command. On the 12th of May the white sands of Cape Cod hove in sight. He directed his course northerly toward the coast of Maine. On the 17th he came to an island about six miles from the shore, and about noon cast anchor upon its north side.

The island, to his eyes weary of gazing upon the drear expanse of the ocean, appeared very beautiful. He judged the island to be about six miles in circumference, embracing an area of a thousand acres. The anchorage was good, and cod and haddock were caught in abundance. Waterfowl in large flocks were hovering over the cliffs. Weymouth went on shore in his long-boat, and took possession of the island in the name of King James I., King of England. He also erected a cross, in token that the Christian religion was to be there established. He soon after gave a very terrible exhibition of his practical piety. From his mast-head he discerned far away in the distance the peaks of a ridge of mountains. To the island he gave the name of St. George. It is now generally admitted that this was the present island of Monhegan.

After a tarry here of two days, taking in wood and water, on Sunday the 19th Weymouth again spread his sails, and, passing several other islands, reached the mainland at the distance of about nine miles. Rosier, the historian of the voyage, writes: "It pleased God to send us, far beyond our expectations, in a most safe berth, defended from all winds, in an excellent depth of water for ships of any burden, and which was named Pentecost Harbor."

Weymouth, with a well-armed party, explored the shores: others engaged in fishing. They obtained an abundance of delicious salmon, and other fishes in great variety. They also feasted upon lobsters and other shell-fish. Wild currants were found, and luxuriant vines which promised an abundance of grapes. They found the soil to be very rich. Digging a garden, they planted pease, barley, and other seeds, which in sixteen days grew up eight inches. This was the first attempt made by Europeans to cultivate the soil of Maine.

Fourteen well-armed men were sent out in a boat on an exploring tour. From the account given, it is supposed that they visited Squirrel Island and Cape Newagen. In accordance with the custom of the times, Weymouth raised a cross upon every important point at which he touched. On the 30th of May, Capt. Weymouth, leaving fourteen men in charge of the ship, which was carefully moored, took thirteen men, in the pinnace, to survey the channels and the adjoining region.

About five o'clock in the evening of this day three canoes were seen, in a distant part of the harbor, moving towards the ship. They landed upon a point not far from the anchorage, and the men built a fire. The crew of "The Archangel" tried to make friendly signs, and beckoned them to come on board. Soon a canoe, with three men, put off from the shore. Drawing near, one of the men, standing up in the canoe, hailed the crew in a loud tone of voice, but in language which they could not understand.

The crew exhibited knives, hatchets, beads, and other trinkets, to lure them on board. But the Indians had doubtless heard of the fiendlike treachery which previous European visitants had practised. They dared not trust themselves with

men who had been guilty of kidnapping crimes, at which even savages might blush. But the bribe presented was almost resistless. Cautiously they paddled alongside. A few articles were tossed to them, which they received with evident delight; but nothing could induce them to go on board the ship. They soon returned to their companions on the shore.

This canoe was of birch-bark. The Indians were men of ordinary size, and of very symmetrical forms. Their bodies and faces were painted with various colors. They were very slightly dressed, with mantles of neatly tanned deer-skin fastened around the neck, and hanging nearly to the knees; a flap of beaver-skin covered the loins; and their feet were shod with leather buskins. The hair on the top of the head was long, and bound in a tuft.

The next morning, apparently the same men came alongside again. They were finally induced to come on board. They ate heartily of the food which was presented, and gazed with astonishment upon the various objects which met their eyes. Being informed, by signs, that the object of the expedition was to open a friendly trade with the Indians, exchanging with them hatchets, knives, and other articles, for skins and furs, they seemed much pleased, and returned to their companions on the shore in a very happy frame of mind.

It is inferred, from the narrative, that Weymouth, in his pinnace, ran along the coast to the north-east about sixty miles, that he entered Penobscot Bay, and ascended the river as far as Camden Heights, there they landed, and spent a day in hunting. They then followed up the stream as far as Belfast Bay. Here they erected a cross; "which," Rosier writes, "was a thing never omitted by any Christian travellers."

The charms of Penobscot Bay and River, as witnessed in the illumination of bright June mornings, seem to have delighted these voyagers as they had others who preceded them. The scenery is described as beautiful in the extreme, with luxuriant forests and verdant meadows. The river was wide, deep, and of crystal purity. A great variety of birds of varied plumage flitted through the groves, and their songs filled the air. There were many sheltered groves, with grassy banks, luring the voy-

agers to the shore. In glowing phrase the journalist of the expedition writes, —

"Many who had been travellers in sundry countries, and in most famous rivers, affirmed them not comparable to this. It is the most beautiful, rich, large, secure-harboring river that the world affordeth."

The shallop returned to the ship. There is some diversity of opinion as to the spot of this anchorage. Some have supposed it to be at what is now called Townsend Harbor in Boothbay; others think that the vessel was moored in the harbor of what is called Fisherman's Island.

The Indians began to regain confidence, and soon twenty-eight appeared. Gradually they went on board the ship. Quite a brisk trade was carried on in the exchange of knives, beads, and such articles, for the skins of the beaver, the otter, and the sable. The natives were quite astonished at the process of writing, and watched with intense curiosity the writing down the names of the articles bought and sold. The captain excited their amazement by magnetizing the point of his sword, and then taking up with it needles, knives, and other such articles.

Two of the Indians were invited to sup with the captain; and they remained to attend the evening religious service. They behaved with the utmost decorum. Very modestly, and with kind regard for their wives and daughters, which was hardly to be expected, they asked the favor that a portion of a delicious dish of pease might be sent to the ladies It was given to them in pewter dishes, which in their eyes were more splendid than plates of gold to their entertainers. The dishes were all carefully brought back.

Some of the ship's company visited the little Indian encampment on the shore. They were treated with all the hospitality which could possibly be shown. A large fire was built, around which the Indians silently and respectfully gathered. Seats were carefully prepared for the guests, with cushions of deer-skin. The Indians had no delicacies with which to feast them, but they offered pipes and tobacco. The interview was a very pleasant one, though it could only be carried on by signs. The

bows, arrows, and javelins of the Indians were examined. The bows were very strong: a feeble arm could scarcely bend them; but sinewy muscles would throw an arrow to a great distance. The javelins were very skilfully made of wood, which had almost the toughness and flexibility of steel. They were barbed with some very hard bone.

One of the ship's company, Owen Griffin, was left on shore for the night. He was watchfully to observe every movement, to see if there were any indications of treachery. Three of the Indians were taken back to the ship as hostages for the safety of Griffin. The sumptuous couch prepared for the savages was a mattress of old sails spread on what is called the orlop deck. There were one or two dogs on board. It would seem that these Indians were not very kindly received by the fierce dogs of the English: they stood in great terror of them, and feared to move about until the dogs were tied up.

The Indians, of course, knew nothing of the sabbath. On Sunday morning five or six canoes came out, as usual, for traffic. Apparently the news of the arrival of the ship was spreading back into the country, and daily new parties of Indians were arriving at their encampment. Capt. Weymouth waved a signal for the canoes to retire. Though the reason must have been a great mystery to them, they all obeyed promptly, and did not return to the ship again during the day.

But it was a picturesque scene, as, in the sunlight of that calm June sabbath, the voyagers gazed upon the panorama which encircled them. The ship was at anchor upon the mirrored waters of a solitary cove, far away in the New World. Bays, inlets, and islands were opening in all directions behind them. Birch canoes filled with Indian men, women, and children, driven by the paddle, were gliding from shore to shore. Not far from the ship, on the land, were the few frail wigwams which the Indians had reared. The fire at which the women were cooking, the ascending smoke, the groups gathered around, all combined to present a picture as novel as it was attractive.

Early the next morning, June 3, the canoes of the natives again approached the ship. Capt. Weymouth understood them to signify, by their signs, that their chief, with many of

his followers, was at a little distance up the bay, with many furs. The captain manned one of his boats with eight strong rowers. First they rowed towards a point of land where the smoke of Indian fires was seen.

There was a birch canoe, propelled by but three paddles, which brought the invitation to Capt. Weymouth to visit the chief. It was noted that the Indians, apparently with the greatest ease, could outstrip the boat, notwithstanding the utmost efforts of the rowers. The savages would run ahead, drop behind, circle round the boat, and play all manner of similar antics. Capt. Weymouth, who soon after proved himself capable of committing the most atrocious acts of treachery, naturally suspected treachery on the part of the Indians. He therefore sent Owen Griffin on shore in the canoe, while he retained one of the Indians in the boat as a hostage. Griffin was carefully to reconnoitre the encampment of the chief, and to bring back his report.

The Indians seemed to attempt no disguise. There were two hundred and eighty with the chief. They all had, as a matter of course, bows and arrows. There were dogs and tamed wolves with them. It did not seem that they had any furs at the point of land for traffic; but they urged him to go farther up the stream now called Little River, where they said that their articles were stored. Griffin did not dare to go. But he was just as much in their power at the point as half a mile farther back; and the Indian hostage was still in the boat. Had the Indians any thing to conceal, they would hardly have invited him to a more thorough examination of their strength and resources.

Griffin returned to the boat with the report which his timidity suggested. Under these circumstances Capt. Weymouth did not think it safe to land. There seems to have been no proof whatever of treachery: still, as the Indians might not be more reliable than the Europeans were, it was necessary to practise the utmost caution. The boat returned to the ship.

That day the crew caught, from the ship's side, a large number of cod and haddock. They also took many large lobsters. A party was sent on shore for water, and returned with their

cask filled from a clear crystal spring. Mussels abounded among the rocks, and in many of them they found small pearls.

It appears that the natives, from some unexplained reason, had their suspicions again aroused, that Capt. Weymouth might prove a foe in disguise. Two canoes, containing six men, cautiously approached the ship. They seemed afraid to go on board. At length two ventured to ascend the ship's side. Capt. Weymouth endeavored to lure the rest on board, but in vain. He exhibited to them a plate of savory pease, of which they were very fond: still they shook their heads. He gave them the pease. Rapidly they paddled ashore, and ate them. Having finished their repast, one of the Indians, a very handsome, athletic, bold youth, returned with the can to the ship. He was lured to join the two in the cabin below, where they were entertained with food, and the exhibition of articles to excite their wonder. They knew not that the cabin-door was locked against them, and that, by the foulest treachery, they were kidnapped.

Capt. Weymouth was not satisfied with but three victims. He manned one of his boats with a crew of eight of his stoutest men, and sent them on shore, as if to traffic with the natives. There were but three Indians on the shore. It will be remembered that three were already locked up in in the cabin. As the boat touched the land, one of the Indians withdrew into the woods. The kidnappers approached the other two with signs of friendship, and, as proof of their brotherly intentions, sat down with them around their fire, and presented them with another can of pease. They all ate together in the most friendly manner.

Watching their opportunity, and dividing their force, suddenly four of the crew sprang upon each one of their victims. The poor Indians made the most frantic resistance, and raised loud outcries for help. Their struggles were in vain. Their light clothing was soon torn from them. Naked, in the grasp of the men-stealers, they were dragged to the boat, and rowed to the ship. Here the convulsive struggles and shrieks were renewed. But the Indians were seized by the hair of the head, and

dragged on board. "Thus," writes Rosier, the historian of the voyage, "we shipped five savages and two canoes, with all their bows and arrows."[1]

Edmund Burke says, that to speak of atrocious crime in mild language, is treason to virtue. Every honest man's blood should boil with indignation in contemplating a crime so utterly atrocious and inexcusable as this. These young men had come from their homes at Pemaquid to visit the strangers, the tidings of whose arrival had reached them. One of them was a chief. They were all men of rank.

The first Indian who visited the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth, was Squantum, one of these unhappy captives. Fortunately he fell into kind hands in England, and, forgetting the crime of the men who stole him, became the warm friend of those who proved his benefactors. By them he was restored to his native country. It is believed that he became a sincere Christian. His final career is quite fully given in the Life of Miles Standish, as given in the "Pioneer and Patriot" series. With dying breath he prayed that the Lord would receive him to the Englishman's heaven.

Scarcely had these captives been made secure below, when, about one o'clock at noon, two large and highly decorated canoes were seen approaching. They composed a royal embassy sent by the head chief of the Pemaquid tribes. They were painted and dressed in the highest style of the barbarian court. One of them wore a very ingeniously constructed coronet, indicating that he was of royal blood. They came with an invitation for Capt. Weymouth to visit, with his ship, the home of their chief, which was distant but a few leagues. Little did they imagine, as they trod the deck of "The Archangel," bearing this kind invitation to the strangers, that five of their noblest men were languishing in a dark dungeon in the hold.

Weymouth, who was now anxious to get away from the region as soon as possible, before the knowledge of his villany should be spread abroad, declined the invitation. He allowed the

[1] 2 Belk. Biog., 135. Smith's Hist., p. 18. Prince's Ann., p. 15. Ancient Dominions, p. 68.

embassy to retire unmolested. Probably he had not room enough, in his small and crowded ship, for more than five captives.

Immediately he made all sail, directing his course westerly. There are nowhere on the North-American continent, shores of more picturesque and sublime beauty than on the coast of Maine. No description can do justice to the wonderful variety of scenery presented by islands, craggy promontories, forest-crowned cliffs, inlets, bays, and coves.

Through these charming views "The Archangel" moved cautiously along about twenty-six miles, until the mouth of the Kennebec, then called the Sagadahock, was reached. It appears that the Kennebec and the Androscoggin in the days of the Indians were considered as terminating at what is now called Merrymeeting Bay. The outlet from that bay to the ocean, now called the Kennebec, was then called the Sagadahock. The Androscoggin, from Lewiston Falls to Merrymeeting Bay, was formerly called the Pejepscot.[1]

Prince says that Weymouth entered the Sagadahock through Pemaquid River. This is a small stream but fourteen miles in length from its source in Pemaquid Pond to its mouth.[2] Thus, by what may be called an inland passage, he reached the solitary waters of the river which may now be considered the second in importance in Maine.

"The river," he writes, "as it runneth up into the main very nigh forty miles, toward the great mountains, beareth in breadth a mile, sometimes three quarters, and a half at the narrowest. And you shall never have under four or five fathoms water hard by the shore, and on both sides, every half mile, very gallant coves."

Soon after entering the river, "The Archangel" cast anchor; and the captain took a boat, and, with a crew of seventeen well-armed men, rowed several miles up the stream. Then, touching the shore, six men were left to guard the boat, while the remaining eleven, the captain included, set out to explore the country in the direction of some hills which they had seen from the ship, but which proved to be at a much greater distance than had been supposed. They travelled five miles inland, through a

[1] Williamson's Hist. of Maine, vol. i. pp. 42–46.

[2] New England Chron., p. 15.

region which seemed to them exceedingly beautiful. The historian writes, in the quaint style of ancient days,—

"In our march we passed over very good ground, pleasant and fertile, fit for pasture, having but little wood, and that oak; like stands, left in the pastures of England, good and great, fit timber for any use.

"And surely it did all resemble a stately park, wherein appear some old trees with high withered tops, and others flourishing with living green boughs. Upon the hills grew notable high timber trees, masts for ships of four hundred tons."

Soon after the boat returned from this exploring expedition to the ship, an Indian canoe appeared, rapidly approaching from one of the numerous inlets on the east. It was propelled by the paddles of many men, and contained the royal ambassador who had conveyed the invitation to Capt. Weymouth to visit the head chief. He had heard of the captain's treachery and of the captivity of his friends. Eager eyes had watched the course of the ship. This Indian prince had followed in her track, that he might, if possible, rescue his kidnapped countrymen; and, if that were impossible, that he might warn other families, of the fiends who were hovering along their coasts.

Their tears and supplications were all in vain. They were as powerless as the lamb in the jaws of the wolf. With wailings they returned to the families of the kidnapped men with the full conviction that the white man was a demon more to be dreaded than the most ferocious beast or the most venomous reptile; and that it was the consequent duty of the Indian to kill the white man whenever and wherever he could.

The lapse of a century could not efface from the minds of the Indians a sense of the outrage of which they had been the victims. The story descended from father to son. Desire for vengeance burned in the Indian's breast. The very name of Englishmen became hateful. The sight of an Englishman, with his long and glittering sword and his death-dealing bullet, appalled them. If Weymouth had intended to render all future friendly intercourse with the Indians impossible, he could not have adopted measures better adapted to accomplish his ends.[1]

[1] It is due to the memory of Waymouth to state his purpose in capturing the Indians. It was not to sell them into slavery, or make gain of them, but to obtain from them a knowledge of their country to be imparted to those interested in making a settlement there. While on the coast, Waymouth treated with great kindness all the natives he encountered.

To add to his infamy, he embarked in a boat, with a well-armed band, and ascended the river to the mouth of the Androscoggin. There, with religious ceremonies, he planted the cross, the affecting emblem of Jesus Christ, — of that religion whose fundamental principle is that God is our common father, and all men are brothers. Thus he said to the Indian, "It is in the name of Jesus Christ that I have kidnapped your friends. It is Christianity which authorizes these deeds. Some of my countrymen will soon appear to teach you to embrace this religion."

Weymouth now made preparations to return to England. Early in the morning of the 14th of June, just as the dawn was reddening the horizon over the headland of Arrowsic, he weighed anchor. The tide, but not the wind, was in his favor. Two boats ahead towed "The Archangel" down the stream until noon, when the anchor was again cast. The next day, the wind favoring, "The Archangel" ran back to her former anchorage. On Sunday, June 16, 1605, Weymouth, with his captives, spread his sails for England.

There has been much discussion respecting the precise locality of these operations. The question will probably never be settled to the entire satisfaction of all the curious in antiquarian research. It is however safe to say, that it is not improbable that "The Archangel" entered its anchorage from Monhegan by Pemaquid Point between Liniken's Neck and Fisherman's Island. Anchor was then cast between this and Squirrel's

Those whom he captured, after recovering from their surprise and alarm, and perceiving by their kind usage that no harm was intended them, became contented and tractable, and very willing to impart the information desired of them. Three of them were put in charge of Sir Ferdinando Gorges, and the other two were probably assigned to Sir John Popham. Gorges, who has been well called "the father of English colonization in New England," so well improved the opportunity thus given him to acquire a knowledge of the region visited by Waymouth, that he says the capture of these Indians "must be acknowledged the means under God of putting on foot and giving life to all our plantations." It was the purpose to return the savages to their homes, and two of them were dispatched by Gorges on a ship which was captured by the Spaniards. One of them was subsequently recovered. Another was sent over in a ship commanded by Capt. Pring, and a third came over with the Popham colony in the following year. Thus at least three of the five savages were returned to their homes, and doubtless did much to promote a better understanding between the English and the natives. Whether the end justified the means is a question which casuists must determine. — ELWELL.

Island. It was probably on the beach of this latter island, that the natives first appeared at their camp-fires. The two who were captured by violence were probably taken from the side of the cliff of Fisherman's Island. The Pentecost Harbor of Weymouth was the Townsend or Boothbay Harbor. This is situated between the Sheepscot and the Damariscotta Rivers.[1]

Weymouth on his homeward voyage, when about one hundred miles from land, found the water gradually shoaling. From one hundred fathoms it dwindled to twenty-four fathoms. One day he was becalmed. As his vessel rolled upon the mighty swells of the Atlantic, one of the sailors, Thomas King, cast out a hook. Almost instantly he drew up a very large fat codfish. Other hooks were cast out, and the fishes were taken almost as fast as the lines could be thrown and drawn. Thus those banks were discovered, swarming with the treasure of the deep, which have subsequently proved such a blessing to mankind. Some time before this, continental fishermen had visited the coasts of Maine.

[1] Ancient Dominions of Maine, p. 73.

NOTE. The river which Waymouth ascended, and the exact locality of Pentecost Harbor, have been matters of much dispute. The theory originally adopted, that the Penobscot was the river ascended, has now been abandoned by general consent. In 1857, John McKeen, Esq., in a paper read before the Maine Historical Society, took the ground that the Pentecost Harbor of Rosier's narrative was Boothbay Harbor, and that the river which Weymouth ascended was the Kennebec, from which he passed into the Androscoggin. R. K. Sewell, Esq., has ably advocated the theory that Waymouth found his safe anchorage in Fisherman's Island Harbor, and that he entered the Kennebec through Townsend Gut, Sheepscot Bay and the Sasanoa River. In 1858, Capt. George Prince of Bath started the theory that Pentecost Harbor was probably George's Island Harbor, that the very high mountains seen by Waymouth were the Camden Hills, and not the White Mountains, and that the river which he ascended must have been George's, and not the Penobscot or the Kennebec. This theory at first meeting with much objection, gradually gained ground, until the publication, in 1887, of Rev. Dr. Henry S. Burrage's very ably annotated edition of Rosier's Relation. After a very thorough review of the whole question and all the literature relating to it, and a personal view of the route which must have been taken by Waymouth, as seen from Monhegan and the George's Islands, Dr. Burrage comes to the conclusion that Pentecost Harbor was undoubtedly George's Island Harbor, that the high mountains seen were the Camden Hills, and that the river ascended by Waymouth was the George's. The arguments presented by Dr. Burrage seem to be conclusive, and this view of the long-disputed question is probably that which will be generally adopted by historical students. — ELWELL.

CHAPTER III.

THE EXPEDITION OF GOVERNOR GEORGE POPHAM.

Fate of Weymouth's Captives — Formation of the Plymouth Company — Disastrous Expeditions — Organization of Popham's Colony — First Sight of Land — Visit of the Indians — The Landing at Pemaquid — Suspicions of the Natives — First Religious Service in Maine — Unavailing Explorations — Ascending the Sagadahock — The Colony located — Search for the Penobscot — Cruise through Casco Bay — Exploring the Androscoggin — Adventures with the Indians.

UPON the return of Weymouth to England, the report of his discoveries excited wide-spread and deep interest. It was indeed a glowing account which he could give; for the sun shines not upon more lovely bays and islands, hills and vales, than Maine presents when reposing beneath the genial skies of June and July. No one seemed disposed to question him too closely respecting his mode of capture of the Indian nobles. They were all men well-formed, good-looking, and of much native dignity of demeanor. The interest they excited was universal; and it is certain that some of them, if not all, were very kindly treated.

Three of them were received into the family of Sir Ferdinando Gorges, immediately upon the arrival of the ship at Plymouth. Gorges, whose name subsequently obtained much renown, was governor of that important naval depot. He was a young man but thirty years of age, and his conduct develops a very noble and truly Christian character. Sympathizing deeply in the wrongs the captives had suffered, he did every thing in his power to convert their calamity into a blessing. The account which he gives of the character which these untutored savages developed, is interesting and valuable. He writes:—

"After I had those people some time in my custody, I observed in them an inclination to follow the better sort. In all their carriages there were manifest shows of great civility, far from the rudeness of our common people. The longer I conversed with them, the better hope they gave me of those parts where they did inhabit, for our uses, especially when I learned what goodly rivers, stately islands, and safe harbors those parts abounded with. These Indians were all of one nation, but of several families. This accident must be acknowledged to be the means of God of putting on foot and giving life to all our plantations."[1]

The names of these captives from the shores of Pemaquid were Nahanada, Skitwarroes, Assecomet, Tisquantum, and Dehamida.[2] The region which Weymouth had visited became a subject of all-absorbing interest in England. It was deemed the fairest clime in the New World, the most desirable spot for the location of colonies. It was said that nowhere on earth could be found more sunny skies, a more genial clime, or more fertile soil. The forests were of unspeakable grandeur, the water of crystal purity, and it was a luxury to breathe its salubrious air.

Speedily an association of English gentlemen was formed to plant colonies in this newly found Eden. The hypocrisy of the nominal Christian Weymouth, by no means proves that there might not be other true Christian men, influenced by principles of heartfelt piety. The religion which Jesus taught undeniably is, that, to please God, men must try to do every thing that is right, and to avoid every thing that is wrong. There were many English gentlemen of the highest worth, who desired to send the glad tidings of the gospel to these their benighted brethren in the wigwam and the forest.

Several of these men associated themselves into a band called the Plymouth Company. They were intelligent and far-seeing men, who believed that religion and civilization must go hand in hand. They would send to the shores of Pemaquid and the Sagadahock, the farmer, the carpenter, and the schoolmaster, with the Bible, the Christian teacher, and the organized church.

James I. made a grant to this company of all the territory

[1] See Drake's Book of the Indians, chap. ii. p. 2.
[2] Voyage of Weymouth, by John McKeen, Esq., p. 332.

between the thirty-fifth and the forty-fifth degrees of north latitude, including all the islands within one hundred miles of the coast. There was at the same time another company organized, called the Colony of Virginia.

Both companies were united under the supervision of a committee of thirteen men residing in England. They were appointed by the crown, and took the name of the Council of Virginia. The government of each colony, or its interior affairs, was conducted by a council of thirteen select men residing in the colony. These rulers could coin money, import British goods free of duty, could lay taxes, and expel disorderly persons or intruders.

Lord Popham and Sir Ferdinando Gorges were prominent members of the Plymouth Colony. The first effort which was made to colonize seems to have been very feeble. A large ship was provided and well supplied, but carrying only thirty-one men, including the crew. Henry Chalons was the captain. This was indeed a small number to establish a colony. Two of Weymouth's captives, Dehamaida and Assecomet, were also placed on board this ship, to be returned to their native land. The destination of the expedition was the mouth of the Sagadahock. The ship sailed from Bristol in the year 1606, probably in the month of May.[1]

England was then at war with Spain. The ship fell in with a Spanish fleet, and was captured. The Spaniards were in the habit of making slaves of the Indians as they could catch them. The ship, with all its inmates, was carried as a prize to Spain.

The Plymouth Company, uninformed of the disaster which had befallen their ship, very soon sent out another, under Thomas Hanham. This ship bore a number of additional colonists with fresh supplies. It would seem that Hanham, upon reaching the Sagadahock, and hearing no tidings of Chalons, returned to England. "He did nothing more," writes Williamson, referring to the authority of Prince, "than to newvamp and repeat the encouraging accounts of the country, and thereby enliven and perhaps invigorate the spirit of adventure."

[1] Strackey, the historian of the voyage, says May. Williamson, giving Prince's Annals as his authority, says August.

Lord John Popham, the most conspicuous member of the Plymouth Company, was chief justice of England, a man of wealth and of the highest rank. The next year, two vessels were fitted out to make another attempt to plant a colony at the mouth of the Sagadahock. One of these, called "The Gift of God," was commanded by George Popham, a brother of Lord Popham. Raleigh Gilbert, a nephew of Popham, was captain of the other, which was called "The Mary and John." One hundred and twenty "planters" were taken out in these ships, and a large supply of needful tools and provisions. There are some trivial diversities as to the details which are given of these operations.

Gorges says that there were three ships in the expedition. Others say, that, in consequence of some disappointment, two only were equipped. The vessels sailed from Plymouth, the 31st of May, 1607. Their course was directed to the island of Monhegan. The voyage was long but propitious. On the Banks they stopped to fish three hours. In that time they caught nearly two hundred large codfish, and said that they could have filled their ships in a very short time.

About noon of the 31st of July they came in sight of some island on the coast of Maine, where they cast anchor. About two hours afterward a boat was seen approaching from the shore, containing eight Indian men and a boy. They were many leagues distant from Pemaquid. It is not probable that these Indians had heard of the kidnapping crimes of Weymouth. At first they were very unwilling to trust themselves on board. They rowed around the ships, gazed upon them with much curiosity, but kept at a safe distance.

After this careful examination, they began to return towards the land. Soon they stopped, held a short consultation, and then, turning, slowly paddled back to the ship. Three of them ventured on board. The other six made for the shore, having by signs intimated that they would return the next day. The next day they came back, in another and larger boat, laden with beaver-skins. Several women were also on board. It would seem that Popham and Gilbert were very different men from Weymouth.

We infer from the brief narrative, that the natives were honorably treated, and the trade fairly conducted. It was a fraternal traffic. The ship's company was enriched by the furs; and the natives retired delighted with they articles they had received in return.

As the sun of that blessed day was sinking in its serene glory, the moon rose full and unclouded in the east. The happy Indians returned to their lowly homes, rejoicing at the coming of the white men. The voyagers spread their sails, and, gliding over a moon-illuminated sea, cruised along the shore towards the south-west. The morning of the 3d of August, 1607, dawned beautifully upon them. They were swept gently along through enchanting scenery of islands, bays, and forest-crowned cliffs, which it would seem that God's hand had fashioned for the abode of peace and happiness.

The next morning they came to a headland, which they thus described: "The cape is low land, showing white, like sand. But yet it is all white rocks; and a strong tide goeth in there."

It is supposed that this promontory seen in the west was what is now called Cape Smallpoint, the extreme western terminus of the town of Phippsburg. This is one of the boundaries of Sagadahock Bay. The ebb and flow of the tides are here remarkably strong. They cast anchor under the lee of an island, a few miles east of the cape, and near Pemaquid.[1]

It appears from Strackey's narrative, that Skitwarroes, one of the Indians kidnapped by Weymouth, was on board "The Mary and John," to be returned to his friends. He was undoubtedly familiar with all the localities of this region. Capt. Gilbert manned a boat with fourteen men, and, taking Skitwarroes as a guide, rowed across the bay, ten or twelve miles, to Pemaquid. Skitwarroes conducted them to a village of Indian wigwams containing about a hundred men, women, and children.

It will be remembered that two of Weymouth's captives, Nahanada and Assecomit, had been placed under the care of Capt. Chalons, to be restored to their native land. The ship was taken by the Spaniards, and they were carried to Spain. In

[1] Ancient Dominions, p. 34.

those days there were many private expeditions fitted out to the American coast for fishing and trading. In some unknown manner Nahanada had found his way back to his childhood's home. He was a chief of high rank, and chanced to be at that time in this little village. It is supposed that this was within the limits of the present town of Bristol.

As soon as the Indians caught sight of the white men they were terror-stricken. The women and children shrieked and ran; the men seized their arms. The dispersion was like that caused by the leap of the wolf into the fold. The kidnapping Weymouth had taught them that the strangers were as much to be feared as demons from the world of woe. The terrified Indians did not recognize Skitwarroes in his European garb, and in the tumult did not distinguish his voice, calling out to them not to be alarmed.

But Nahanada caught sight of his fellow-captive, and the two instantly recognized each other. The most impressible white men could not have manifested more joy than these two Indian chiefs displayed, in thus unexpectedly meeting again. They threw themselves into each other's arms, and the fabled stoicism of the Indian entirely disappeared. The influence of the two soon restored tranquillity.

Both of these outraged chiefs had received in England the kindest treatment. They had fallen into the hands of true Christians, who fed them, clothed them, and instructed them. Every thing was done which could be done to repair the wrong which they endured. They had forgotten the crime of Weymouth in gratitude for the favors which had been lavished upon them in London. Thus the title of Englishmen became a passport to their hearts.

Two happy hours were passed in the interchange of cordial greetings, and the reception by the strangers of such hospitalities as the Indians could furnish. The boat's crew then returned to the ship, and all hearts were serene and joyous.

The next day was the sabbath. It was the 9th of August, 1607. It was a memorable day; for it was probably the first time since the world's creation that God, as revealed to us in the person of Jesus Christ his Son, was worshipped upon that

portion of the globe's surface now called Maine. Gloriously that sabbath morning's sun rose over the magnificent expanse of islands, promontories, and bays of a yet unexplored world.

Boats were manned from both of the ships, conveying a party of fifty men to the shore. They were all well armed. The point of land to which they directed their boats is supposed to have been what is now called Parker's Island; though they soon after disembarked on Stage Island, but a short distance to the east.[1] At this point Weymouth had raised one of his crosses.

When the natives saw so formidable an armed force approaching, their fears were very naturally again aroused. But two years had passed since Weymouth, with protestations of friendship and the foulest treachery, had torn five of their countrymen from their homes. Two only had returned. To what fate the other three had been doomed they knew not.

Nahanada had also learned, during his residence in London, that nominal Christians might be the greatest villains in the world. His apprehensions were excited in seeing the boats approaching the shore, manned with bands so formidable in numbers and so thoroughly armed. It is intimated that Weymouth's crew outraged the wives and daughters of the Indians most infamously. In this hamlet of one hundred natives, there might have been twenty men, with bows and arrows only for their weapons, which were powerless against the bullets of the white men. The remainder were women, with little boys and young girls.

Well might the Indians, after the experience they had passed through, recoil from such an irruption of British sailors into their wigwams. The boats were steered directly towards the little village. It appears that either the suspicions of Nahanada were excited, or that he wished to persuade the strangers to pursue a course less menacing in its aspect to his friends. He could speak and understand English perfectly well.

Capts. Popham and Gilbert were both in the boats. As they neared the land, Nahanada came down upon the beach, and, hailing them, begged them not to come on shore in such strong

[1] Williamson, vol. i. p. 198.

military array, for the natives were greatly alarmed. The two captains seem to have been very judicious and excellent men. They were visiting the shore for divine worship. The crews were weary of the long voyage. The land, with its green mounds and cool springs and shady groves, seemed like an Eden in their view, as it was illumined with all the splendors of the early autumnal sun. It would have been a great and cruel disappointment to them to have been forbidden to land.

The boatmen rested upon their oars, and an hour was spent in negotiations. Then it was agreed that the crew might land, but all the Indians prudently withdrew into the forest. Even Skitwarroes went with them. He might have feared that the sailors would be guilty of outrages which their captains could not restrain. Or it might have been his object to assure his friends that their alarm was groundless, and that these white men could be safely trusted. It would seem that Capt. Popham's suspicions were now aroused. He knew not how numerous the Indians might be in that vicinity. The distrust shown by the natives, and their entire withdrawal, led him to fear that they might have gone for re-enforcements, and that a band of hundreds of warriors might come rushing upon him. He, however, ventured to land. Religious services were held beneath the cross which Weymouth had reared. Rev. Richard Seymour, the chaplain, preached the sermon. Thus it was an Episcopal clergyman from the shores of England, who first preached the gospel of the Son of God upon the shores of Maine. It was an occasion to have raised a man's soul. Deep must have been the emotions excited, as the melody of their hymns blended with the soft voice of the wavelets rippling upon the beach, and the pensive whisperings of the breeze through the fibrous-leaved pines.

After this service Popham re-embarked his crews, and rowed to the other side of the water, where he encamped. Sewall thinks that this was probably the Boothbay shore, near Hodgdon's Mills.[1] But it is impossible to extricate the details which are given, from some entanglement. This might have been a

[1] Ancient Dominions of Maine, p. 10.

prudential movement to guard against attack. It is, however, more probable that it was intended to relieve the natives from their painful apprehensions. Popham might have made the compromise with Nahanada, that he would land his crew for religious service only, beneath the cross of Weymouth, and that then they would retire.

The whole of the 10th and 11th was spent at this encampment, while a party explored the Damariscotta River in search of a suitable location for the establishment of their colony. In the evening of the 11th, the boats returned to the ships, which were still riding at anchor under what they called St. George's Island.

The morning of the 12th, the ships weighed anchor, and set sail to enter the mouth of the Sagadahock. The next morning found them south of Seguin, at the distance of but three miles. There was a dead calm, and they could move in no direction. At midnight a fierce storm arose. "Off Seguin" is notoriously a rough point. The gale was blowing directly upon the shore. In the darkness of the night, amidst the roaring of the tempest and the dashing of the waves, they were in imminent peril of shipwreck. There was no anchorage there, and no harbor into which they could run. During the hours of this tempestuous night they stood off and on, momentarily fearing that they might be driven upon the rocks. The morning of the 14th dawned luridly upon a storm-tossed sea. With its earliest rays they looked for some spot where they could thrust in the ships to save their lives.

Putting up the helm, they stood in for the shore, where they soon saw two small islands. Under the shelter of one of them, perhaps at George's Island Harbor, they found good anchorage. The St. George's Islands consisted of a group of about twenty, many of them mere rocks. The storm ere long ceased, and the wind came in fair. A party took a boat, and cruised around among these islands. All were very rocky, and on most of them there was a dense growth of hemlock, spruce, firs, and pines. Upon one they found four natives, one of them being a woman.

The next morning, the 15th, though the wind was rather

unfavorable, "The Gift" worked its way into the mouth of the Sagadahock. A calm ensued. Capt. Popham sent his boats, and, aided by the tide, towed in "The Mary and John," and anchored her by the side of "The Gift." This occupied the day.

The autumnal sun rose bright and clear the next morning, the 16th. Capt. Popham took thirty men in his pinnace, and Capt. Gilbert eighteen in his long-boat, and commenced rowing up the stream, between the banks of the silent, solitary, beautiful Sagadahock. They ascended the deep and "gallant" river, as they termed it, far into the interior. They passed many goodly islands and branches of inlets and mouths of streams or bays opening into the river. In the evening the boats returned, having found no place for the establishment of the colony which they deemed more favorable than the one before them.

Accordingly the next morning, the 18th of August, 1607, all went on shore to select a spot for their plantation, and to commence their works. The point chosen seems to have been near the mouth of Sagadahock, at the south-western extremity of the peninsula called Phipsburg. Williamson says —

"The Indians called this promontory Sabino, from the chief whose authority was recognized there. They selected a pleasant and convenient site on the south-east side of a creek, near what is now called Atkins Bay; which stretches west into the land half a league, and forms a peninsula at the southerly corner of the present town of Phipsburg."[1]

The critical reader will perceive that the date of the landing here given differs from the dates in some other histories. The cause of this discrepancy probably is, that the landing at the different points, to which we have already alluded, has been confounded with this final landing. The recently discovered man-

[1] Coolidge and Mansfield say, in their valuable History of New England, that some suppose that the landing was made at Parker's Island, others at Arrowsic, and others at Georgetown, but that the recent discovery of the MS. of William Strackey leaves scarcely room for doubt that they landed on the Phipsburg Peninsula.

The narrative given in the text is doubtless the correct one. There were several landings, and the final one was on the peninsula.

uscript of William Strackey seems to render it almost certain that the chronology here given is correct.[1]

The settlement took the name of the Sagadahock Colony. The inauguration of the colony was solemnized by religious services. Rev. Richard Seymour, of whom we have before spoken, preached on the occasion. The promontory contained one or two hundred acres. The Plymouth Company had given sealed directions containing the general laws they wished to have established, and a list of the rulers they had appointed to execute them. This colony was organized under the influence of the British nobility. They were fully satisfied with the monarchy of their native land. The idea of establishing a republican government they had not even remotely cherished. The company represented the crown; and all the laws were enacted, and the officers selected, by the company. Capt. George Popham was appointed governor; and seven men were designated as his assistants, with the several titles of admiral, master of ordnance, commander of the militia, marshal, commander of the fort, secretary of the colony, and searcher.

While thus laying the foundations of their little settlement far away in the solitudes of a world as yet but little known and slightly explored, three canoes full of natives were seen on the distant waters. Cautiously the Indians gazed upon the strange spectacle thus opening before them, but they did not venture to draw nigh. They soon vigorously plied their paddles, and were lost to sight beyond the reaches of the river.

All hands were now summoned to work. They commenced operations about the same time upon a fort, a large storehouse, several log-cabins, and a small vessel to cruise along the coast, and explore the rivers. The name of "Virginia" was given to this first vessel built upon the shores of Maine. Her size was thirty tons. The governor was invested with almost absolute power, and he superintended all the works. They called the fort St. George. The settlement also was frequently called by the same name.

[1] Messrs. Coolidge and Mansfield date the landing on the 8th; Williamson places it on the 11th; Varney, in his pleasant History of Maine for young people, places it on the 29th. But to my mind the evidence is conclusive that the landing was on the 18th, as given by Sewall in his very accurate "Ancient Dominions of Maine."

On the 28th of the month Capt. Gilbert took a boat's crew, and set out on a voyage of discovery towards the west. He sailed through Casco Bay, admiring, as well he might, its cluster of beautiful islands, and anchored his shallop at night under a headland which the Indians called Semiamis, but which is now known as Cape Elizabeth. He inferred that the land must be very fertile, from the gigantic growth of trees which sprung from the soil.

During the day several native canoes were seen; but the Indians carefully avoided approaching the shallop. They had doubtless heard of the treachery of Weymouth, and regarded the white man as a fiend, to be avoided and resisted at every hazard. After an uneventful cruise of three days, the shallop returned to Fort George, again traversing the beautiful Bay of Casco, and sailing by "many goodly and gallant islands."

Had it not been for the crime of Weymouth, any number of Indians might have been hired to work upon the fort, to draw timber from the forest, and to aid with spade and hoe in breaking up the ground for seed. A hatchet or a knife would repay an Indian amply for many days' labor. The French in Canada treated the Indians as brothers; and they found no difficulty in securing their services to bear burdens, and to toil in the field and the ship-yard. But Weymouth's crime so appalled the Indians of Maine, that not one was willing to lift his hand to aid the white men. No smiles, no kind words, no hospitality, could efface the impression which the kidnapper had cut deep into their hearts.

About noon of the 30th of August nine canoes, filled with forty Indians, were seen approaching the fort from Pemaquid, which was distant but a few leagues on the east. Several of these natives were women and children. Without any hesitancy, they paddled to the beach, and all landed. The mystery of this apparent boldness was soon explained. The little fleet was led by the Pemaquid chief Nahanada. He had also with him Skitwarroes, and another subordinate chief, Sasanoa.

Gov. Popham received them with the greatest hospitality, and did every thing in his power to dispel their suspicions. The Indians remained for three hours; but nothing could in-

duce them to leave themselves in the power of such dangerous visitors through the night. As the sun was sinking behind the pine-crowned islands of Casco Bay, they nearly all entered their canoes, and paddled across the water to the eastern bank of the Sagadahock. Here they reared their frail shelters, built their fires, and encamped.

Skitwarroes, and one or two other Indians, remained in the fort. Capt. Gilbert, to show the Indians that he reposed confidence in them, and perhaps emboldened by the conviction that there were two or three Indians in the fort, who would be held as hostages for his safe return, took a boat, and with two others of the governor's council, Robert Davis, commander of the militia, and Ellis Bert, marshal, rowed across the river, and passed the night in the native encampment.

It was, however, very evident that the cautious Indians did not deem it safe to enter into any very intimate relations of friendship with the Englishmen. Early the next morning they all took to their canoes, and returned to Pemaquid.

A week of energetic labor upon fort and dwellings passed away; and on the 8th of September Capt. Gilbert again took the shallop, and, with twenty-two men, set out on another exploring tour, toward the east in search of the Penobscot River. It would seem, so far as we can judge at this distance of time, that the affairs of this colony were conducted with a great want of wisdom. The location was on a sandbank, bleak and barren, with no surrounding region of fertility. The experience of one winter led them to report, that "the country is intolerably cold and sterile, unhealthy, and not habitable by our English nation."[1] It is difficult to imagine what object they could have had in sending off these exploring expeditions, when, having selected the location of their colony, they needed the energies of every man in rearing their buildings, cutting and housing wood for the winter, and in breaking the hard soil in preparation for putting in seed in the spring.

The explorers in the shallop were retarded by calms and head winds, and did not reach Pemaquid until early in the

[1] Prince's Annals, p. 35.

morning of the 11th of September. They found the Indian village entirely deserted, and nothing remained but silence and solitude. It is probable that the natives who had visited Fort George were alarmed by the fortifications which were rising there, so massive in their eyes, and by the other indications of a strong and permanent settlement. They deemed it safe to retire back into the country, that they might be at a greater remove from neighbors whom they deemed so dangerous.

For several days the voyagers cruised along, exploring many bays and inlets of this wonderfully indented coast, but searching in vain for the mouth of the Penobscot. They did not return from their fruitless expedition until about the 20th. On the 28d Capt. Gilbert again embarked in the shallop, taking with him nineteen men to ascend the Sagadahock to Merry-meeting Bay, and thence to explore the Kennebec to its navigable source.

The party reached the bay on the 24th, and turning to the left, instead of the right, entered the Androscoggin River, instead of the Kennebec. Early the next morning they reached the falls at Brunswick. Their description of the country, and of the low flat island about a quarter of a mile below the falls, cannot be mistaken. The falls then consisted mainly of a series of rapids, through which, by aid of a strong rope, they with difficulty drew their boat. Rowing up the river about three miles beyond these rapids, they landed, and camped for the night.

As they were constructing their camp, and kindling their fire, they heard the shouts of Indians on the opposite bank of the river. The Englishmen responded; but the shouts on both sides were alike unintelligible. The next morning a canoe crossed the river, bearing an Indian chief by the name of Sebenoa, and four natives. The chief was a friendly, courteous man, but deemed it necessary to guard against treachery. He would not land, and thus place himself in the power of the strangers, until they placed one of their men in his canoe as a hostage.

The report which is given of the subsequent conduct of the Indians, if we credit it precisely as given, is utterly incompre-

hensible. It would seem that there must have been some great misunderstanding on the part of the English in their interpretation of facts which are unquestionable. If the report of the historian is to be accepted as accurate in all its bearings, it would prove that the Indians behaved like idiots, — a character which they never developed before.

As soon as the hostage was received into the canoe, and Sebenoa the chief, had by invitation taken a seat in the shallop, where, it will be remembered, he was surrounded by nineteen white men, the four Indians began to paddle very rapidly up the river. The annalist assumes that they treacherously were making an effort to run away with the hostage as their captive.

The supposition is absurd. The Indians surely would not surrender their chief in exchange for a common man. The chief himself would not consent to so silly a sacrifice. Neither could four men hope to escape from the pursuit of nineteen, whose guns could throw the death-dealing bullet so great a distance. The tidings of the power of the white man's musket had spread far and wide among the tribes.

Unquestionably the chief had invited the white men to visit his encampment. As they could converse only by signs, his invitation had not been understood by Capt. Gilbert. But the Indians supposed that it was understood and accepted. Immediately upon the friendly exchange having been made, the white man being in the canoe, and the chief in the shallop, the Indians commenced paddling up the river toward their village. The birch canoe, light as a bubble, was driven with great rapidity over the waters. It was with difficulty that the heavily laden shallop could keep up with it.

We are informed that great care was taken that the hostage chief should not leap overboard; but there is no intimation that he made any such senseless attempt. What could one poor man do, struggling in the water, with nineteen men at hand to brain him with their oars? Escape under those circumstances was impossible.

Apparently Sebenoa sat in the shallop with tranquil mind, entirely unconscious of the alarm which his hospitable invitation had given. The canoe led the way. A few rods behind

came the shallop. Having ascended the river about three miles, the canoe landed. The four Indians, with their one white companion, entered a trail which led back to their village.

Capt. Gilbert hurriedly ran his boat upon the shore. Leaving nine men to guard the shallop, he took the other nine with him, and followed rapidly along the trail to rescue the man whom he supposed the Indians had kidnapped. Sebanoa mingled with them, giving no sign that he suspected that he was watched, or that he was thought to be practising treachery. The well-trodden, narrow path led picturesquely around the forest-crowned hills of the Androscoggin, for a distance of about a league. Here they came upon the little hamlet of the chief. The white hostage was there unharmed. The whole village was, of course, thrown into great commotion by so singular an event. The historian writes: —

"Here we found near fifty able men, very strong and tall: such as their like before we had not seen. All were newly painted, and armed with bows arrows."

As there were fifty warriors, the village must have contained about two hundred and fifty inhabitants. They could not have been armed in anticipation of this visit; for they had no more reason to expect it, than they had to think that angels would descend among them from heaven. They had made no collection of furs for trade; for the idea of such a chance for trade had not entered their minds.

But here were nine men, three miles from their boat, surrounded by fifty well-armed and very powerful warriors. If treachery had been intended, nothing could have been more easy than to cut them off. They had no longer any hostage; for Sebenoa was in his own home, and at the head of his band. There were many opportunities for lying in ambush among the rocks and forest-trees and thickets which fringed the narrow trail. Thus every white man could have been pierced with arrows, with scarcely the opportunity to make any resistance. And yet not one of these "very strong, tall savages" gave the slightest indication of hostility. There was not a frown seen, not a menacing word heard, not an arrow was placed upon the bowstring.

On the contrary, the reception was hospitable in all respects. We are told that "peaceful overtures prevailed, and proposals for trade were made." After a brief visit, the whole party returned to the boat. Not the slightest attempt was discovered to molest the strangers, as in single file they threaded the narrow pass, where the Indians, outnumbering them five to one, could so easily in ambush, with one volley of their arrows, have struck every man down.

A few moments after reaching the shallop, sixteen of the natives appeared, apparently lured by curiosity to see them off. We are simply informed that they were "natives;" and it is reasonable to infer that they were men, women, and children. It is very certain, that, if there had been any hostile intent, fifty warriors would never have deputed sixteen of their number to attack a band of nine white men, while the remainder lounged indolently in their wigwams within half an hour's distance of the scene of conflict.

The treachery of the white man had become proverbial. The crime of Weymouth had infused suspicion into the mind of every Indian. Fire-arms had then been but recently invented. The musket which the white man bore was the ancient matchlock. It was a clumsy weapon, and rested upon a support. It could only be discharged by applying a match or torch to the touchhole. Just as the boat was leaving the shore where the camp-fire was burning, one of the men lighted a torch to fire the guns.

An Indian standing by, undoubtedly feared that it was the intention of the boatmen, as soon as they were at a little distance from the shore, to fire upon the group left behind. The lighting of the match, under those circumstances, was a menace, a hostile act. What other possible motive could there be for thus making ready to fire their guns? Upon the impulse of the moment, he sprang towards the shallop, seized the lighted match, and threw it into the water. The crew instantly grasped their guns; and a man, at the command of Gilbert, leaped on shore to get more fire. Thus suddenly did a war tempest seem to burst upon the band. The terrified Indians, now convinced that hostilities were threatened, seized the rope

of the boat, and tried to prevent its putting off. But as the men presented their muskets, ready to apply the glowing torch, they dropped the rope, and the whole company fled precipitately into the forest. As they fled, not a single arrow was thrown back.

This was indeed an untoward termination of Gilbert's visit to Sebenoa. The shallop immediately withdrew to the opposite side of the river. In this misadventure the natives certainly appear to great advantage. It is recorded, —

"A canoe followed to excuse the hostile bearing of the natives. Gilbert kindly entertained the messages of peace, but made the best of his way back to the settlement and the fort."

These events took place on the 26th of September, 1607. Capt. Gilbert expresses his admiration of the magnificent spruce-trees he passed on the way, suitable "to mast the greatest ship his majesty hath." Clusters of ripe grapes hung upon the vines which festooned the trees, and the waters seemed to abound in fishes of great variety. The next day, in a dismal storm of rain and fog, the shallop returned to Fort George.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FAILURE OF POPHAM'S COLONY, AND ITS ATTENDANT RESULTS.

Indian Etiquette — Virtues of the Indians — Scenes in the Colony — Popham's Death — Ruin in the Colony — Atrocious Cruelty — Revenge of the Indians — The Explosion — Fears of the Indians — The Colony Abandoned — Private Adventures — Infamy of Poutrincourt — The Scenery of Mount Desert — Monhegan in its Glory — Harlow the Kidnapper — Valor of the Indians — Fate of the French Colonies — Adventures of Epenow — His Escape — The Battle on Martha's Vineyard.

A WEEK passed away. On the 3d of October, Skitwarroes came to the fort in a canoe, with two or three other Indians. The native princes seem to have had their rules of courtly etiquette, quite as distinctly defined as those which prevail at Windsor Castle or Versailles. It would seem that there were, in that region, several tribes under one head chief, who was recognized as supreme, and was called Bashaba.

Skitwarroes and his companions had come as envoys from the Bashaba, to inform Gov. Popham that their sovereign had sent his brother (Williamson says his son) as an ambassador to visit the chieftain of the white men, and that he was on the other side of the river, awaiting the white chieftain's pleasure. The envoy was immediately invited over, and was received with the distinction due to one of his rank. He spent the sabbath at the fort, and with his retinue attended public worship, both morning and evening. It is recorded that they all conducted reverentially, and with much decorum.

The object of this mission was to establish friendly relations with the new-comers, and to open a trade which might be exceedingly beneficial to both parties. It would seem that Nahanada and Skitwarroes had made such representations to

the Bashaba, that he generously overlooked the infamous conduct of Weymouth, and presented the hand of reconciliation and friendship to these new-comers. Every historian has admitted that the conduct of the Indians in this respect was very noble. There is no authentic record, thus far, of any act of treachery, violence, or deceit on their part. The Indian wars, which eventually ensued, were the undeniable result of outrages inflicted by individual white men, who were beyond the restraints of law, and who, in utter godlessness, had no more regard to future retribution than had the wolves and the bears. The Indians were honest in their dealings, and manifested much gratitude for any favor conferred upon them.

On one occasion a straw hat and a knife were given to an Indian, by the name of Ameriguin, as a present. He immediately, in return, presented the giver with a rich beaver mantle, which was then worth from ten to fifteen dollars in London.

The works in the settlement were driven so vigorously, and the style of architecture was so simple, that by the 6th of October, only seven weeks from the time of landing, the fort was completed, intrenched, and twelve cannon were mounted. The storehouse was also finished, and fifty log-cabins were reared. With such imposing ceremonies as the occasion could furnish, the town was named St. George.[1]

Winter came early and with unusual severity. Storms of sleet and snow swept the bleak expanse which had been so unwisely selected for their home. Discontent arose, and, with the discontent, quarrels among the colonists. Many cursed the day in which they left their cottages in England, for abodes so chill and drear and comfortless. They had made no suitable preparation for winter. They had only green wood to burn. Their cabins were frail, and filled with smoke.

It was a miserable winter to all. With wise foresight, and a Christian spirit, the months of snow and wind and rain might have passed even agreeably away. Their cabins might have been warm and cheerful. Wood was abundant. They could have laid in ample stores, and quite well seasoned. An abundant supply of furs could have been obtained of the Indians for

[1] Bancroft, vol. i. p. 268.

clothing and bedding, and couches around the brightly blazing fireside. The Indians wished to be friendly. They would gladly have brought in stores of corn and fish and game, had they been kindly treated. But sin reigned in the camp; and where there is sin there must be sorrow.

Gov. Popham died. It was, perhaps, fortunate for him. His heart would have broken, could he have lived to witness the ruin of his colony. As the world was receding from his view, and the sublimities of eternity opening before him, he said, cheered by the hope that he had planted a colony which would last while time endures, —

"I die content. My name will be always associated with the first planting of the English race in the New World. My remains will not be neglected away from the home of my fathers and my kindred."

His expectations were not realized. His colony perished. No friendly hand conveyed his remains to England, that they might repose amidst the graves of his fathers. No monument has ever been reared to his memory. We now search in vain for the spot, amidst the sands of the ocean shore, where his body awaits that judgment trump at whose peal the dead shall rise. The wail of the tempest, and the dash of the surge, have been for two hundred years his mournful requiem.

There was no one left in the colony capable of filling the place of Popham. His death was followed by that of three other of the most prominent men. Comparative anarchy reigned. The Indians were grossly and wantonly maltreated. They have not been able to tell their own story; but the records of the white man's historians testify fully to this fact. The colonists seem to have been selected, or accepted, without any reference to moral character. In those days, there probably could not have been found on earth a more fiendlike set of men than the average crew of a British man-of-war. Apparently many of the colonists were reckless seamen, picked up from the wharves of the seaports of England. One of their outrages would seem incredible; but we know not that the story has ever been contradicted.

It is said that a large number of natives landed on one occa-

sion, at the little settlement, with a few furs and skins for sale. They wandered peacefully around, gazing with much interest upon the new objects which everywhere met their eyes. They were new-comers from the interior, and every thing was strange to them. Some of the men thought they would amuse themselves in seeing how the Indians would be astonished and terrified at the report of one of their cannons. They loaded one of the largest almost to the muzzle, but with powder only. They attached two drag-ropes to the heavy gun, and requested the Indians, as a favor, to help them draw the ponderous weapon from one part of the grounds to another.

Joyously, with shouts and merriment, the obliging natives manned the two ropes, in lines directly before the muzzle of the gun. As they were rushing it along, one of these colonists applied the match to the touch-hole. A terrible explosion, with lightning flash and thunder peal, took place. Several of the natives were killed outright; others were horribly burned and mangled.

The survivors returned to their homes, scattering in all directions the story of the horrible outrage. This was a fitting sequel to the kidnapping crimes of Weymouth. It is not strange that the heathen Indians should have thought that the Christian white men were fiends. Universal indignation was excited. The Indians met in large numbers, resolved to exterminate the colonists who had thus brought blood and misery and death to their lowly homes. They made an attack — the "treacherous Indians," as they were called — upon the settlement. They captured the storehouse which contained all the merchandise and provisions of the colony.

They drove the garrison, which was greatly diminished by sickness and death, out of the fort. One man was killed; the others took refuge in a sort of citadel at some distance from the magazine. As the ignorant Indians were rioting through the captured fort, they knocked open some barrels containing some kind of grain, of small, dark kernels, such as they had never seen before. It was not corn; it was not wild wheat, nor rye. It was powder. The grains were scattered over the floor. Accidentally they were ignited. A terrific explosion of the whole

magazine ensued. It was a phenomenon of thunder roar, and of volcanic ruin, which would have appalled any community. Timbers, cannons, merchandise, and the mangled bodies of the Indians, were blown high into the air, but to fall back into a crater of devouring flame.

The ignorant, superstitious Indians were appalled beyond all conception by this carnage. Had fiends come to the aid of their brethren the white men? Was the Great Spirit angry with the Indians for their attack upon the colony? and had he, in consequence, sent this terrible punishment upon them? They were bewildered, terrified.

They had not been struck down by bullet or arrow or club. It was a supernatural, miraculous power, which had assailed them. They had conquered the white man; and then this new, invisible, resistless ally had overwhelmed them with destruction. They could not contend against thunderbolts, and upheaving earthquakes, and bursting flames. It mattered not to them, whether these tremendous energies were wielded by bad spirits or good: their only safety was in immediate flight. They took to their canoes, and paddled swiftly from the settlement, with no disposition to approach it again.

Such is the story which has descended to us. It may not be true in all its details. It unquestionably is true in its essential features. We have found no historian who discredits it. "It is certain," Williamson says, "that it was believed to be true by the ancient and well-informed inhabitants on Sagadahock River."[1]

The colonists, who had thus sown the wind, were now, in the righteous judgment of God, reaping the whirlwind. There were, doubtless, good men among them, men of philanthropy and piety, who mourned and wept over these calamities. But sin is a far more potent agent of action than holiness. A few drops of poison will destroy the most vigorous frame. The life which God's love has gradually developed through the long years of infancy, childhood, and youth, to mature manhood, the dagger of the assassin may destroy in an instant. The city which the industry of a century has reared, the torch of the incendiary may lay in ashes in a few hours.

[1] See Supplement to King Philip's War, 1675, p. 75.

There may have been even a majority of the colonists good men. But, were one-third of their number thoroughly bad, they could have thwarted all the measures of the good. They could cheat the Indians, rob them, shoot them, insult their wives and daughters, and thus inflict an amount of injury which all the efforts of the true Christians could not repair. One kidnapping Weymouth can arouse an hostility which many honest voyagers may vainly endeavor to appease.

The colonists were now freezing, starving, and quarrelling among themselves. In those dreary log-cabins there was no happiness. Frowns were upon every brow, murmurs upon all lips, gloom in every heart. It is to be inferred from the brief narrative we have, that the two vessels which had conveyed the colonists to the Sagadahock had returned to England. These ships could have carried back only the tidings of the successful landing of the colony. The Plymouth Company promptly fitted out another ship, with supplies. Early in the spring this ship cast anchor before the already dilapidated, impoverished, decaying town of St. George. The colonists, instead of landing the supplies, rushed on board the ship, determined with one accord to return to England.

The Indians, bitterly hostile, could not be induced to venture into their settlement with any provisions. It was only at the imminent peril of their lives that the English could leave their rampart of logs, to penetrate the interior on foraging expeditions. Their storehouse was burned. They had no articles left for traffic. Whatever they obtained they would be compelled to grasp with robber hands.

Thus influenced, they all abandoned the colony. Their return to England excited the surprise and the deep regret of the Plymouth Company. They carried back the most deplorable report of the character of the country, its climate, its soil, and especially of its inhabitants. "The native Indians," they said, "are the outcasts of creation. They have no religion, but are merely diabolical. They are the very ruins of mankind; the most sordid and contemptible part of the human species."

On the other hand, the French, who, not many years after, established a settlement among the Indians of the upper Ken-

nebec, and who lived with them not only on terms of peace, but of strong personal friendship, wrote of them, —

"The Indians are docile and friendly, accessible to the precepts of religion, strong in their attachment to their friends, and submissive to the rites and ceremonies of the Catholic faith." [1]

The disastrous issue of this attempt to establish a settlement in Maine checked the spirit of colonization for several years. There were still many private expeditions to these waters for the benefits of the fishery, and to purchase furs of the natives along the coast. Lord Popham, the most prominent member of the Plymouth Company, died; but his son, Sir Francis Popham, for several years sent a ship annually to the coast of Maine, for fishing and traffic. He, however, was not successful, and at length abandoned such operations. But it is confidently asserted that other adventurers were frequently visiting the coast, though no record was made of these private voyages.[2]

The French were in Canada prosecuting a very successful fur-trade with the Indians. There was a strange sort of telegraphy by which the Indians conveyed tidings of important events to the remotest tribes. Unquestionably the Indians of Massachusetts had heard accounts of the conduct of the English in Maine.

A Frenchman, by the name of Poutrincourt, was in command of the French trading post and mission at Port Royal, now Annapolis, Nova Scotia. It must be remembered that at that time there were no distinct territorial lines drawn. The whole of this region was called Acadia. Poutrincourt seems to have been a very reckless, passionate man, with but little regard for Christian principle. He quarrelled with his clergy, and said fiercely to them, "It is my part to rule you while on earth, and it is your part to guide me to heaven."

The clergy had a difficult part, in this respect, to perform, if all reports are true respecting the conduct and character of Poutrincourt. He went on an exploring and trading tour, along

[1] History of Norridgewock, by William Allen, p. 12.
[2] Hubbard's New England, p. 37; Prince's Annals, p. 25.

the coasts of what are now Maine and Massachusetts, as far south as Cape Cod. There he fell into an altercation and a fight with the natives. We know not who was the aggressor, or what was the cause of the conflict. Poutrincourt does not inform us, and the Indians had no one to tell their story. Two of the Frenchmen were killed, and others wounded. What slaughter was inflicted upon the Indians we know not. Poutrincourt continued his cruise several leagues farther, until he cast anchor where the natives had not heard of his battle with the Indians. Five of these innocent, unoffending men came confidingly on board his vessel, and offered some furs for sale. He seized them, and put them all to death, probably hanging them at the yard-arm. This was his retaliation. There is implanted in the bosom of most men a sense of justice, which leads them, in view of such crimes, to find some degree of comfort in the thought, that there is a day of judgment to come, and that the wicked shall not go unpunished. It is recorded that this circumstance led *Poutrincourt to form a very unfavorable opinion of the disposition of the Indians.*

After such an occurrence it is not strange, that when, a few years later, our Pilgrim Fathers landed upon Cape Cod, they should have been attacked by the natives.[1] It is thus that one bad man can inflict an amount of injury which many good men cannot repair. Poutrincourt returned to Port Royal, where he and his companions lived in such revelry, probably outraging the Indians in various ways, that the clergy, who were sincerely devoted to the welfare of the natives, refused to remain in the settlement. Biencourt, the son of Poutrincourt, was even worse than his father. Ruling in the place of his father, who had gone to England, his conduct was infamous. Annoyed by the rebukes and remonstrances of the missionaries, he threatened them with corporal punishment. They abandoned Port Royal, and removed to Mount Desert, where they were received by the natives as friends and brothers. The names of these two good men, Messrs. Biard and Massé, deserve to be perpetuated.[2]

Mount Desert is the largest, and certainly the most beautiful

[1] See narrative of the first encounter in the Life of Miles Standish.
[2] Baird's Relation, L'Escarbot's Histoire, Charlevoix's Histoire.

island on the coast of Maine. It has, indeed, but few rivals on this globe. The island is fifteen miles long, and seven miles in average breadth, containing sixty thousand acres. The scenery is surpassingly beautiful. The towering mountains of the interior raise their forest-crowned brows so high, that they can be discerned at the distance of sixty miles at sea. Separated from the main land but by narrow serpentine creeks, which were sheltered from winds and waves, and were abounding with fin and shell fish, it had been, for centuries which no man can count, a favorite resort for the Indians.

The sublimity and loveliness of the scenery pleased the eye of the natives. Here they reared their comfortable cabins, and lined them with furs. Wood was abundant for their winter fires. There was a great amount of game in the mountains, consisting of bears, raccoons, foxes, rabbits, and fowls of various kinds. The marshes and meadows were stocked with beaver, otter, and musquash. The sunny valleys, walled in by mountains and forests, were rich in verdure, and blooming with flowers. They often waved with harvests of golden corn. Over the placid waters of numerous creeks and inlets and bays, the buoyant canoe of the native could glide in perfect safety. There were many lakelets open to the sea, to which the alewives in the spring resorted in enormous numbers, to deposit their spawn. It has been well said, —

"Mount Desert is remarkable for its size, its singular topography, its bold and wild scenery, and still more for its wilder and stranger history. Whoever visits it, if he is familiar with its earliest records and legends, will, as he sits upon some bold pinnacle of its mountains, and glances over its sea-cradled islands, its sun-burnished creeks, its mountain lakes, and its Alp-like ravines, almost expect to see the savage emerge from some glen, or to see, lying at anchor, the rude shallop of two hundred years ago ; or, stranger still, to behold some wanderer from England, France, or Spain, in the habiliments of his time, with steeple hat, peaked beard, slashed doublet, and sword by his side, climbing the sea wall thrown up by the ocean, to seek his rude cabin on the shore." [1]

There is a large cluster of islands here, separated but by narrow channels, the intricacy of whose waters it would be

[1] History of New England, by Coolidge and Mansfield.

difficult to describe. These islands, Great Cranberry, Little Cranberry, Lancaster, and Duck, contain from fifty to six hundred acres each. Several families now reside upon them. Between Great Cranberry and Lancaster Islands there is a fine harbor called The Pool, which affords excellent anchorage. Here, it is supposed, Messrs. Biard and Massè located themselves in the year 1609. The ruins of an old settlement at this place are still visible.[1] In the solitudes of this profound wilderness, those self-denying men reared their lowly huts, cultivated their little garden, and, uncheered by the presence of wife or child, living upon Indian fare, and conforming to Indian customs, labored with untiring zeal for five years, to instruct the Indians, and to lead them to the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world. These men were Christians. It matters not to what denomination they belonged. "By their fruits shall ye know them."

The disastrous result of Popham's colony seemed, for a time, almost entirely to extinguish the desire to form settlements in this part of the New World. But Sir Ferdinando Gorges soon recovered from the blow. Probably his investigations convinced him that the failure was entirely owing to the folly of the colonists, and that Maine was a goodly land, yet destined to be the abode of wealth and culture. He wrote, —

"As to the coldness of the climate, I have had too much experience in the world, to be frightened with such a blast. Many great kingdoms and large territories more northerly seated, and by many degrees colder, are plentifully inhabited; divers of them being stored with no better commodities than these parts afford, if like industry, art, and labor be used." [2]

Gorges purchased a ship, employed Richard Vines as captain, but sought in vain for colonists. The region was now in such bad repute that none wished to seek in it a new home. There was much solicitude in the English court, lest the enterprising French should plant their settlements along the coast, and obtain the entire control of the country. Their colony at Port

[1] Williamson, vol. i. p. 79. The Cranberry Islands were so called because those berries were so abundant there. Duck Island swarmed with those birds.

[2] Gorges' Narrative, p. 22.

Royal was for a time quite successful. The colonists were carrying on a very profitable trade with the Indians in furs, and were supplied by them with an abundance of corn and venison.

Gorges seems to have found but little difficulty in hiring men as sailors, to visit the coast for the purposes of fishing, and purchasing furs of the natives. Many such voyages were made by the agents of Gorges and others. Some of these enterprises proved very successful. These adventurers, the common sailors, were generally rude, unprincipled men, more brutal far than the natives whom they contemptuously called savages.

Monhegan became the prominent point for traffic on the coast of Maine. At this island the vessels first made the land. Here they cast anchor, and established their rendezvous. In the quaint language of the times, this was described as, —

"The remarkablest isle and mountains for landmarks, a round high isle, with little Monas by its side, betwixt which is a small harbor, where our ships can lie at anchor."

A man by the name of Abraham Jennings claimed to have purchased this island of some Indians. It is not probable that his title-deed would bear any very close investigation. He was a fish-merchant from Plymouth, Eng., and was in partnership with Abner Jennings of London. They had opened quite a lucrative trade in this coast, employing many vessels annually in cod-fisheries and the purchase of furs. These men had stations on the neighboring mainland of Pemaquid, and probably also on some of the islands which encircle and thus create Boothbay Harbor.

These stations amounted merely to points which they periodically visited in the summer months, to dry their fish, and to trade with the Indians. Thus Monhegan became not only the prominent landmark for voyagers, but the important depot for all the fishing and trading vessels.

In the year 1611 Samuel Argal, who subsequently became governor of South Virginia, while on a voyage to that colony was driven, by a series of gales, far away to the north. Finding himself near the coast of Maine, he decided to visit the

fishing-grounds of Monhegan, of which he had heard much. He first made the land in the vicinity of Penobscot Bay: there he found a small island so abounding in seals that he called it Seal Rock. This name it still retains. He was in the vicinity of Mount Desert. We know but little more respecting this voyage; but the familiarity he thus gained with these waters enabled him, three years later, successfully to prosecute one of the most important expeditions of the times, whatever may be the verdict as to its justification. We shall soon allude to this enterprise.

About the same time Capt. Edward Harlow was sent to explore Cape Cod and its surroundings. He directed his course first to Monhegan, and took shelter in its snug harbor. The natives were now in the habit of visiting the island in large numbers, eager to traffic with the newly-arrived ships. This man, without any provocation whatever, villanously enticed three Indians on board his ship, and seized them as captives. One of the three, Peckmo, being a very strong man, after a desperate struggle broke away, and, plunging overboard, swam to the shore.

Immediately he aroused all the Indians around to the rescue. The valiant men, with arrows alone for their weapons, put off in their canoes to rescue their friends thus treacherously imprisoned in the oak-ribbed ship. Their heroic efforts were, of course, unavailing. The long-boat of the ship was floating at its stern. The Indians, sweeping the deck with a shower of arrows, succeeded in cutting away the boat, and carrying it ashore. As they knew that Harlow would make an effort to recover it, they filled it with sand, having placed it in a position where with their arrows they could defend its approaches.

Harlow sent an armed band on shore to recover the boat. The exasperated natives fought with desperation. We know not how many Harlow succeeded in killing; but we are happy to know that the natives drove Harlow off without his boat. In this conflict, so disgraceful to Harlow, three of his men were sorely wounded. The kidnapper, however, carried off two of his captives, Monopet and Peckenine. Then, spreading his sails for Cape Cod, the miscreant repeated the crime there. Three

unoffending Indians, who had come from a distance to the anchorage, were lured to ascend his deck, with offers of traffic. The unsuspecting victims were enticed into the cabin, and the oaken doors were locked against them. Escape was as impossible as from the stone and iron dungeons of the Tower. These three unhappy victims of villany were called Sackaweston, Coneconum, and Epenow.

All five were carried to London. Harlow exhibited Epenow as a show, as if he had been a monkey or a gorilla. The Cape Cod Indians and the natives from Monhegan, with abodes so widely apart, could not understand each other's language. Upon their arrival in England they were distributed in different places. Some of them found Christian friends who sympathized deeply with them in their wrongs. Sir Ferdinando Gorges interested himself in their welfare. He rescued Assacomet, one of the victims of Weymouth's perfidy, who had then been seven years in England; and it would seem that he and Epenow were both taken under his protection.[1]

According to the narrative which has descended to us, Epenow was a very shrewd man. Perceiving in what high estimation gold was held by the English, he thought, that, if he could make the English believe that he knew of a gold-mine in his own country, he might be employed to accompany a party to his native land, that he might guide them to the pretended mine. He communicated his plan to Assacomet. We know not why this man had been detained in England so long, when vessels were every year sailing to the North-American coast. Both of these men agreed in their story about the gold-mine. Thus a decided impulse was given to the interest in the region from which they came. The reader will be interested in the account which Sir Ferdinando Gorges gives of Epenow.

"While I was laboring, by what means I might best continue life in my languishing hopes, there came one Harlow unto me, bringing with him a native of the island of Capawick, a place seated to the southward of Cape Cod, whose name was Epenow. He was a person of goodly stature, strong and well proportioned. This man was taken upon the main, by force, with

[1] Prince's Annals, p. 78; Belknap's Biography, p. 356.

some twenty-nine others,[1] by a ship of London, which endeavored to sell them as slaves in Spain. But it being understood that they were Americans, and unfit for their uses, they would not meddle with them. This Epenow was one of them whom they refused; wherein they expressed more worth than those that brought them to the market.

"How Capt. Harlow came to be in possession of this savage I know not; but I understood by others how he had been shown in London for a wonder. It is true, as I have said, that he was a goodly man, of a brave aspect, stout and sober in his demeanor, and had learned so much English as to bid those that wondered at him, 'Welcome, welcome!'"

In the mean time the English were watching, with great jealousy, the advance of the French colony at Port Royal, now Annapolis. There was a French lady of deep religious feeling, Madame de Guercheville, who was strongly moved with the desire to send the glad tidings of the gospel to these benighted Indians. She was a lady of wealth, and of influence at court. Having obtained from De Monts a surrender of his royal patent, which it will be remembered granted him the whole territory called Acadia, extending from the fortieth to the forty-sixth degree of north latitude, she had the title of this truly imperial territory confirmed to her by a charter from the French monarch.

Thus this lady became nominally the possessor of the whole seacoast, from the latitude of Philadelphia to the distance of more than a hundred miles north of Halifax. The region extended indefinitely into the interior. It had no limits but the Pacific Ocean.[2] In the spring of 1613 Lady Guercheville sent her agent, M. Suassaye, to take possession of the land in her name, and to set up her arms. He made a visit to Port Royal, and thence sailed for Mount Desert. Here he landed, with twenty-five colonists, and built a small fort and several log-cabins. The crew of the vessel which brought over this colony consisted of thirty-five men. They all co-operated with great energy in rearing the habitations. They planted a cross, and named the place St. Saviour.

[1] It is supposed that Gorges here confounds those stolen by Harlow with those soon after seized, with equal villany, by Hunt, in the region of the Sagadahock.

[2] The whole of this remarkable grant, or patent, will be found, in French, in Hazard's Historical Collection, vol. i. p. 45.

It is uncertain whether this settlement was on the eastern or southern portion of the island. The lonely missionaries, Biard and Massè, had reared their huts, as it will be remembered, upon the southern shore. The intelligence of this movement was speedily communicated to the magistrates of the Virginia colony. They determined to expel these Frenchmen, as intruders upon soil which the English claimed. Eleven vessels were equipped, manned by sixty soldiers, and with an armament of fourteen pieces of cannon. It was a formidable army for such an enterprise, and entirely resistless by the feeble colony.

The French were taken quite by surprise, as this war-fleet entered their harbor. Their cannon were not in position; and most of the men were absent, engaged in the various industrial employments their situation demanded. There were two French vessels riding at anchor. They were both taken without resistance. The English landed. In the confusion, one of the French missionaries was shot; a few others were wounded. The small number who were in the fort escaped through a private passage, and fled into the woods. The victors tore down the French cross, and erected another, upon which they inscribed the name and the arms of the King of England. The next day all of the French colonists came in, and surrendered themselves and their stores to the English.

Terrible must have been their disappointment in finding their anticipations thus suddenly and unexpectedly blighted. Capt. Argal allowed his prisoners their choice, either to return to France in the French vessels, or to go with him and join the colony in Virginia. Fifteen decided to go with him, including one of the missionaries.

Argal, thus victorious, directed the course of his fleet eastward, and, having crossed the Bay of Fundy, cast anchor in the harbor of Port Royal. Here again the French, unconscious of any danger, were found unprepared for any conflict. They were busily employed in felling trees, rearing buildings, and preparing the soil for crops. The sight of eleven war-vessels suddenly entering their harbor astounded them. No resistance was attempted. Argal sent his armed boats ashore, applied the torch, and in two hours the whole flourishing village was in

ashes. The colonists, impoverished and utterly ruined, were left to starve, or to find their way back to France as best they could. Argal took a French pinnace, which was in the harbor, and loading his vessels with the cattle, the provisions, and such other articles of value as he had rescued from the flames, returned to Virginia.

There was, at that time, no war between France and England. There seems to have been no effort to settle the disputed claims by friendly conference. The only reason assigned for these deeds of violence, conflagration, and blood, was, that the French were trespassing upon territory which England claimed. Many condemned the transaction as not only inflicting needlessly great suffering, but as contrary to the law of nations.[1]

The next year (1614) Captain Hobson, in the employ of Gorges, set sail in June for Cape Cod. He took with him Epenow and Assacomet, as guides to the gold-mine of which they had spoken. There was a third Indian captive, who accompanied them, by the name of Wanope, who died on shipboard.

It would seem, from Gorges' narrative, that Epenow and Assacomet were held as prisoners. When the ship arrived at the harbor to which Epenow guided them, they were carefully watched, lest they should make their escape. As soon as the anchor was dropped, the principal inhabitants came crowding on board. Some of the brothers of Epenow were with them. The captain treated them all kindly, but kept a vigilant eye upon his captives that they should not go on shore. In the evening the little fleet of canoes left the ship; the natives promising to return the next day, and to bring articles for trade. Gorges the younger, who accompanied this expedition, writes,—

"But Epenow privately had contracted with his friends how he might make his escape without performing what he had undertaken. For that cause I gave the captain strict charge to endeavor, by all means, to prevent his escape. And for the more surity, I gave order to have three gentlemen, of my own kindred, to be ever at hand with him; clothing him with long garments fitly to be laid hold of, if occasion should require.

[1] This subject is quite fully discussed in Prince's Annals, Smith's History, Belknap's Biography, British Dominions in North America.

"Notwithstanding all this, his friends being all come at the time appointed, with twenty canoes, and lying at a certain distance with their bows ready, the captain calls to them to come on board. But, they not moving, he speaks to Epenow to come unto him where he was in the forecastle of the ship. Epenow was then in the waist of the ship, between the two gentlemen that had him in guard. Suddenly he starts from them, and, coming to the captain, calls to his friends in English, to come on board. In the interim he slips himself overboard.

"And although he were taken hold of by one of the company, yet, being a strong and heavy man, he could not be stayed. He was no soon r in the water, but the natives, his friends in the boats, sent such a shower of arrows, and came, withal, desperately so near the ship, that they carried him away in despite of all the musketeers, who were, for the number, as good as our nation did afford. And thus were my hopes of that particular voyage made void and frustrate."

It cannot be denied that this was an heroic achievement of the Indians, in rescuing one of their friends from the kidnappers. We learn, from other sources, that the musketeers killed several of the natives, and wounded more. How great their loss in this action so unjust on the part of the English, we do not know; but it is distinctly stated that Capt. Hobson and many of his men were wounded.[1]

It is supposed that Capoge, the native place of Epenow, was what is now called Martha's Vineyard, and that the events here recorded took place there. It may be well to state, in this connection, that five years after this, in 1619, Capt. Dermer, in the employ of Sir Ferdinand Gorges, visited this island. He met Epenow, who could speak English, and who rather triumphantly told him of the manner of his escape. Dermer had come on shore with a well-armed boat's crew. Epenow and his friends, in some way, had received the impression that Dermer's object was again to seize him, and carry him back to England. A battle ensued. The captain was severely wounded, and, with his crew, was driven back to the ship. This was the last conflict which took place upon that beautiful island, between the native inhabitants and the adventurers from the Old World. It is said that Squantum, whom Weymouth had stolen and carried to England, and who the next year became the friend and inter-

[1] Smith's New England; Morton's New England Memorial, pp. 58, 59.

preter of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, was with Capt. Dermer on this occasion, and saved his life. The captain writes, —

"The Indians would have killed me, had not Squantum entreated hard in my behalf. Their desire of revenge was occasioned by an Englishman who, having many of them on board, made great slaughter of them with their murderers and small shot, when, as they say, they offered no injury on their parts." [1]

[1] Drake's Book of the Indians, book ii. pp. 8–18.

CHAPTER V.

EXPLORATIONS AND SETTLEMENTS.

John Smith's Career — Exploring the Coast — England and France at War — The War of the Natives, and the Plague — Zeal of Gorges — Vines's Expedition — Conflicting Claims — Damariscotta and its Surroundings — Levett's Expedition — Views of Matrimony — Saco — General Lawlessness — Laconia Company — Various Trading Posts — Pemaquid — Tact of the French — The Sack of Bagaduce — Scene in the Kennebec — Testimony of Gov. Bradford.

PROBABLY all our readers are in some degree familiar with the history of Capt. John Smith, whose life was saved by Pocahontas, the daughter of the Indian chief Powhatan. In the year 1614 Capt. Smith sailed from England for the Sagadahock, with two vessels, a ship and a bark. The object of his voyage was to explore the country, and to engage in the whale-fishery, and in traffic with the natives.

Smith was but thirty-five years of age. He had already obtained much renown as a traveller. Six years before this time, he had been president of the colonial council of Virginia. The two vessels sailed from London on the 3d of March, 1614, carrying but forty-five men. Smith commanded the ship, and Capt. Thomas Hunt the bark. The two vessels reached Monhegan the latter part of April, and soon after continued their course to the mouth of the Kennebec. Making this anchorage his central station, he sent out his boats in all directions, to fish and trade. In Penobscot Bay one of his boats came into collision with the natives. We know not what introduced the strife. Several of the English were slain, and probably many more of the natives. The voyage proved profitable. Capt. Smith says, —

"We got, for trifles, eleven thousand beaver, one hundred martens, and as many otters. We took and cured forty thousand fish, corned or in pickle."[1]

The net proceeds of this expedition, to the proprietors, amounted to about seven thousand dollars. This was a very handsome sum in those days, when a dollar was worth as much as several now. Capt. Smith says that he made these purchases with mere "trifles." It is a suggestive fact, that he states that his "trifles" were not much esteemed in the region of the Penobscot; and the reason assigned was, that the French traders there paid the Indians much more liberal prices for their furs.

The captain himself engaged in these trading excursions, in a boat with eight men. It was lovely summer weather. The climate of the sea-coast of Maine at that season is delightful. The magnificent headlands and Eden-like islands were crowned in all their glory. I have wandered much over this world, but I have seen no region which, in picturesque beauty, surpasses the islands, bays, and promontories of Maine, when glowing with the verdure of June and July.

Capt. Smith visited along the coast, between the Sagadahock and what is now the southern part of Massachusetts, forty Indian villages. He enumerates twelve somewhat distinct tribes. They all, however, differed but little in language, customs, and condition. The treachery of the white men had inspired them generally with dread. They were in continual fear of being shot or kidnapped, and consequently conducted the traffic with the utmost caution. On one occasion there was a skirmish, in which several of the Indians were killed.

In July, 1614, Capt. Smith returned with his well-freighted ship to England. He left the bark at the mouth of the Kennebec, under the command of Capt. Thomas Hunt. He was instructed, as soon as he had freighted his vessel with fish and furs, to sail for Spain, and to dispose of his cargo there. Hunt proved to be a consummate villain. Capt. Smith seems to have been a very worthy man, and to have done every thing in his

[1] Description of New England by Capt. John Smith. London, 1616.

power to win and to merit the confidence of the natives. He writes, —

"One Thomas Hunt, the master of this ship, when I was gone, thinking to prevent the intent I had to make a plantation there, and thereby to keep this abounding country still in obscurity, that only he and some few merchants might enjoy wholly the benefits of the trade and profit of this country, betrayed four and twenty of those poor savages aboard his ship and most dishonestly and inhumanly, for their kind treatment of me and men, carried them with him to Malaga, and sold them."

These poor creatures were caught, in small numbers, at different points; several of them were taken on the Kennebec. They were all sold in Spain for one hundred dollars each. Capt. Smith, in his history of his adventures, gave the country the name of "New England." It was supposed to comprehend the whole region between the Hudson River and Newfoundland.

The pecuniary success of these enterprises to the coast of New England revived a general interest in the country. The zeal of Gorges was roused anew. The next year (1615) he and some of his friends equipped two ships for these shores. They were placed under the command of Capt. Smith. He took with him sixteen colonists, with directions to establish a settlement on some favorable point which he might select.

But in this sad world war had again broken out. The millions of England and the millions of France were grappling each other. They were killing, burning, and destroying as best they could. Smith and his companions were captured by a French ship, and carried prisoners to France. The savages were no better than the Christians. They also decided to summon all their energies to destroy one another.

The Penobscot Indians were arrayed against the Kennebec Indians. Of the origin of this war we know nothing; of its details, very little. The Indians had no historians. We simply know that murderous bands prowled through all the forests. The hideous war-whoop resounded far and wide. Tomahawks gleamed, barbed arrows tore their way through quivering nerves, villages blazed, blood flowed, and women and children shrieked beneath the war-club. Now the waves of

ruin and woe surged in one direction, and again in another. Everywhere misery and death held high carnival.

"'Tis dangerous to rouse the lion,
Deadly to cross the tiger's path;
But the most terrible of terrors
Is man himself in his wild wrath."

This desolating war almost depopulated the realms of New England. No seeds were planted; no harvests were gathered. The men could neither hunt or fish. All their energies were employed in attack or defence. Their families, driven from their blazing cabins, wandered in wretchedness through the forests. Nearly all the warriors, on both sides, were slain.

Famine and pestilence, as is frequently the case, followed the ravages of human passion. A fearful plague, one of the most dreadful recorded in history, swept over the whole region. Many tribes were quite annihilated. This terrible scourge flapped its malarious wings from the Penobscot River to Narraganset Bay. There were not enough left living to bury the dead. For many years their bones were seen bleaching around the ruins of their homes. No one knows what this disease was. Many have supposed it to have been the small-pox, since it was described as very loathsome. Others have believed it to have been something like the yellow fever, as it was said that the sick and dead, in color, resembled saffron. Morton writes, respecting this almost miraculous destruction of the Indians, —

"A short time after, the hand of God fell heavily upon them, with such a mortal stroke that they died in heaps. As they lay in their houses, the living, who were able to shift for themselves, would run away, and let them die, and leave their carcasses above ground without burial. In places where many inhabited, there hath been but one left alive to tell what became of the rest; the living being not able to bury the dead. They were left for crows, vermin, and kites to prey upon; and the bones and skulls, upon the several places of their habitations, made such a spectacle, after my coming into those parts, that, as I travelled in that forest, it seemed to me a new-found Golgotha." [1]

[1] Morton's New English Canaan. Amsterdam, 1837. (He came over to this country in 1622.)

It so happened that Capt. Richard Vines, with a vessel's crew, passed this winter near Saco. He had been bred a physician, and was in command of one of Gorges' trading vessels. It is singular, that, while the natives were dying all around him, his ship's company enjoyed perfect health.

"Though the mortality," Gorges writes, "was the greatest that ever happened within the memory of man, yet not one of them ever felt their head to ache, so long as they staid there."[1]

Capt. Vines named the place Winter Harbor. He had been directed by Gorges to pass the winter there, that he might report respecting the climate. Gorges had no faith in the gloomy accounts of Popham's colonists, who represented Maine as unfit for human habitation. It is manifest that Vines was well pleased with both the country and the climate, for he subsequently took up his residence there. His dwelling was reared upon a beautiful location on the west side of Saco River, in what is now the town of Biddeford.

In the year 1620 the Pilgrims from England landed upon Plymouth Rock, and commenced their colony, now world-renowned, and whose fame can never die. That same year seven English ships made voyages to the coast of Maine, for fish and furs. The limits of the territory granted to the Plymouth company by the crown had not been very clearly defined. Through the influence of Gorges, a new patent was obtained, increasing the powers and privileges of the company.

The new charter was issued Nov. 3, 1620. Forty noblemen, knights, and gentlemen constituted its corporate members. The territory conferred upon them consisted of the whole sea-coast extending from the fortieth to the forty-eighth degree of north latitude, and running back "from sea to sea," that is, from the Atlantic to the Pacific shores. Thus their domain extended, according to this grant, from the latitude of Philadelphia to the mouth of the St. Lawrence, and swept across the whole breadth of the continent, about three thousand miles.[2]

[1] America Painted to the Life, by Ferd. Gorges, Esq. 4to. London, 1659.

[2] Hubbard's History of New England, p. 620; Williamson's History of Maine, vol. i. p. 222.

The breadth of the continent was, however, at that time, entirely unknown.

It was well known that France laid claim to a large portion of this territory, and had many flourishing trading posts within its limits. Perhaps on this account it was stipulated that no Catholic should be permitted to settle here. The company had the exclusive right to trade and to the fishery within these territorial limits, and the power to expel all intruders.[1]

About twenty miles north-west from Monhegan, on the main, there is a short but broad and deep river, almost an arm of the sea, called the Damariscotta. It is navigable for large ships for a distance of about twelve miles. A little south-west from the mouth of this river, there is a group of five or six small islands, which have become quite noted in history, called the Damariscove Islands. One of these, Fisherman's Island, contains about seventy acres. There was a very good harbor here, and it was considered an important rendezvous in conducting the fisheries. About a mile south there is a larger island, called Wood or Damariscove Proper. It is two miles long, and half a mile wide.

During the year 1622 thirty English vessels, engaged in fishery and the fur-trade, cast anchor at the Damariscove Islands. One of these vessels, "The Swallow," sent its shallop to visit the Pilgrims at Plymouth. Gov. Winslow also repaired to the island to obtain supplies for his famishing colonists. He wrote, —

"I found kind entertainment and good respect, with a willingness to supply our wants, which was done so far as was able, and would not take any bills for the same, but did what they could freely."[2]

This region was, at that time, far more conspicuous and important than Plymouth, in its silence and solitude, with its feeble and apparently perishing colony. During the summer months quite a fleet of vessels rode at anchor in its waters. Well-manned boats were gliding in all directions among the islands and along the shores. Notwithstanding the great depopulation

[1] Belknap's History of New Hampshire. [2] Young's Chronicles, p. 293.

of the country by the plague, there were the remnants of many tribes left. From the borders of Canada, and from scores of miles in the west, they came, eager to exchange their furs for the hatchets, knives, and iron kettles of the strangers.

The account which Winslow gives, certainly indicates that there was an enterprising and thrifty population gathered here. Their log-cabins were scattered around upon the islands and the shores of the mainland. They were, however, all mere adventurers, coming and going, with no attempt at a permanent settlement. When the storms of winter began to sweep those bleak cliffs, they had all disappeared with the robins and the swallows.

At the south-western extremity of Damariscove Island, there is a deep, sheltered inlet, which is entered by a narrow channel, bounded by precipitous rocks. This inlet afforded an admirable harbor for fishing-vessels. It is said that, on the south-eastern slope of the island, there may still be found the remains of fortifications which were reared in those days. There were at this time two prominent points, where these trading and fishing vessels rendezvoused, and from which they pushed out in their various excursions. These were the region around Monhegan, which included Pemaquid and the Damariscove Islands; and next in importance came the mouth of the Sagadahock.

In the year 1623 Capt. Levett sailed along the coast in search of a place to establish a colony. He landed at Pemaquid. There he met an Indian chief, one of the lords of Pemaquid, by the name of Samoset. The intelligent reader will remember that this man is renowned in the annals of the Plymouth Colony. He had been stolen by the kidnappers, and carried to England. Thus he had been saved from the ravages of war and from the plague. In England he met with Christian friends, who treated him with the utmost kindness, and finally restored him to his country. In gratitude he became the warm friend of the English colonists.

But a few miles west of Damariscotta River there is Sheepscot River, with bays and inlets, sprinkled with islands. The whole region presents an aspect of wonderful picturesque beauty. It is doubtless destined, in the future history of this country, to attain great celebrity. The whole sea-coast, from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to the capes of Florida, can present no scenery to rival it.

Capt. Levett carefully explored this region. There were, at that time, nine ships anchored near together in these waters, engaged in fishing. He remained there four days, and was visited by many of the natives with their wives and children. A man by the name of Coke had established what we should call a country store, at the head of one of the coves. Here he carried on a brisk trade with the sailors and the natives. Several of the chiefs gathered about Capt. Levett; and he dealt so honorably with them as to win their full confidence.

Several of these chiefs brought some very rich beaver robes for sale. The sailors stole them. Levett made every possible effort to detect the thieves, and recover the goods. He ransacked the cabins and the chests, but all in vain. The good-natured chiefs bore their disappointment with great equanimity. Convinced that the captain had done all that could be desired to recover the stolen furs, they tried to comfort him, saying, "Well, you cannot find them. The rogues have carried them off into the woods, and hid them."

They were so much pleased with Capt. Levett that they urged him to remain and settle in their country. The following characteristic dialogue took place, as given in intelligible English. Three or four of the chiefs came to him and said,—

"Why will you go back to your own country? Why can you not remain with us?"

"My wife," Capt. Levett said, "will not come here unless I go back to fetch her."

"The dogs take your wife!" they exclaimed. If she will not obey your message, and come, give her a good beating."

"But God," Capt. Levett replied, "would be displeasd with me were I to do that."

"Then," said they, "leave her alone, and take another wife here."

"If you will remain," one of them continued, "your son and mine shall be brothers, and there shall be friendship between us until Death comes to take us to his wigwam."[1]

Levett coasted slowly along the shore until he came to a small Indian settlement then called Quack, now York.[2] It would

[1] Levett's Voyage. Maine Hist. Soc., vol. ii. p. 86.

[2] This is an error. The place called Quack was not the present York, but what is now Portland harbor. Levett had a grant of a tract of land here, and on one of the four islands at the entrance of the harbor, now known as Cushings, Peaks, House, and Diamond (formerly called Hog) islands, built a house — the first built by a white man within the present limits of Portland. Levett proposed to call his settlement York, whence arose the error noted. He returned to England with the purpose of bringing over a colony, but never returned, and the exact site of his house is not now known.—ELWELL.

seem that he had inspired the natives with so much confidence in him that they had no fears of being kidnapped. He writes,—

"The next day the wind came fair; and I sailed for Quack with the king, queen, and prince, bow and arrows, dog and kitten, in my boat. His noble attendants rowed by us in their canoes."

Much as Levett was pleased with the picturesque beauty of the region about Pemaquid, he did not deem it a suitable location for the establishment of a colony. The soil was evidently not fertile; and the forests, composed mainly of evergreen trees, did not afford suitable timber for ship-building.

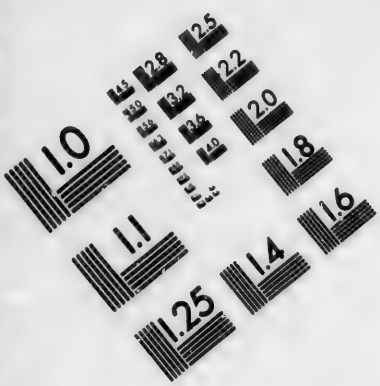
It is said, that, during the year 1623, Richard Vines and others commenced a permanent settlement at Saco. John Oldham, a gentleman of property and high position, took up his residence there with his servants. During the next six years he transported many colonists to that place at his own expense.[1]

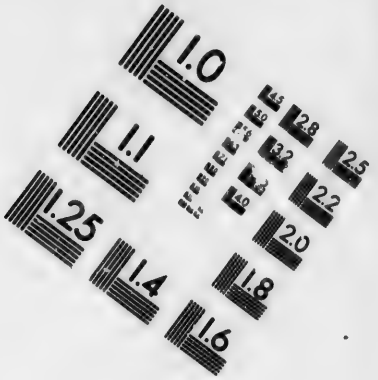
It is probable, that, during the year 1623, individuals commenced a permanent residence upon Arrowsic Island, near the mouth of the Sagadahoc, and upon the mainland, at the entrance of the river at Sheepscot, at Damariscotta, at Pemaquid, and at St. George's River.[2] Seven years after this, it was reported that eighty-four families, besides fishermen, were residing along the coast in this region.

These men were generally reckless adventurers. Some were runaway seamen, some fugitives from justice, and some those vagrants of civilization, who, by a strange instinct, seek seclusion from all civil and religious restraints. The state of society was distinguished for its lawlessness. Every man followed his own impulses unchecked. The grossest immoralities prevailed. The Indians were cheated and outraged in every way to which avarice, appetite, or passion could incite depraved hearts. There was no sabbath here; no clergy to proclaim the gospel of Jesus Christ, with its alluring promises and its fearful retributions. Some royal commissioners were sent out to investigate affairs. Their report was appalling. This led the Plymouth Company to adopt vigorous measures to reduce society to some condition of law and order.

Three gentlemen were sent over,—Robert Gorges as governor, Francis West as admiral, and Rev. William Merrill, invested with authority to manage public affairs. Their power seems quite absolute. They were instructed "to do what they should

[1] Sullivan, p. 219. [2] Williamson, vol. i. p. 228.





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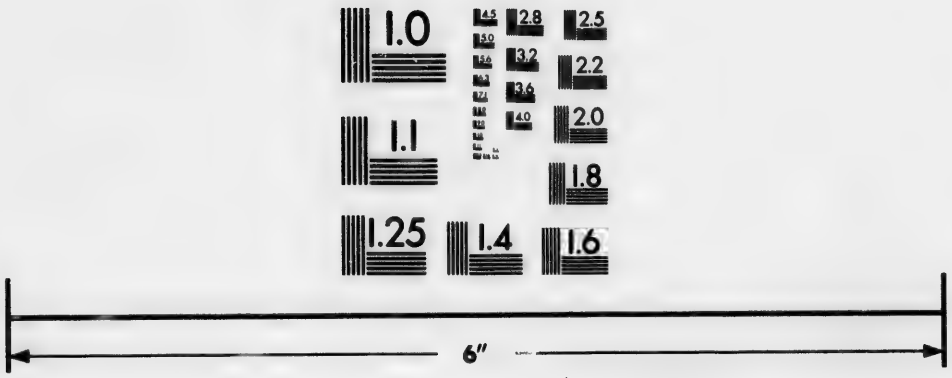

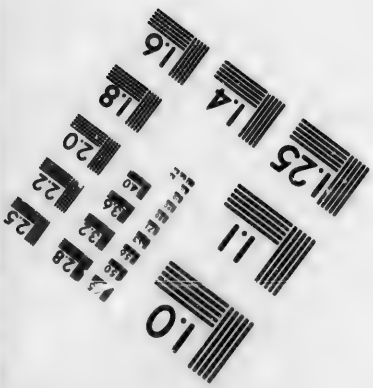

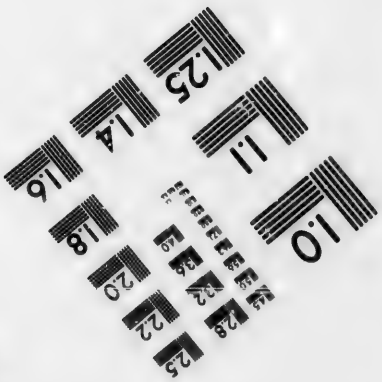

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think just and fit in all cases, capital, criminal, civil, and military." Rev. William Merrill, an Episcopal clergyman, was commissioned to endeavor to establish the institutions of religion among this rude people, who were more difficult to be influenced than the Indians. Mr. Merrill met with such a reception, that he soon abandoned the effort as hopeless, and returned to England in disgust.

It was probably during this year that Sir Ferdinando Gorges established a colony on his own account, at the mouth of York River, which was then called Agamenticus. He purchased twenty-four thousand acres of land, one-half on each side of the river, and sent out a company of mechanics and farmers, with oxen and all needful tools. The management of the colony was intrusted to his grandson, Ferdinando Gorges, a young man of rank and superior abilities, and to another young man, Col. Norton, whose achievements had already won for him considerable renown. The settlement was commenced on the eastern side of the river, near the sea.[1]

It was just before this, that what was called the Company of Laconia was organized. The Plymouth Company made a grant to Gorges, Mason, and a number of others, who were wealthy British merchants, of the whole territory between the Kennebec and the Merrimack Rivers. The region was called Laconia.[2] The wealthy proprietors gave a very glowing description of this country. It was in their view an earthly paradise. The climate, midway between tropic heat and arctic ice, was perfect. The soil was fertile, rewarding the slight labor of the husbandman with abundant harvest. The forests were magnificent, furnishing the best ship-timber in the world, and were filled with game. The bays and rivers swarmed with fish of every variety, including an abundance of the most delicious of all

[1] Belknap's Biog., vol. ii. p. 322.

[2] Recent investigations show that the territory between the Merrimack and the Kennebec Rivers, granted to Mason and Gorges in 1622, was not that known as Laconia. The latter, secured to Mason and Gorges by patent at a later date (1629), was a province bordering on Lake Champlain and extending half-way to Lake Ontario on the west, and northward to the St. Lawrence River. It was believed by Gorges and Mason that Lake Champlain was only about a day's march from the coast, and a company was formed to develop the anticipated trade; but their agents were never able to find the province, and in 1634, after incurring heavy losses, the company was dissolved. — ELWELL.

fishes, the trout and the salmon. The atmosphere was invigorating and healthy in the highest degree, and the skies outrivalled in splendor the far-famed skies of Italy. It is not strange that such representations, spread broadcast over the land, should greatly have revived the zeal for emigration.[1]

Settlements began rapidly to increase along the coast, and to spread inland. The Pilgrims at Plymouth established a trading house on the Penobscot, and another at the mouth of the Sagadahoc near the site of Popham's settlement. They secured land on both sides of the river, which seemed then to be called both Kennebec and Sagadahoc. A few miles up the river they established a post, where they kept a store of corn and merchandise in deposit. Quite a lucrative trade was carried on with the natives for furs. The celebrated "wampum" was introduced as the representative of money, or the currency medium. This consisted of belts, very gorgeously embroidered with blue and white shells. Subsequently brilliantly colored beads were substituted for shells.[2]

It is difficult, if not impossible, to fix with precision the dates of operations, thus gradual in their inception and growth. It was probably in the year 1628 that these movements were vigorously commenced upon the Kennebec.[3]

At this time Pemaquid was probably the most busy spot upon the New England coast. Two British merchants had purchased it, on condition that they would, at their own cost, transport colonists there, and establish a settlement. A court was ere long established. Thus Pemaquid became the centre both of law and trade. It is said that it was then a more important port than Quebec, the capital of Canada. Its population was estimated at five hundred souls.[4]

The situation of Pemaquid, which was the most eligible mainland site near Monhegan, was very alluring. The harbor

[1] Hubbard's New England, p. 616; Belknap's Biography, vol. i. p. 396; Williamson's Maine, vol. i. p. 225.

[2] Young's Chronicles, p. 14; Sewall's Ancient Dominions, p. 113.

[3] It is not certain whether this trading-house was at the mouth of the Kennebec or just above Merrymeeting Bay. See Prince's Chronological History of New England, p. 169.

[4] Thornton's Pemaquid, p. 65.

was a small circular basin, formed by the gently flowing river, before its waters entered the ocean through a channel but a hundred and fifty feet wide. This bay was many fathoms deep. It was encircled on the west by rocky eminences, with a clump of trees upon the extreme outmost point. This point was the site of the ancient town and harbor of Pemaquid. Mr. Sewall writes, —

"The peninsula has evidently, at some period, been entirely circumvallated with water, and thus separated from the main, with which it was probably connected by an artificial way. It has also been walled in. The outline of its defences can still be traced. Its streets were paved with pebble-stones, and many of its buildings were of like material. The principal street, passing longitudinally between the extremes of this peninsula north and south, was paved, and is still to be traced, though nearly overgrown with grass or covered with earth. The outlines of the fort, and the position of its tower, in the south-westerly extreme of the peninsula, and immediately fronting the harbor's entrance, are, in distinct detail, traceable in every curve and square, amid mouldering lime and rock, the fragments of its masonry." [1]

It is indeed an interesting locality, not only from its rugged and picturesque scenery, where the ocean, broken into lakelets, and where islands and headlands, add charms to the view, but from the historic associations which meet the visitant at almost every footstep. The writer, with a party of gentlemen interested in antiquarian research, visited, a few years ago, this locality, by far the most memorable upon the coast of Maine. A luxuriant mowing-field now covers the ground, where, two hundred and fifty years ago, the hamlets stood, in whose streets the moccasined Indian and the European adventurer met in eager traffic. There is a small space enclosed where the ashes of the dead repose.

"Life's labor done, securely laid
In this their last retreat,
Unheeded o'er their silent dust
The storms of life shall beat."

With eloquence Mr. Sewall writes of this region, now so silent and solitary: —

"About this devoted spot, armies have gathered like eagles to the carcass, and the din of war, in all its accumulated horrors of blood and carnage, has

[1] Ancient Dominions of Maine, p. 115.

raged. The ships of contending nations have tinged its waters with human gore, and poured their iron hail in destructive broadsides upon its fortified places, till the ruthless storm has swept its streets, and crushed out at once the life and energy of its defenders. Here the red man with a howl of defiance, and the white man with the subdued voice of prayer, have bitten the dust together, amid the shrieks of forlorn women and helpless children."

This region having passed into the proprietorship of British merchants, rapidly increased in population; and a better class began to appear than the rude sailors of former years. Mechanics and farmers came. The Pilgrims at Plymouth were gaining strength, and their fields were waving with corn. A brisk trade was opened between Plymouth and Pemaquid, shallop-loads of corn being exchanged for furs.

There was peace between the settlers and the natives. Still there was no cordial friendship. With the French in Canada it was different. They lived, in general, with the natives, affectionately as brothers. They sold powder and fire-arms to the Indians as freely as any other articles. They travelled among them as confidingly as they would have journeyed through the provinces of France. But the English did not dare to trust the natives with pistols and muskets. They seldom ventured any distance from their fortresses unarmed. Even a royal proclamation was issued, forbidding the sale of fire-arms to the natives.[1]

Any attempt to describe the various grants at this time, made to individuals and companies, would but weary the reader. The Saco settlement was prosperous, and had the reputation of being highly orderly. In the year 1630 a patent was obtained granting a territory called Lygonia. It is said to have extended from Kennebunk on the west, to Harpswell on the east. Three London gentlemen were the proprietors. To encourage emigration, they published very glowing accounts of the region. In scenery, climate, soil, timber, fish, and game, it was every thing that was desirable. Thus influenced, a company of emigrants landed in Casco Bay, at some point now not with certainty ascertained.[2] They remained but a year, when, dissatisfied with the country, they scattered and disappeared.

[1] Williamson, vol. i. p. 234.

[2] Williamson, vol. i. p. 239; Sullivan, p. 305; Hubbard's New England, 616.

About the same time another patent was issued, which subsequently attained much note as the Waldo Patent. It covered a region of thirty square miles, and extended from the Musconguss to the Penobscot. Its principal object was to confer the right of exclusive trade with the Indians.[1] The various patents, granted by the Plymouth Council, extended along the whole seaboard, from the Piscataqua to the Penobscot, excepting the small region between the mouth of the Kennebec and Damariscotta.

The territory of Sagadahoc, extending from the mouth of the Kennebec to Damariscotta, was about fifteen miles in width. All along the coast, emigrants were gradually pushing their way back into the country. There was a region called "Sheepscot Farms," where fifty families were gathered. In what is now called Boothbay and in Woolwich, many fishermen had reared their huts. Various incidents of minor importance must be omitted in a narrative covering so much space as is included in this history. One event occurring at this time merits especial notice.

A trading port had been established on the Penobscot at a point called Bagaduce, now Castine.[2] A very lucrative trade was carried on with the Indians, mainly in furs. It will be remembered that there was a dispute as to the proprietorship of this region, it being claimed alike by the French and the English. A small French vessel entered the bay, and, finding the port defenceless, plundered it of all its furs, which were estimated to be worth two thousand dollars. Gov. Bradford, of Plymouth Colony, giv the following description of this event: —

"It was in this manner: the master of the house, and part of the company with him, were come with their vessel to the westward, to fetch a supply of goods, which was brought over for them. In the mean time comes a small French ship into the harbor, and amongst the company was a false Scot. They pretended that they were newly come from the sea, and knew not where they were, and that their vessel was very leaky, and desired that they might haul her ashore, and stop her leaks; and many French compliments they used, and *congés* they made.

[1] Williamson, vol. ii. p. 243.

[2] Some spell this *Biguyduce*, deriving the name from a Frenchman who once resided there.

"In the end, seeing but three or four simple men that were servants, and by this Scotchman understanding that the master and the rest of the company were gone from home, they fell of commending their guns and muskets that lay upon racks by the wall-side. They took them down to look at them, asking if they were charged. And, when they were possessed of them, one presents a piece ready charged against the servants, and another a pistol, and bid them not stir, but quietly deliver up their goods. They carried some of the men aboard, and made the others help to carry away the goods. And, when they had taken what they pleased, they set them at liberty, and went their way with this mockery, bidding them tell their master, when he came, that some of the Isle of Rye gentlemen had been there."

It would seem that such acts of piracy were not infrequent in those lawless days. A miscreant, by the name of Dixy Bull, gathered a piratic gang, and, raising the black flag, ravaged the coast of Maine, capturing several vessels, and plundering the unprotected plantations. The freebooters attacked Pemaquid. Though one of the gang was shot from the palisades, still they succeeded in rifling the port.

For several months Bull continued his ravages along the eastern coast. Four vessels, with forty armed men, were sent out in search of him. Bull, thus pursued, fled from those waters, and continued his piracies farther south. At length his gang dispersed, and he returned to England quite enriched. But there he was arrested, tried, and executed.[1]

Another very serious difficulty occurred this year, on the Kennebec River, between the "Plantation of Piscataqua" and the "Plymouth Colony." This latter colony claimed the Kennebec River, and the exclusive right to trade with the Indians, for a distance of fifteen miles on each side. A man by the name of Hocking, or as some spell it Hoskins, from Piscataqua, entered the Kennebec with a boat-load of goods to exchange for furs. Sailing directly by the two trading ports of the Plymouth people, one of which was at the mouth of the river, near the ancient Popham fort, and the other, as we have mentioned, probably just above Merrymeeting Bay, he ascended the river to Cushnoc, or Cushenoc, as it is sometimes spelled.[2] This was

[1] Williamson, vol. i. p. 262; Ancient Dominions, p. 118; Varney's History of Maine, p. 63.

[2] See Williamson, p. 253.

where Augusta now stands. The importance of the trade of this region may be inferred, from the fact that forty hogsheads of beaver-skins were taken from the river during this year. There is some discrepancy in the details which are given of this transaction, but none whatever in the general facts. A boat with armed men was sent up the river, to expostulate with Hocking upon his illegal act. We cannot give the result more accurately than in the language of Gov. Bradford: —

"But all in vain. He could get nothing of him but ill words. So he considered, that now was the season for trade to come down, and that, if he should suffer Hocking to take it from them, all their former charge would be lost, and they had better throw all up. So consulting with his men, who were willing thereto, he resolved to put him from his anchors, and let him drift down the river with the stream; but commanded the men, that none should shoot a shot upon any occasion, except he commanded them.

"He spoke to him again, but all in vain. Then he sent a couple in a canoe to cut his cable, the which one of them performs. But Hocking takes up a piece which he had laid ready, and, as the bark sheered by the canoe, he shot him close under her side, in the head, so that he fell down dead instantly. One of his fellows, who loved him well, could not hold, but with a musket shot Hocking, who fell down dead, and never spake a word."[1]

This event caused a great deal of trouble. It was finally settled without the clash of arms. Lords Say and Brook wrote to the governor of New Plymouth: —

"We could, for the death of Hoskins,[2] have despatched a man-of-war, and beat down your houses at Kennebec about your ears. But we have thought another course preferable. Let some of the Massachusetts magistrates, and Capt. Wiggin, our agent in Piscataqua, review the whole case, and do justice in the premises."[3]

The case was brought before the Court of Colonial Assistants in Boston. It was decided that the Plymouth Colonists had the exclusive right of sale within their patent. It was adjudged that the act of shooting Hocking, though in some degree a violation of the sixth commandment, was, on the whole, excusable homicide.[4]

[1] History of Plymouth Plantation; also Mass. Hist. Coll., vol. v. p. 169, 2d series.

[2] They so spelled it, while Bradford spelled it Hockins.

[3] Winthrop's Journal, p. 64; Hubbard's N. E., p. 168.

[4] Williamson, vol. i. p. 253.

CHAPTER VI.

PROGRESS OF SETTLEMENTS.

Capture at Machias — The Career of Bagnall — The Two Retaliations — Menacing Aspect of Affairs — The Twelve Provinces — Ferdinando Gorges Governor of all New England — Expedition of D'Aulney — Energy of Miles Standish — The Administration of William Gorges — Agamenticus — Population of Maine — The New Grant to Gorges — The Province of Maine — Thomas Gorges — The Constitution — Religious and Political Principles — Woman's Rights.

IN the year 1633 the English established a trading-post east of the Penobscot, near where Machias now stands. The station was on the west bank of the river, a little above Cross Island. Mr. Vines of Saco was one of the principal owners of the merchandise collected there. The property was placed under the guard of five or six well-armed men. In establishing this post, it was doubtless one of the objects of the colonial proprietors to hold possession of the country.

Claude de la Tour, the French commandant at Port Royal, considered this movement as a trespass upon territory which had been granted to him by the king of France. He made a descent upon the place, and captured it after a slight defence, in which two of the English were killed. With his prisoners, and booty amounting to about twenty-five hundred dollars, he returned to Port Royal. The Plymouth Colony sent an agent, Mr. Allerton, to that place, to endeavor to recover the prisoners and the property, and to ascertain whether La Tour acted under the authority of the French Government. He defiantly replied, —

"I have taken them as lawful prize. My authority is from the king of France, who claims the coast from Cape Sable to Cape Cod. I wish the

English to understand, that, if they trade to the eastward of Pemaquid, I shall seize them. My sword is all the commission I shall show. When I want help I will produce my authority. Take your men, and be gone."

Whether the prisoners were released, or were sent to France, is uncertain."[1] Many of the traders were very worthless characters, who deemed it no sin to cheat an Indian. There is, in Casco Bay, but a short distance from Cape Elizabeth, an island called Richmonds, sometimes spelled Richman's Island. It is about three miles in circumference, and contains about two hundred acres of pretty good land. In the year 1628 an English emigrant, by the name of Walter Bagnall, took possession of this island without any title. His sole object seems to have been to trade with the Indians. "Bagnall," writes Winthrop, "was a wicked fellow, and had much wronged the Indians."[2]

He had several boon companions with him, and became quite notorious, under the nickname of "Great Walt." In a three-years' trade he had amassed what was then considered a large amount of property. The Indians became much enraged by the wrongs inflicted upon them by this unscrupulous gang. In the year 1631 a chief, by the name of Squidrayset, or as some call the name Scitterygusset, with a few warriors, went to the island, killed the Englishmen, plundered the house, and, applying the torch, left behind them but smouldering ruins. The savages, who had committed this crime, or, as they considered it, performed this act of justice, retired with their booty.

Walter Neal was the agent of the London proprietors, Gorges, Mason, & Co. He had two residences. One was at Kittery Point, and the other at Portsmouth, then called Strawberry Bank. Five men were associated with him. They carried on quite extensively the business of trade, fishing, salt-making, and farming.

As soon as Neal heard of the assassination of Bagnall and his gang, he sent a party to the island in pursuit of the murderers. They found a solitary Indian there, whom they seized, and hung by the neck till he was dead; with no evidence that he had any thing whatever to do with the murders. The perpetrators

[1] Hubbard's New England, p. 163; Winthrop's Journal, p. 57.
[2] Winthrop's Journal, p. 30.

of the crime were probably then far away on the mainland. It is not strange that the unenlightened Indians should, soon after, have seized upon an innocent English traveller, wandering upon the banks of the Saco, and, in retaliation, have put him to death.[1] But these outrages, far more excusable on the part of the ignorant Indians than on the part of enlightened Europeans, were rapidly engendering a bitter hostility between the two.

The following is the account which Drake gives of this transaction. It illustrates the difficulty of ascertaining the minute details of many of these events, where the general facts are undisputed. We give the narrative slightly abbreviated: —

"Manatahqua, called also Black William, was a sachem and proprietor of Nahant. Out of his generosity this Indian duke gave this place to the plantation of Saugus. He was a great friend of the whites. There was a man by the name of Walter Bagnall, a wicked fellow who had much wronged the Indians, who was killed near the mouth of Saco River, probably by some of those whom he had defrauded. This was in October, 1631. As some vessels were upon the eastern coast, in search of pirates, in January, 1633, they put in at Richmand's Island, where they fell in with Manatahqua. This was the place where Bagnall was killed about two years before. But whether Manatahqua had any thing to do with it does not appear, nor do I find that any one, even his murderers, pretended that he was in any way implicated. But, out of revenge for Bagnall's death, these private hunters hanged Manatahqua. On the contrary, it was particularly mentioned that Bagnall was killed by Squidrayset and his men, some Indians belonging to that part of the country. This Squidrayset, or Scittergusset, for whose act Manatahqua suffered, was the first sachem who deeded land in Falmouth, Me." [2]

The tribes, in the extreme eastern part of the State were intimately associated with the French, and shared with them their hatred of the English. They were much enraged with those in the vicinity of Piscataqua, accusing them of acts of hostility, and of sheltering themselves in a cowardly manner under the protection of the English. At one time they fitted out a fleet of forty war canoes to attack the Piscataqua Indians. This was in the year 1632. There were several conflicts. Affairs were daily becoming more and more complicated, and war-

[1] Williamson's History, vol. i. p. 251; Hubbard's History of New England, p. 142; Winthrop's Journal, p. 30.

[2] Drake's History of the Indians, book ii. p. 53.

clouds were rising in all directions. Thoughtful men among the settlers, were filled with anxiety in view of the increasing perils. The Indians were becoming more and more unfriendly. The French were exerting all their influence to drive the English out of Maine.

English pirates were sweeping the coast. Robbery and violence were everywhere. Gorges became greatly disheartened. His long-continued enterprises had brought him no returns. He testified before the Commons of England in the following terms: —

"I have spent twenty thousand pounds of my estate, and thirty years, the whole flower of my life, in new discoveries and settlements upon a remote continent, in the enlargement of my country's commerce and dominions, and in carrying civilization and Christianity into regions of savages."

In the year 1635 the vast territory of the Plymouth Council was divided into twelve provinces. The first four of these were within the territory of the present State of Maine. The first division embraced the country between the St. Croix River and Pemaquid. From the head of Pemaquid, the shortest line was to be struck to the Kennebec, and thence to follow up that river to its source. The second was a small division, extending only from Pemaquid to the Sagadahoc River. The third embraced the region between the Kennebec and the Androscoggin Rivers. We suppose that both these rivers were then considered as terminating at Merrymeeting Bay. The Sagadahoc connected that bay with the ocean. The fourth extended from the Sagadahoc River to the Piscataqua. It embraced the previous districts of Lygonia, Saco, and Agamenticus. Thus the whole territory of what is now the State of Maine was districted from the St. Croix, its north-eastern boundary, to the Piscataqua at its south-western terminus.[1]

On the 25th of April, 1635, the Plymouth Council held its last meeting. In surrendering its charter to the king, it entered upon its books the following melancholy record: —

"We have been bereaved of friends, oppressed with losses, expenses, and troubles; assailed before the privy council with groundless charges, and

[1] Chalmers' Political Annals, p. 472; Hubbard's Narrative, p. 294; Williamson's History, vol. i. p. 246

weakened by the French and other foes without and within the realm. What remains is only a breathless carcass. We now therefore resign the patent to the king, first reserving all grants by us made, and all vested rights; a patent we have holden about fifteen years."[1]

The king appointed a new company to superintend colonial affairs. It consisted of eleven of his privy councillors, and they were entitled "*Lords Commissioners of all His American Plantations.*" This new company appointed Ferdinando Gorges governor of the whole of New England. There were eight divisions, extending south-west along the coast to near the fortieth degree of north latitude. Thus, according to this arrangement, New England began near the Raritan River, in the present State of New Jersey, and was bounded on the north-east by the River St. Croix. Its northern boundaries were quite indeterminate.

Sir Ferdinando Gorges was a vigorous, energetic man of sixty years. He decided to take up his abode in the extended realms over which he was appointed to rule. A man-of-war was in preparation to convey him to his domains. By an accident in launching, the ship fell upon the stocks, and was badly broken. This delayed the voyage, and the feet of Gorges never pressed the soil of that new world which had absorbed so many of the energies of his long life.

It is said that Gorges never took much interest in New England affairs, save in the four districts in the State of Maine; two of the most important of which he could almost regard as his own personal property. In his interesting "Brief Narration of the Advancement of Plantations in America," he writes very sensibly and somewhat sadly, in view of past mistakes, —

'We have been endeavoring to found plantations in a wilderness region, where men, bred up in villages and farms and plenty, could hardly be hired to stay; or, if they were induced to become residents, they must be fed in idleness from their master's crib, yet with few or no returns. We have made the discoveries, and opened the fields for others to take the harvest. Trade, fishery, lumber, — these have been phantoms of pursuit; while there has been a criminal neglect of husbandry, the guide to good habits, the true source of wealth, and the almoner of human life."[2]

[1] This document is given in full in Hazard's Historical Collections. See also Hutchinson's Collections of State Papers.

[2] Gorges' Narrative, pp. 48, 49.

The French possessions in North America were called by the general name of New France. Acadia, or Nova Scotia, was under the military command of Gen. Razilla, or Rosillon, as the name is sometimes given. In the summer of 1635 he sent a man-of-war, under Capt. d'Aulney, to take possession of the Penobscot region, and to drive out the English.[1] This man seemed anxious to redeem his character from the imputation of piracy, and to have it distinctly understood that he was acting as the agent of his home government. He broke up the settlement, and drove away the settlers, giving them a schedule of the property he had seized. It would seem that he claimed for France the whole New England coast. As he dismissed the plundered traders, he said to them, —

"Go and tell all the plantations southward to the fortieth degree, that a fleet of eight ships will be sent against them, within a year, to displace the whole of them. And know that my commission is from the king of France."[2]

Razilla established a garrison here of eighteen men. The colonists at New Plymouth sent a large ship and a bark to drive out these invaders. Capt. Girling, who was intrusted with the command, was promised a sum amounting to about two thousand dollars, if he should succeed in the enterprise. But he found the French firmly intrenched. After an unavailing bombardment, in which he expended all his ammunition, he retired discomfited.[3]

There is considerable diversity in the details of many of these events which occurred two hundred years ago, when there were

[1] "In 1626 the Plymouth Colonists erected a trading-house at a place called by them Penobscot, by the French Pentagoït, and by us Bagaduce and Castine. In 1635 they were dispossessed by the French, under D'Aulney de Charnisray, commonly called D'Aulnay by the English, — a lieutenant under the Acadian governor Razilla." — *The Centennial Celebration of Bangor*, p. 23.

[2] Hubbard's New England, p. 162.

[3] "The reason, undoubtedly, why France at this time extended her claims no farther south than the fortieth parallel, was a fear of exciting the jealousy and hostility of the Spaniards. Spain, at that time, was the great military and naval power of Europe. There can be no doubt that the limiting of De Mont's charter to the fortieth parallel of latitude, seven degrees short of all her previous claims, was induced by a dread of Spanish interference." — *Memorial Volume of Popham's Celebration*, p. 78.

but few scholars in the land, and when the narratives were vague and hastily written. In the annals of New Plymouth we find it stated, that the ship of about three hundred tons was called the "Great Hope." The name of the commander is given as Golding. Capt. Miles Standish, with twenty men, was in command of the Plymouth bark. He was to render all the aid he could in the recovery of the post, and was intrusted with seven hundred pounds of beaver-skins to be delivered to Golding, or Girling, as soon as he should have accomplished his task. If Girling failed he was to receive nothing.

Capt. Standish led the way into the harbor. He was one of the most impetuous of brave men. Had he held the supreme command, he would have made short work of it. But Girling, without any summons to surrender, much to the indignation of Standish, kept at a great distance, and unavailingly bombarded the earthworks of the French, until he had not another shot to throw. He then would have seized upon the beaver-skins which he had not earned, but Standish spread his sails, and returned to Plymouth. The French kept the port, and Plymouth kept its beaver-skins.[1]

It is difficult to reconcile the somewhat contradictory accounts which are given of this transaction. From some narratives we should infer that Girling's vessels remained impotently moored for a considerable length of time, before the French ramparts. At length a very polite official communication was sent by the French officers to the Plymouth colonists, stating that they would claim no territory west of Pemaquid. For many years the Penobscot remained the tacitly admitted boundary between the French and English possessions.[2]

The following is the account which Gov. Bradford gives of the attempt of the New Plymouth colonists to regain the port at Castine: —

"Girling would take no advice; would neither summon the enemy, nor permit Capt. Standish to do so; neither would he have patience to bring his ship where she might do execution, but began to shoot at a distance like a madman, and did them no hurt at all. The which, when those of the plan-

[1] Hubbard's New England, p. 162.
[2] Hutchinson's History of Massachusetts, vol. ii. p. 164.

tation saw, they were much grieved, and went to him, and told him he would do no good, if he did not lay his ship better to pass, for she might lie within pistol-shot of the house. At last, when he saw his own folly, he was persuaded, and laid her well, and bestowed a few shot to good purpose.

"But now, when he was in a way to do some good, his powder was gone. So he could do no good, but was fain to draw off again; by which means the enterprise was made frustrate, and the French encouraged. For, all the while he shot so unadvisedly, they lay close under a work of earth, and let him consume himself. He advised with Capt. Standish how he might be supplied with powder, for he had not to carry him home. So Capt. Standish told him he would go to the next plantation, and do his endeavor to procure him some; and so he did. But understanding by intelligence that Girling intended to seize on the bark, and surprise the beaver, he sent him the powder, and brought the bark and beaver home. But Girling never assaulted the place more, but went his way. And this was the end of this business."[1]

Sir Ferdinando Gorges had obtained what was considered an absolute property in the territory between Piscataqua and the Sagadahoc, called New Somersetshire. He sent his nephew, William Gorges, over as governor of this province. He was an intelligent, upright man, of much executive ability.

Saco was then the most flourishing settlement in the province; and Gov. Gorges selected it as his residence. It is estimated that at that time the population of the place amounted to about one hundred and sixty. The first court was opened the 28th of March, 1636. It was held in a dwelling-house near the shore on the east side of the river. Six commissioners aided in the administration of justice. This court continued its sessions for about three years.[2]

There were then five settlements embraced in the province of New Somersetshire. The first was Agamenticus, or, as sometimes called, Accomenticus. About eight miles north-west from the present harbor of York, there was a commanding eminence thus called by the Indians. It was a noted landmark for seamen, as it was the first height caught sight of in approaching

[1] Gov. Bradford's New Plymouth, p. 208. "The government of Massachusetts Bay had given Plymouth some encouragement that it would assist them to regain their trading-house; but when called upon it had various excuses for declining. Plymouth was in the wrong: the French had merely taken possession of their own territory." — *Centennial Celebration of the Settlement of Bangor*, p. 24.

[2] Chalmers' Political Annals, p. 472; Folsom's Saco and Biddeford, p. 49.

that region from the sea. It was a majestic swell of land, covered with a dense forest. From its summit one commanded a view of the Atlantic coast from Cape Ann to Cape Elizabeth.[1]

There was a short salt-water river here, affording at its mouth a safe harbor. Gorges, pleased with the description of the place, had obtained, about the year 1624, a grant of twenty-four thousand acres of land extending on both sides of the river. Here a small agricultural colony commenced its labors. The precise time of this settlement is not known.[2]

At Kittery Point there was another rambling settlement, called the Piscataqua Plantation. The inhabitants were scattered along the shore, and were mainly engaged in fishing and in the lumber business.

The third was called the Black Point settlement. It was a very feeble colony, consisting of but few families in the present town of Scarborough. Capt. Thomas Commock, or as sometimes spelled Cammock, with Henry Joscelyn, had obtained a grant here of about fifteen hundred acres. The settlers, too poor to purchase lands, were generally their tenants.

The Lygonian Plantation, so called, embraced Richmand's Island, and a considerable extent of territory on the mainland. The population consisted principally of fishermen, hunters, and traders.[3]

There were, at the same time, on the Androscoggin, on both sides of the falls, a few scattered hamlets called the Pejepscot settlement.

The Pemaquid Plantation had been quite flourishing for five or six years; and in various other parts of the territory now called Maine, settlers were scattered.[4]

The colonies of Massachusetts, New Plymouth, Connecticut, and even of New Hampshire, were in a more flourishing condi-

[1] Williamson's Maine, vol. i. p. 96.

[2] Gorges' New England, p. 16; Belknap's Biography, vol. ii. p. 378.

[3] Sullivan's History, p. 305; Hubbard's Narrative, p. 294.

[4] Williamson gives the following estimate of the probable population of Maine at that time: —

Piscataqua settlement, 200; Agamenticus, 150; Saco, including Black Point, 175; Casco, or Lygonia Patent, and Pejepscot, 75; Kennebec Patent, 100; Sagadahoc, Pemaquid, Sheepscot, St. Gorges, and islands, 500: Isles of Shoals and other places, 200: total, 1,400.

Possibly the whole number might have been fifteen hundred. — *Vol.* i. p. 267.

tion than the Province of Maine. Gorges was anxious to induce gentlemen of wealth and influence to emigrate to his domains.

In July, 1637, he made a grant of eight thousand acres of land in the present town of Bowdoinham, to Sir Richard Edgecombe. The troubles then existing in England, in both Church and State, caused many to seek civil and religious freedom by emigrating to the New World. It is estimated that during ten years, more than twenty-one thousand had sought a retreat on these shores. Even Oliver Cromwell had formed the resolve to take refuge in New England from the tyranny of king and court. The king became alarmed at the amount of emigration, and issued a decree that no one should leave his realms without taking the oath of allegiance to him, and of obedience to the decrees of the English Church.

On the 3d of April, 1639, King Charles I. issued a provincial charter to Sir Ferdinando Gorges, conferring upon him still more extensive territory in what is now Maine, with extraordinary powers and privileges. The region embraced in this charter commenced with the mouth of the Piscataqua River, and ran north-easterly along the Atlantic coast to the mouth of the Sagadahoc; it then ascended through that river and the Kennebec, in a north-westerly direction, a distance of a hundred and twenty miles, which would make its northern boundary near the mouth of Dead River; it then ran south-westerly across the country to near a point on Umbagog Lake; there it met a line running north from Salmon Falls River, a tributary of the Piscataqua, a distance of a hundred and twenty miles. Such were the limits of this province, so far as we can now ascertain from the descriptions of the charter. It also included the islands on the coast within five leagues of the main.[2]

The region was designated the Province or County of Maine. It contained about one-sixth of the present area of the State. Sir Ferdinando Gorges and his heirs were lord proprietors of the province. They were bound to take the oath of allegiance to the crown, and a few unimportant claims were reserved by the king.

[1] Holmes' Annals, vol. i. p. 299.

[2] This charter is given in full in Hazard's Collections, vol. i. p. 442.

"The articles of faith and forms of ecclesiastical government, used by the Church of England, were established; and to the proprietary was given the patronage of all churches and chapels, and the right of dedicating them according to Episcopal usages." [1]

There are two reasons assigned for the name of Maine, which was given to this Province. The queen of England had inherited a province of that name in France; and, again, there were so many islands in that region, that it was common to speak of the *main* land, or the Maine.[2]

Thomas Gorges was deputy governor. He was a young man of accomplished education and of great social and moral worth. He was assisted by seven councillors; the state officers, properly so called, consisted, in addition to the governor, of a chancellor, or chief justice; a marshal, who commanded the militia; a treasurer; an admiral, who had charge of the naval force; a master of ordnance, to whom military stores were intrusted; and a secretary. The latter office the governor took upon himself. He, with his six councillors, constituted a supreme court of judicature, and also, with eight deputies chosen by the several counties, formed a legislative assembly. Such, in brief, was the constitution adopted under the charter of the Province of Maine.[3]

The Kennebunk River divided the Province into two districts, — the east and the west. The first "general court" was opened at Saco on the 25th of June, 1640. But four councillors were present. It is worthy of notice, that one John Winter, a trader, was indicted for charging a profit of more than five per cent upon the cost of the goods he sold.

Packs of wolves were howling through the forest. A tax of twelve pence was assessed upon every family between Piscataqua and Kennebunk, to be paid in bounties for each wolf killed. All parents in the western district were also ordered to have their children baptized under penalty of being summoned to appear before the court, and answer for the neglect.[4]

[1] Williamson's History of Maine, vol. i. p. 273.

[2] Williamson's History of Maine, vol. i. p. 277.

[3] See this Constitution more minutely developed by Williamson, vol. i. p. 221, and in Sullivan's History of Maine.

[4] "Wolves then abounded all along the coast. The town of Wells was infested with them. Their hideous howlings made night terrible to the settlers. The lit-

Sir Ferdinando Gorges had looked with special interest upon the pleasantly located little settlement at Agamenticus. On the 10th of April, 1641, he organized a territory here, which, from the description, we infer to have been six miles square, into a town, or borough. The inhabitants were allowed to elect a mayor and eight aldermen, and to manage their own internal affairs. About a year after this, on the 1st of March, 1642, he erected the borough into a city, extending the charter over a region embracing twenty-one square miles. This forest city was on the north side of the river. It had an ocean front of about three miles, and extended seven miles back from the river's mouth.[1] He called this city Gorgiana.

The officers of the city government were, a mayor, twelve aldermen, and twenty-four common councilmen. It is estimated that at this time there were seventy-seven Christian ministers in New England who had been driven from home by persecution; and there were about fifty towns or villages.[2] The relations with the Indians were continually growing more threatening. This was mainly caused by unprincipled traders and wretched vagabonds, who were ranging the coast and country in all directions beyond the reach of law, inflicting the most intolerable outrages upon the natives. The governors of the colonies, and the many good Christian men in the settlements, were anxious to do every thing in their power to secure just treatment for the Indians; but it was impossible for them to restrain the reckless adventurers who crowded to these shores.

In addition to the danger to which the colonists were exposed from the angry attitude assumed by the Indians, there were also continual disputes arising in respect to boundaries, with the Dutch in New York, and the French in Canada. Influenced by

tle stock on the farms was always in peril, and every precaution was necessary to guard against their attacks. They were the worst enemies that the pioneers had to encounter. Hitherto they had had free access to the coast; and it was impossible to drive them away from the old ground, while new temptations were offered to them in the flocks of sheep and cattle which were rapidly being introduced into their territories. Every settler was interested in their extermination, and at this court it was ordered that every family should pay twelve pence for every wolf that should be killed." — *History of Wells and Kennebunk, by Edward E. Bourne, LL.D.*

[1] Hazard's Historical Collections, vol. i. p. 480.

[2] Collections Massachusetts Historical Society, vol. i. p. 247.

these considerations, the colonists of Massachusetts, Plymouth, Connecticut, and New Haven, entered into a confederacy in the year 1643.[1] The Province of Maine was not a member of this confederacy. It is said that this was in consequence of the strong royalist and Episcopal tendencies of its rulers.

The French called their dominions in North America, including Canada, Acadia, and Louisiana, by the general name of New France. For its government, Cardinal Richelieu formed an association called the Company of France.[2] It was estimated that about sixteen thousand souls had emigrated to these regions. The intolerance of the court in England had roused the Commons to an appeal to arms. This at once checked the tide of emigration. The people, who had been fleeing from the tyranny of the crown, were now disposed to remain at home, and fight the battles of freedom on their own soil. So many returned to England, that during the next twenty years the New England colonies lost more from returning emigrants than they gained by accessions from the mother country.[3]

The people of these colonies were generally republicans in their political principles, and dissenters from the Established Church of England in their ecclesiastical relations. Their sympathies were consequently warmly with the Commons in its warfare against the Crown. The Commons, in gratitude, voted, in the year 1642, that the merchandise of either country should be exchanged free of duty.[4]

Jealous of the power of the king, and of the grants or patents which he had conferred upon his favorites, they appointed the Earl of Warwick, governor-general, and high admiral of all the American Plantations. He was to be assisted by a board of sixteen commissioners. They were enjoined to watch with care that the colonists were protected in the true Protestant religion and in the exercise of all their political rights.

Gov. Gorges, a partisan of the king, was much annoyed by the attitude which public affairs were assuming. He determined to leave the Province of Maine, and return to England. The

[1] Winthrop's Journal, p. 276; Hubbard's New England, p. 465.
[2] History of the French Dominions, by Thomas Jeffreys, p. 101.
[3] History of New England, by Daniel Neal, p. 218.
[4] Hist. Coll. by Eben. Hazard, p. 494.

administration of affairs was intrusted to George Cleaves, as his deputy. Cleaves selected Portland for his residence, then called Casco Peninsula.[1]

He speedily summoned a court at Casco, that he might inform himself more minutely respecting the affairs of the Province; but he found himself at once in conflict with the government Gorges had established. Richard Vines convened a council at Saco. In the controversy which arose, Cleaves sent a friend, Mr. Tucker, to Saco, to propose submitting the questions in dispute to the magistrates of the Massachusetts colony. Vines assailed the envoy with abusive language, threw him into prison, and did not release him until he gave bonds to appear at the next court at Saco.[2]

Though Sir Ferdinando Gorges had now reached his three score years and ten, his zeal for the crown was such, that, in the civil war then raging, he joined the royalist army of Prince Rupert during the siege of Bristol. The great events transpiring in England threw British affairs everywhere into some degree of confusion. It would only bewilder the reader to endeavor to explain all the entanglements. There seems to have been for some time quite a conflict between Cleaves at Portland and the court at Saco.

In the year 1647 Richard Vines had returned to England. At a session of the court holden by Mr. Cleaves, the Piscataqua plantations were formed into a town called Kittery. Its territory, at that time, embraced not only the present town of Kittery, but also North and South Berwick, and Elliot. It would seem, from the following curious memorial presented to the court at that time, that "woman's rights" were not then very highly respected: —

"The humble petition of Richard Cutts and John Cutting, showeth, that contrary to an act of court which says, '*No woman shall live on the Isles of Shoals,*' John Reynolds has brought his wife hither with an intention to live here and abide. He hath also brought upon Hog Island a great stock of goats and swine, which, by destroying much fish, do great damage to the petitioners and others; and also spoil the spring of water upon that island, rendering it unfit for any manner of use.

[1] Hutchinson's History, vol. i. p. 163.
[2] Hubbard's History of New England, p. 369.

"Your petitioners therefore pray, that the act of court may be put in execution for the removal of all women from inhabiting there; and that said Reynolds may be ordered to remove his goats and swine from the island without delay."

The court ordered the removal of the swine, but decided, as to the complaint against the wife, "It is thought fit by the court, that, if no further complaint come against her, she may enjoy the company of her husband."[1]

Ferdinando Gorges died two years before the execution of his royal master, Charles I. In the year 1635 Razilla, governor of Acadia, died. Two of his subordinate officers struggled to succeed him in the command. One of these, Charles de la Tour established himself at the mouth of the River St. John.[2] The other, D'Aulney de Charnisy, took his residence about a hundred and fifty miles west, on the eastern side of the Penobscot, at the point now called Castine.

The valleys of these two rivers were inhabited by two quite powerful Indian tribes. The king of France, involved in a war with Spain, paid but little attention to the quarrels of two officers in the wilderness of the New World, separated from France by an ocean three thousand miles in width. The strife between the officers was imbittered from the fact that D'Aulney was a Catholic, and was sustained by the powerful influence of the Jesuits. La Tour was a Protestant, and looked for countenance and aid to the Puritans of New England.

He sent from his settlement on the St. John, an agent, M. Rochet, to propose free trade between the colonies, and the co-operation of Massachusetts in the endeavor to drive D'Aulney from the Penobscot. The result was, that free trade was introduced, but the military alliance was postponed.[3]

The Jesuit influence was such that the Protestant, La Tour, had no chance of obtaining support of the throne of France, in his conflict with his Catholic competitor. The Jesuits succeeded ere long in obtaining a royal edict, which denounced La Tour

[1] Mass. Hist. Coll., vol. vii. p. 250.

[2] There are two *De la Tours* mentioned in this history, — Claude, the father, and Charles, the son.

[3] Hazard's Historical Collections, vol. i. p. 196; Journal of John Winthrop, p. 285.

as an outlaw and a rebel. Thus encouraged, D'Aulney fitted out an expedition against his opponent, of four vessels, with five hundred men. He blockaded the harbor of La Tour, cut off all his communications, and reduced the garrison to the greatest distress.

In the night of the 12th of June, La Tour and his wife escaped from the blockaded port, and proceeded in a vessel to Boston. He was a man of persuasive address, and he exerted all his powers to induce the government of the colony to aid him with a military force. There was quite a division of sentiment in the colony, upon this subject. Some were warmly in favor of espousing his cause; for he showed them his commission from the French cabinet, appointing him the king's lieutenant-general in Acadia. La Tour's friends in the Massachusetts Colony urged that he was the legitimate ruler, and that their commercial interests, and their religious principles, alike demanded that they should support his claims.

But the opponents urged, that they could not be certain as to the exact justice of the case; that the French cabinet had manifestly vacillated; that it was to be feared that La Tour's Protestantism was mainly the absence of all religion; and that it was not for the honor of Massachusetts to engage in war, as the followers of a French adventurer.[1]

All the settlements in the Province of Maine were much agitated by this question. The deputy governor wrote, from his residence at Kittery Point, to Gov. Winthrop of Massachusetts, under date of June 28, 1643. In this letter he says, —

"RIGHT WORTHY SIR, — I understand by Mr Parker, you have written me by Mr. Shurt, which, as yet, I have not received. It cannot be unknown to you what fears we are in, since La Tour's promise of aid from you. For my part, I thought fit to certify so much unto you; for I suppose that not only these parts which are naked, but all north-east, will find D'Aulney a scourge. He hath long waited, with the expense of near eight hundred pounds per month, for an opportunity of taking supplies from his foe; and, should all his hopes be frustrated through your aid, you may conceive where he will seek for satisfaction.

"If a thorough work could be made, and he be utterly extirpated, I should like it well: otherwise, it cannot be thought but that a soldier and a

[1] See these arguments in full, Hist. Coll., vol. i. p. 502–516.

gentleman will seek to revenge himself, having five hundred men, two ships, a galley, and pinnaces well provided. But you may please conceive in what manner he now besieges La Tour. His ships lie on the south-west part of the island, at the entrance of St. John's River, within which is only an entrance for ships. On the north-east lie his pinnaces. It cannot be conceived but he will fortify the island, which will debar the entrance of any of your ships, and force them back, showing the will, not having the power to hurt him.

"I suppose I shall sail for England in this ship; I am not yet certain, which makes me forbear to enlarge at this time, or to desire your commands thither.

"Thus in haste I rest your honoring friend and servant,

"THOMAS GORGES."[1]

After much deliberation, the Massachusetts magistrates informed La Tour, that, though they could take no active part in the conflict, he might purchase or charter ships, and enlist as many volunteers as he pleased. It was all, however, to be done at his own expense. He at once chartered four vessels for two months, at the price, for the four, of two thousand six hundred dollars. One hundred and forty-two men, sailors, and seamen were placed on board, with thirty-eight pieces of ordnance. The little fleet was well furnished with provisions and ammunition.

To raise the needful money, he mortgaged his fort at St. Johns, with all its ammunition and stores, and also all his real and personal estate in Acadia. The squadron, thus equipped, sailed on the 14th of July, 1643. It would seem that he had five vessels in his fleet; the "Clement," in which he had entered Massachusetts Bay, and the four vessels he had chartered, namely, "The Seabridge," "The Philip and Mary," "The Increase," and "The Greyhound."[2]

It will be perceived that this trouble took place in Acadia a year or two before some of the events in Maine, which we have already described.

[1] Hazard's Hist. Coll., vol. i. p. 498. [2] Hubbard's History, vol. i. p. 150.

CHAPTER VII.

COLONIAL JEALOUSIES AND ALIENATIONS.

Conflict between La Tour and D'Aulney — Its Strange Result — Attack of Wannerton — Madame La Tour — D'Aulney attacks the Fort at St. John — Heroic Defence of Madame La Tour — Her Capture and Death — Treason of La Tour — Gov. Godfrey — Purchases of Indian Chiefs — Boundary Disputes — Final Settlement — Submission of Godfrey — Ecclesiastical Condition of Maine — Sullivan's Testimony — Dutch Settlers — Savage Insolence.

IT would seem that La Tour made a sudden and furious attack upon the vessels of D'Aulney, and drove them from their station, and chased them into the Penobscot.[1] Here D'Aulney ran two of his vessels aground, and quite a brisk action took place, in which several Frenchmen were either killed or wounded on each side; but not a man from the Massachusetts Colony was hurt. The chartered vessels returned to Boston within the allotted time. La Tour brought with him a ship of D'Aulney's, which he had captured, freighted with valuable furs.[2]

D'Aulney was very indignant in view of the aid the Massachusetts Colony had rendered La Tour. He wrote a very angry letter, to which the governor replied, —

"Had we been molested in the right of free trade, as you threatened us, we should not have been backward to do ourselves justice. But the colony government of Massachusetts has, in fact, taken no measures, nor granted any commission, against you. To admit La Tour to enlist and hire forces with his own money, violates no sound political rules. It is a mere attribute of our independence, while the laws of Christian duty require us to relieve all distress. Yet surely nothing would be more grateful to our wishes than reconciliation and peace."[3]

[1] So say both Sullivan and Hutchinson. Winthrop says they were driven to Port Royal.

[2] Hubbard's New England, p. 483.

[3] Williamson, vol. i. p. 314. See also Hubbard's New England, p. 483.

D'Aulney applied to the court of France for aid, to take revenge upon Massachusetts. He represented that the French colonies in Acadia were in danger of destruction, from an expedition which Massachusetts was fitting up against them; he also resolved to put a stop to all intercourse whatever between Massachusetts and La Tour. Situated as he was, between them on the Penobscot, he could, with his ships, easily intercept any vessels passing along the coast.

Three gentlemen of distinction from the English colonies embarked for La Tour's port on the St. John River, to settle some pecuniary claims. These were Vines of Saco, Shurt of Pemaquid, and Wannerton (or Wanerton as Winslow spells the name) from New Hampshire. When they reached the Penobscot, D'Aulney caused their arrest and imprisonment. It was with much difficulty, that, after several days of confinement, they obtained their release. Neither of these gentlemen had any connection with the Massachusetts Colony. They were detained simply as Englishmen.

Wannerton was an impetuous man, who was thrown into a fever of passion by the outrage. The envoys continued their voyage to the St. John. There they learned that D'Aulney's garrison at Castine, or Biguyduce as the place was then called, was very feeble. Wannerton engaged a party of twenty men to accompany him to the Penobscot, and take vengeance upon D'Aulney. They were all thoroughly armed. D'Aulney had a well-stocked farm about five miles from his fort. The avengers landed in their boat, and marched to the buildings, which were not far distant from the shore. It was a time of piracy and robbery of every kind.

It would seem that the laborers saw the approach of the armed band, and rushed into the house for defence. Wannerton led his party, and knocked at the door. It was opened, and immediately a volley of bullets was discharged from within upon the assailants. Wannerton fell mortally wounded; another of his party was struck by a bullet, and one was shot dead. The men in the house, having offered this resistance, threw down their arms, and surrendered.

The torch was applied. The house and all the outbuildings,

with the furniture, the tools, and the farming stores were laid in ashes. All the animals were killed. Nothing was left behind but smouldering ruins and utter desolation. The destruction was entire. The proud avengers scorned to take any booty.[1]

D'Aulney's rage passed all bounds; though Wannerton acted solely upon his own responsibility, taking individual vengeance for the affront he had received, D'Aulney breathed threatenings and slaughter against all the English. He proclaimed loudly, that he would make prize of every English colonial vessel he could find east of the Penobscot River; and he issued commissions to that purport. The governor at Boston addressed to him a letter of remonstrance. After reminding the enraged Frenchman of many acts of aggression of which he had been guilty, he added, —

"Yet I inform you that no hostile act against either French or Dutch is allowed. La Tour cannot expect any more succors from this place. A merchant's trade is permitted between us and St. John; and rest assured it will be protected."[2]

That which is done in a passion is seldom well done. D'Aulney soon became convinced that he had committed a blunder. The French Government was not disposed to enter into a war with England, upon the issue which their irate officer, in the wilds of Nova Scotia, had raised. D'Aulney was mildly rebuked by the French cabinet, and was ordered to maintain friendly relations with all the English.[3]

But, on the other hand, the French Government gave its support to the Catholic D'Aulney, in opposition to the Protestant La Tour. The latter and his wife were denounced as traitors, and orders were given for their arrest. Madame La Tour was apparently a woman of sincere piety, and conscientiously a Protestant. She was then in Boston, having recently arrived there on her way from France to St. John.

On the 4th of October, 1644, D'Aulney sent an envoy, M. Marie, with an imposing retinue of ten attendants, to negotiate

[1] Hutchinson's History of Massachusetts, p. 125.
[2] Williamson, vol. i. p. 315. [3] Winthrop's Journal, p. 356.

a treaty with the government of Massachusetts. Gov. Winthrop endeavored to bring about a reconciliation between the two antagonistic French parties, and to secure a safe return of Madame La Tour to her husband. But M. Marie angrily replied, —

"No! nothing but submission will save La Tour's head if he be taken; nor will his wife have any passport to St. John. She is known to be the cause of his contempt and rebellion. Any vessel which shall admit her as a passenger will be liable to arrest."

Under these circumstances the governor decided to stand entirely neutral. It is, however, evident that his sympathies were with La Tour. A commercial treaty was signed, and both parties agreed to abstain from all hostile acts.[1]

The inhabitants of Maine greatly rejoiced over this result. They were quite defenceless, and were in much fear that the reckless, passionate D'Aulney would seize their vessels, and plunder their settlements. Capt. Bayley, the master of the ship which brought Madame La Tour from France, had engaged to leave her at St. John. Instead of this, he had landed her at Boston. She could now return to St. John only by equipping a force which would enable her to cope with the enemy. She prosecuted for damages. The court, after a four-days' trial, granted her a verdict for ten thousand dollars. With this sum she chartered three London ships, and proceeded safely to her home.

D'Aulney was exceedingly chagrined. He had fully expected to make her his captive. His anger against the Massachusetts Colony was renewed. He denounced the governor as having violated the treaty by allowing the ships to be chartered. He obtained information that La Tour was absent on a cruise in the Bay of Fundy; that there were but fifty men left in garrison, and that they had but a small supply of food and ammunition.

Early in the spring, when winter breezes still lingered, and snow covered the ground, he took a ship to capture the works at St. John. He sailed, with his well-equipped war-vessel,

[1] Journal of John Winthrop, p. 337.

from the Penobscot. Soon he overtook a New England vessel which was bound to the St. John with supplies. Regardless of the commercial treaty, he seized the vessel, landed the crew in an open boat upon a desolate island, and in his cruel rage abandoned them, without even leaving them the means of kindling a fire. Very thinly clad, they succeeded in constructing a miserable wigwam, where they suffered severely from cold and hunger. Here they remained ten days, until they were taken off, and sent home in an old shallop.

D'Aulney entered the harbor at St. John, moored his ship opposite the fort, and opened a vigorous fire. But Madame La Tour was already there. She was a true heroine. Her intrepidity was sufficient to quadruple the strength of the feeble garrison. She caused the fire to be returned, and with so much skill, that, in a short time, the deck of D'Aulney's vessel ran red with blood, and was strewed with the mangled bodies of the dead and dying. Twenty were killed and thirteen wounded. Every shot from the fort struck the ship. Her hull was shattered. The water was rushing in at the shot-holes; and still the deadly fire was kept up without intermission, while the garrison behind strong ramparts remained unharmed.

D'Aulney was effectually repulsed. To save his ship from sinking, he hastily warped her under shelter of a bluff, beyond the reach of cannon-shot. Having repaired his damages, buried his dead, and dressed the terrible wounds inflicted by cannon-shot, he spread his sails, and, greatly crestfallen, returned to Castine.

Massachusetts was justly incensed at the gross violation of the treaty in seizing a New England vessel. An envoy was promptly sent to D'Aulney demanding explanation and satisfaction. There was an angry and unsatisfactory interview. The enraged Frenchman, losing all self-control in his reckless charges, said, —

"You have helped my mortal enemy in aiding La Tour's wife to return to St. John. You have burned my buildings; you have killed my animals I warn you to beware of the avenging hand of my sovereign."

The envoy with dignity replied, —

"Your sovereign is a mighty prince; he is also a prince of too much honor to commence an unjustifiable attack; but, should he assail us, we trust in God, who is the infinite Arbiter of justice."

The only result of the conference was the establishment of a sort of truce until the next spring. It was evidently impossible to maintain peace and free trade with both of these French generals, who were so bitterly hostile to each other. A little more than a year passed away, with occasional diplomatic correspondence. In September, 1646, three commissioners arrived in Boston from D'Aulney, and demanded four thousand dollars damages for losses which he professed to have received from the English. The governor and his magistrates, on the other hand, deemed a larger sum due to them.

While this diplomacy was in progress, the shrewd and implacable Frenchman was gathering his forces for another attack upon St. John. It is said, that, through the treachery of the Catholic priests, he kept himself carefully informed of the precise condition of affairs there. Taking advantage of La Tour's absence on a cruise to obtain supplies, he suddenly entered the harbor with a strong naval force, and assailed the fort by a cannonade from his ships, and by storming it, at the same time, on the land side. The walls were scaled, and with the loss of twelve men killed and many wounded, on the part of the assailants, the fort was taken.

All the inmates were mercilessly put to the sword, with the exception of La Tour's wife, who was taken captive. The plunder which the victor seized, consisting of materials of war, plate, jewels, and household goods, exceeded fifty thousand dollars in value. This ruin of La Tour caused great loss to many New England merchants to whom he was indebted.

The fate of the virtuous and heroic Madame La Tour was very sad. She was a beautiful and accomplished lady, of unblemished piety. Catholic persecution had driven her from her native land, and from the many friends who surrounded her there. Her new home in Acadia was now in ruins. All her estate had vanished. Her husband was outlawed and a wanderer, without the slightest prospect of ever again regaining his fortunes; and she was a captive in the hands of a proud and

implacable enemy. Her heart was crushed. Day after day she drew visibly nearer the grave. In three weeks her spirit took its flight, and entered, we trust, that world where the weary are at rest.

We regret to add that La Tour subsequently proved himself to be a man utterly devoid of principle. He went to Boston. The tale of his impoverishment and his woes excited the sympathies of the kind-hearted Bostonians. Several of the merchants furnished him with a vessel, and with goods to the value of about two thousand dollars, to enable him to trade with the natives along the coast. They manned the vessel with a crew of Englishmen and Frenchmen. It was a generous deed of charity.

In midwinter of 1647, La Tour sailed from Boston. When he arrived off Cape Sable, in Nova Scotia, the ingrate conspired with his own countrymen, and, seizing the vessel and cargo, drove the English ashore. In the conflict La Tour, with his own pistol, shot one of the Englishmen in the face. These unhappy men, thus turned adrift upon the rocky and ice-bound coast, would inevitably have perished but for the humanity of those whom we call savages.

After fifteen days of awful suffering they chanced to meet a small band of Mickmac Indians. These *barbarians* treated them with all the kindness which Christianity enjoins. They took the shivering, starving creatures to their wigwams, warmed their half-frozen limbs, and fed them with delicious cuts of venison. The Indians, having thus taken in the strangers, and given food to the hungry, and drink to the thirsty, and clothing to the naked, furnished them with a pilot to guide them along the sinuous coast to their distant home. This was in May, 1646.[1]

La Tour, with his stolen vessel, disappeared. No one knew where he went. For two years he was not heard from. The

[1] "If they had not, by special providence, found more favor at the hands of Cape Sable Indians than of those French Christians, they might all have perished; for, having wandered fifteen days up and down, they, at the last, found some Indians who gave them a shallop with victuals, and an Indian pilot; by which means they came safe to Boston about three months after." —*Hubbard's New England*, p. 498.

fortress of D'Aulney on the Penobscot, was, at that time, the most prominent resort of the Roman Catholic missionaries from France. D'Aulney was zealous in that cause, and for some time was the undisputed ruler of Acadia. After three years he died. In one year after his death, La Tour returned, and married his widow, and entered upon the possession of his rich inheritance; a striking illustration of the truth of the oft-quoted remark, that the romance of fact is more strange than that of fiction.

La Tour was now re-instated in all his former possessions, and yet he made no effort to pay his former creditors. He seemed to surrender himself to a life of conviviality. He seldom left his province. Several children were born to him. The French were at this time in occupancy of settlements at Penobscot, Mount Desert, Machias,[1] and St. Croix; but none of these settlements were in a flourishing condition.

It will be remembered that the Province of Maine was divided into four political sections. Gorges' region extended from the southern border to the Kennebunk; then on the east came Ligonia; beyond that was the Sagadahoc territory; on the extreme east came the region between the Penobscot, and Passamaquoddy Bay, which was called Penobscot. Civil war was raging in England. All political matters were in a state of the greatest uncertainty. The people of Maine were much discouraged.

Under these circumstances a general court was convened at Wells in October, 1648. Edward Godfrey was re-elected governor, and four councillors were appointed. The government, thus organized, addressed an earnest petition to England for directions in their political affairs. A year elapsed before any answer came. The only tidings they received were, that Sir Ferdinando Gorges was dead, and that no instructions could be

[1] "Mount Desert was so named by Champlain, in 1605. The English named it Mount Mansell, in honor of one of their distinguished naval officers. It has, however, retained the name of Mount Desert. The island has ever been celebrated for the boldness of its shores, the beauty of its scenery, and the excellence of its harbor. The French Jesuits, who landed there in 1613, called it St. Saviour." — *Memorial of Popham Celebration*, p. 74."

expected from the parent country while distracted with the tumult of civil war.[1]

Gov. Godfrey was a very peculiar man; bombastic, vain, and arrogant. He usually prefaced his proclamations or addresses with these words: "To all Christian people to whom these presents shall come, greeting in our Lord God everlasting."

"Still," writes Mr. Bourne, "Gov. Godfrey is worthy of commendation for the persevering and indomitable spirit which he manifested in what he considered to be right, and for his courage in seating himself down in York, an entire wilderness, with none to whom he could look, in his solitude, for any help which the emergencies of his condition might require. He located himself there in 1630, building the first house in that place. He was the founder of York. What his motive was in making such a selection for a habitation does not appear. Possibly the fishing business might have tempted him to the adventure. No location could have been better for that purpose. His house was on the north side of the river. But thus away from the intercourse and business haunts of men, he would be but little likely to grow in the virtues of social life, or in the necessary qualifications for gubernatorial authority." [2]

For three years the affairs of the Province were administered by the provincial government as above organized. One tribunal was legislative, judicial, and executive. Pemaquid, which had been settled a quarter of a century, was the principal plantation of the Sagadahoc territory. It was the great resort of fishing and trading vessels as they ran up and down the coast. Individuals were very busy in purchasing large tracts of land from Indian chiefs. They were not particular in their inquiries as to the right of the chiefs to sell these extensive tracts.

John Brown, in 1625, purchased of two chiefs, on the eastern shore of Pemaquid, a region extending along its southern border from Pemaquid Falls to Brown's house, and running back into the country twenty-five miles. It embraced nearly the

[1] "The nature of Gorges was generous, and his piety sincere. He sought pleasure in doing good; fame, by advancing Christianity among the heathen; a durable monument, by erecting houses, villages, and towns. When the wars in England broke out, the septuagenarian royalist buckled on his armor, and gave the last strength of his gray hairs to the defence of the unfortunate Charles." — *Bancroft*, vol. i. p. 429.

[2] History of Wells and Kennebunk, by Edward E. Bourne, p. 21.

whole of the present towns of Bristol, Nobleborough, Jefferson, and a part of New Castle.

About the year 1662, three other chiefs sold Walter Phillips a large portion of the same lands, and all the land on the west bank of the Kennebec, from Winnegance Creek to the sea, and west to Casco Bay. Christopher Lawson purchased of a chief nearly the whole of the territory now covered by the town of Woolwich. Thomas Clark and Roger Spencer bought of a chief the whole of Arrowsic Island; John Richards bought of a chief the whole of Jeremisquam Island. Such sales were continually made.[1]

We know not what right the chiefs had to sell these extended territories, or what price was paid for them, or the circumstances under which the chiefs were induced to sell. During a period of sixteen years all the lands on both sides of the Kennebec, and all the islands in the vicinity of the mouth of that river, were bought of Indian chiefs. Such purchases were obviously liable to great abuses. Both the Massachusetts and Plymouth Colonies had very judiciously prohibited such traffic, without the license of the legislature. There were no such restrictions in Maine.

In these pretended sales by the chiefs, the same lands were often embraced in different deeds. The boundary-lines intersected each other. The same lands were sold by different chiefs. Inextricable confusion ensued. There were contentions and lawsuits innumerable. The state of things was deplorable. There were scarcely any legal titles, and no courts were organized with powers to adjust these difficulties.

The Penobscot region, it will be remembered, was claimed both by the French and the English. The French called it a part of Acadia; the English called it a part of New England. La Tour, who succeeded D'Aulney, governed this region with military absolutism, establishing no civil tribunals.

The Massachusetts Colony brought forward a new claim to all the land in Maine, south of a point near Portland. This was by virtue of her charter, which conferred upon her all the territory within the space of "three English miles northward

[1] Williamson's History of Maine, vol. i. p. 330.

of the river Merrimack, and to the northward of any *part* thereof." Now, it was found that the source of the Merrimack was far north among the hills of New Hampshire, and that a line running from that point due east to the ocean would strike the coast not far from where Portland now stands. This led to a very serious dispute between the two Provinces. Massachusetts appointed commissioners to ascertain with the greatest accuracy the northernmost head of the Merrimack River, and to run a line thence due east to precisely the same latitude on the Atlantic coast.

These commissioners testified upon oath that they found, on the 1st of August, 1652, the head of the Merrimack, where it issued from the lake called "Winnepuseakik," [1] in the latitude of 43°, 40′, 12″. The three additional miles extending into the lake would allow three additional minutes to the distance.[2]

Against this claim Gov. Godfrey, of the Province of Maine, entered an indignant remonstrance. In his protest to the General Court of Massachusetts, he wrote, —

"An attempt to hold the Province of Maine under your charter, or by any other legal title, without the pretence of purchase, prior possession, or anterior claim, and also without the people's consent, is the height of injustice. Hitherto you have declared yourselves satisfied with your own possessions, as bounded on a line *parallel* with the Merrimack, three miles distant from its source and its northerly bank, following its meanders to its mouth; whereas you are now bursting your bounds, and stretching your claims across provinces to which till lately no man, however visionary, so much as imagined you had any right."

To this the General Court of Massachusetts replied, —

"Worshipful Sir, — Our patent by divine Providence continues to be firmly established under the great seal. Though the grand patent of Plym-

[1] Williamson suggests that this was probably Lake Winnipiseogee. It may have been what is now called "Newfound Lake," with which the latitude would more nearly correspond.

[2] Hazard's Collections, vol. i. p. 571.

The report of the commissioners of survey, given at the May session of the General Court, was in the following words: —

"At Aquahattan, the head of the Merrimack, where it issues out of the lake called Winnepuseakik, on the 1st of August, 1652, we found the latitude of the place 43°, 40′, 12″, besides those minutes allowed for the three miles farther north, which extend into the lake." — *Historical Collections by Ebenezer Hazard*, vol. i. p. 511.

outh has been dissolved, ours, sanctioned by a royal charter, has successfully encountered every attack. Nor do we now claim an acre beyond its true limits. And, had you attentively examined its articles, you must be satisfied with the correctness of our construction. For several years the extent of our jurisdictional rights was not fully understood; and so long as doubts remained we were disposed to forbear, though we have never abandoned the pursuit of our utmost claim and right.

"In your resistance, probably a majority of the provincial inhabitants are your opponents; for they are greatly desirous of being united with us, and they richly deserve our protection and assistance. We are bound to inform you that the inhabitants and lands over which you claim to exercise authority are within the jurisdiction of Massachusetts, and that we demand our rights. If, however, neither rights nor reasons will induce you to hearken, we shall continually protest against all further proceedings of yours, under any pretended patent or combination whatever." [1]

Such, in brief, was the reply of Massachusetts. It will give the reader a clear idea of the nature of the conflict which had arisen. Gov. Godfrey angrily replied. This led to the appointment by the Massachusetts government of three commissioners to confer with Gov. Godfrey and his council. They met at Kittery Point. Reconciliation was impossible, as both parties were inexorable. The commissioners then issued a proclamation to the people of Maine, informing them that Massachusetts would extend her jurisdiction over that portion of the territory which she claimed, and promising them full protection in their estates and all other rights.

Gov. Godfrey and his council issued a counter proclamation, denouncing the conduct of Massachusetts in the severest terms. Still the General Court at Boston, in its October session of this year, declared its northern boundary or limit to commence three miles north of the head of the Merrimack River; to extend directly east on that parallel, passing above the northern sources of Piscataqua or Salmon Falls River; thence crossing the Saco near the mouth of Little Ossipee, which was about twenty miles from the sea, it touched the most southerly bend of the Presumpscot, and terminated at Clapboard Island, about three miles eastward of Casco peninsula.

In the prosecution of this claim, the General Court of Massa-

[1] Hazard's Collections, vol. i. p. 564.

chusetts sent two experienced shipmasters to ascertain the precise latitude sought for on the coast. They fixed the point upon the northern extremity of the little island we have mentioned in Casco Bay. Here they marked the letters M. B. on several trees, and also chiselled them into a rock about a quarter of a mile from the sea.[1] Six gentlemen were appointed to organize a government in the country south of this line.[2] On the 15th of November, 1652,[3] four of them met at Kittery, and sent out their summons to the inhabitants to meet the next morning at the house of William Everett, for the purpose of establishing a court of justice. There was much diversity of opinion respecting the adverse claims of Maine and Massachusetts. Negotiations were protracted through four days, during which angry passions were excited, and there was much mutual recrimination and abuse. At length forty-one persons were induced to subscribe to the following declaration: —

"We, whose names are under written, do acknowledge ourselves subject to the government of Massachusetts Bay, in New England."

The commissioners, having thus triumphed, announced to the people that their rights would remain untouched, and that they were entitled to all the privileges of citizens of Massachusetts without being required to take the oath of submission. They then proceeded to Agamenticus, which in their report they spelt Accomenticus. The inhabitants were summoned to appear at the house of Nicholas Davis to assume the responsibilities, and to be invested with the rights, of citizens of Massachusetts.

The meeting was held on the 22d of November. A few were obstinate in their resistance, and a spirited controversy ensued. Gov. Godfrey, who resided at this place, led the opposition. But, when a formal vote was called for, a large majority was found in favor of seeking the protection of the salutary laws of Massachusetts. It was very certain they had nothing to lose by the change, and something, at least, to gain. The governor, finding himself entirely outvoted, yielded, and

[1] Records, Resolves, and Journals of Massachusetts Government, vol. ii. p. 240
[2] Hutchinson's Massachusetts, vol. i. p. 150.
[3] Williamson, vol. i. p. 343.

with fifty others took the oath of allegiance to the government of the Massachusetts Colony.[1]

The territory of Maine, thus annexed to Massachusetts, was called "The County of Yorkshire." Agamenticus received the name of York, from that city in England, which, twelve years before, had been surrendered by the royalists to the parliamentary forces, after one of the most bloody battles of the civil war. A county court was established, to be held alternately at York and Kittery.

It was universally admitted that the Massachusetts commissioners had discharged their duties with admirable wisdom, and with triumphant success. They were richly rewarded for their services, received a vote of public thanks, and a valuable present of wild lands. At the next general court of elections at Boston, two deputies from Maine represented the county of Yorkshire. Other towns rapidly came into this arrangement, such as Wells, Saco, and Cape Porpoise.

The energy of the Massachusetts government soon began to develop itself. The inhabitants of the three last-named towns were required within a year to construct a road wide enough for the passage of carts from house to house, within the town limits; and also to connect their several towns with paths sufficient for woodmen or horses.

The ecclesiastical condition of the Province of Maine was at that time very discouraging. There was no ordained ministry. Though there were probably many individual Christians, who, in their humble, unostentious lives, were developing the spirit of that gospel whose fundamental tenet is, "to do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with God," yet the clamor of noisy disputants and turbulent fanatics filled the land. Any brazen-faced man, however ignorant, however immoral, however atrocious the sentiments he promulgated, could assume the position of a religious teacher. Ecclesiastical anarchy reigned. There was freedom of speech which no law restrained.

[1] "One town after another, yielding in part to menaces and armed force, gave in its adhesion. Great care was observed to guard the rights of property; every man was confirmed in his possessions; the religious liberty of the Episcopalians was left unharmed; the privileges of citizenship were extended to all inhabitants; and the whole eastern country gradually, yet reluctantly, submitted to the necessity of the change." — *Bancroft*, vol. i. p. 431.

It would seem that the good sense of the majority of the people condemned these revolting proceedings of a bold and vagabond minority. The General Court of Massachusetts passed a law prohibiting any one from publicly preaching, without the approbation of the four neighboring churches. Each town was also required to support a pious ministry. It is supposed that the population of the towns which thus came under the jurisdiction of Massachusetts amounted to about two thousand one hundred. There were many bitterly opposed to this "subjugation," as they called it; but the minority was not strong enough to present any serious obstacle to the measure.[1]

The year 1651 opened, on the whole, favorably for the inhabitants of New England. By fishing, agriculture, and hunting, the settlers obtained a competent support. The laws and human rights began to be more respected. Still there was a very radical difference in the ecclesiastical and political principles of the early settlers of Maine and Massachusetts. Gorges and Mason were the avowed enemies of both the civil and religious views of the Massachusetts Puritans. They detested republicanism, and were strong advocates of the Church of England. With candor and truthfulness Mr. Sullivan says, —

"Gorges and Mason had been considered before the year 1640 as enemies in principle, to the New England Colonies. They were both anti-republicans, and were strong Episcopalians. They settled no orthodox clergyman, according to what the neighboring colonies called orthodoxy; nor did they, indeed, before that year, establish or support any kind of government, or even attempt to establish any form of worship; nor did they pay any attention to public schools. It was very evident that they held all the Puritan regulations in contempt. Their government over their servants, vassals, and tenants, from a want of those regulations, became weak and inefficient. We therefore find constant complaints of their being plundered by their servants, cheated by their agents, and of being deserted by their vassals.

"Gorges wishing to have the other colonies annihilated, and to have a general government over the whole country, urged the point of the king's re-assuming the lands granted by his ancestor, and making new grants of the whole; and according to this idea, he and Mason having surrendered their title, he took the charter in the year 1639, for the Province of Maine." [2]

[1] Williamson's History of Maine, vol. i. p. 356.
[2] History of the District of Maine, by James Sullivan, p. 141

It was this underlying hostility between the Puritan and the Cavalier, which led the government of the Massachusetts Colony to take advantage of the civil war raging in England, to extend their charter so far to the east as to embrace the whole territory included in the Gorges and Mason patents. The political storms raging in Europe raised billows whose surges dashed against the rock-bound coast of the New World.

There was a little group of Dutchmen at the mouth of the Hudson River. There were a few English hamlets scattered along the coast of Massachusetts and Maine. Beyond the Penobscot were the straggling settlements, few and feeble, of the French. Vast realms, boundless and unexplored, spread out towards the west, whose grandeur the imagination was exhausted in the attempt to explore. One would have thought that these few impoverished people, struggling alike against the hardships of the wilderness, might have lived in peace as brothers, helping and cheering one another. They thus might have had happy lives, notwithstanding all the ills that flesh is heir to. Instead of this, a large portion of their energies were expended in shooting one another, burning the houses, devastating the plantations, and filling the land with the wailings of widows and orphans. Thus clouds and darkness ere long began to overshadow the sky, and storms to arise, which put an end to all hopes of happiness. The English, the French, and the Dutch claimed the same territory, and were disposed to fight for its possession.

In the year 1657 the alarming report was circulated that the Dutch upon the Hudson were arming the savages of New England, and inciting them to a combined attack of extermination against the English settlements along the coasts of Maine and Massachusetts. The Indians of Maine were at this time quite numerous. They had obtained, both from the French and English, guns and ammunition. Many of them had become skilful marksmen. Being as well armed as the white men, and conscious of a great superiority in numbers, they became bold, very exacting, and often insolent. Not unfrequently a gang of half a dozen savages on the hunt would approach the log hut of some lonely settler. With swaggering air they would take pos-

session of the premises, feast themselves to satiety, occupy the cabin for the night, and in the morning go on their way, without saying so much as "I thank you."

The menacing attitude of the savages became alarming, and their depredations intolerable, and the more intolerable, since it was fully believed that they were stimulated to these outrages by the Dutch authorities at the mouth of the Hudson. The public agitation became so great, in view of these facts and these rumors, that a convention was held of the commissioners of the United Colonies, on the 19th of April, 1653, to take the subject into consideration. It was apprehended that the French on the east, and the Dutch on the west, were conspiring to crush the English between them. The reports were carefully investigated. Indians were summoned before the court to give their testimony; and then a very earnest letter was written to the Dutch governor requiring an explanation. Indignantly the governor replied, —

"There is not one word of truth in the scandalous report raised about my conduct. I marvel much at the novel course pursued in placing any confidence in the testimony of an Indian. I am ready at any time to make explanations, and to any extent within my power."

This denial of the governor did not satisfy the commissioners. Though they separated without declaring war against the Dutch, all friendly intercourse between them was interrupted. Indeed, the New Haven Colonists were under such apprehensions that the Dutch were about to bring down the powerful nation of the Mohawks against them, that they sent a petition to Cromwell, then Lord Protector of England, that he would aid them with a fleet and well-armed troops.[1]

[1] Hutchinson's History of Massachusetts, vol. i. p. 166.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PROVINCE OF MAINE ANNEXED TO MASSACHUSETTS.

Troubles on the Piscataqua — Career of La Tour — Menaces of War — Measures of Cromwell — Conquest of Nova Scotia — Character of La Tour — Trading Post on the Kennebec — The Oath Administered — Sale of the Right of Traffic — Boundaries of Kennebec Patent — Political Connection between Maine and Massachusetts — Code of Laws — Northern Limits of Massachusetts — The Articles of Union — Rev. John Wheelwright — Correspondence — Restoration of Charles II. — Petition of Gorges — Charter to the Duke of York.

IT will be remembered that the Piscataqua River was the south-west boundary of the Province of Maine. This region was one of the favorite resorts of the Indians. Early in the spring of 1653, just as the settlers were about to put their seed in the ground, the alarming rumor ran along the coast, that more than a thousand Indian warriors were upon the upper waters of the Piscataqua, resolved to lay all the defenceless settlements in ashes. It was still supposed, though probably very unjustly, that the Dutch governor on the Hudson was instigating this movement. The government of the New Haven Colony despatched agents to England, to implore the protection of Oliver Cromwell, who was then in power. The Massachusetts Colony promptly ordered Major-Gen. Dennison, with twenty-four well-armed men, to reconnoitre the strength and position of the foe.[1]

La Tour, whose life had been as varied and eventful as the imagination of a romancer could fancy, was now residing at St. John, with Madame D'Aulney as his bride. Upon receiving his Catholic wife, he had renounced his Protestantism, and thus he gathered around him the powerful influences of the French

[1] Hutchinson's History of Massachusetts, p. 156.

court and the Papal Church. He was a wild, bold, reckless adventurer, but slightly influenced by any consciousness of right or wrong. The Catholic missionaries had attained a wonderful ascendency over the minds of the Indians. It was strongly suspected that La Tour was combining the Indians of Canada, Nova Scotia, and Maine, to sweep away the English settlements, and thus vastly to extend his realms. Under these circumstances, the General Court of Massachusetts prohibited all commercial intercourse with the French on the east, and the Dutch on the west, under penalty of the forfeiture of both vessel and cargo.

This plunged La Tour and his colonies into great distress. They had done but little towards raising food by cultivating the land. The savages lived a half-starved life, upon the little corn they harvested, esculent roots, fish, and clams. They had no provisions to sell. The French, with their trinkets, purchased the furs of the Indians, which were then in great demand. With these they had obtained ample supplies of food from the more highly cultivated regions of Southern Maine, Massachusetts, and Connecticut. This virtual blockade of their ports doomed them to starvation. La Tour, assuming that he was unjustly accused of conspiring against the English, bitterly remonstrated against this unfriendly act, when there was peace between the two nations.

It did seem to be a very harsh measure, for the Court acted upon suspicion alone without any convincing proof. For a time the General Court seemed disposed to change its policy. It occurred to some, that by treating the French kindly, and winning their friendship through intimate commercial intercourse, the Catholic priests among them might restrain and disarm the ferocity of the savage. They therefore loaded a vessel with flour and other provisions, and sent it to the St. John River.

In the mean time the energetic Oliver Cromwell had sent three or four war-vessels to Boston, with orders to raise there a volunteer force of about five hundred men, for the reduction of the Dutch colony on the Hudson. Secret orders were also issued, for this military expedition, which was very powerful for the time and region, immediately upon the conquest of

Manhattan, to turn its arms against the French on the north-east, and make an entire conquest of the Province of Nova Scotia. Measures were in vigorous operation in Massachusetts, for organizing the naval and land force to strike these two colonies by surprise, when the news reached Boston, on the 23d of June, 1654, that articles of peace had been signed between the English and the Dutch courts, and that hostilities against the Dutch colony were immediately to cease.

The energies of the expedition were turned towards Nova Scotia. By the treaty of St. Germain, executed twenty-two years before, this country had been surrendered to the French. It was one of the arbitrary acts of Charles I.; but still, according to the laws of nations, it was a legitimate transaction. As England and France were at peace, it would be difficult to justify the conduct of Cromwell in sending, without any declaration of war, a military expedition to regain the territory. But the Lord Protector assumed that the king had no right to cede this territory, in violation of patents which he had granted his subjects; and he affirmed that the purchase-money, of five thousand pounds sterling, promised by the French government, had never been paid.[1]

The expedition, having set sail, touched at the Penobscot, and then proceeded to the St. John, where La Tour had his principal fortress. The force was so strong that at neither place was any resistance offered. Indeed, La Tour seemed quite indifferent in view of the prospect of the change of European masters, so long as his territorial possessions and his personal property were respected. The English speedily took possession of the whole Province, and placed over it Capt. Leverett, one of the leaders of the expedition, as temporary governor. The French court complained of this operation, and for some time it was the subject of a diplomatic controversy. The English held the region for thirteen years, when, by the treaty of Breda, it was re-surrendered to the French.[2]

[1] Williamson's History of Maine, vol. i. p. 261. Williamson presents several authorities to substantiate these statements.

[2] Holmes's American Annals, vol. i. p. 301; Hubbard's History of New England, p. 550.

Soon after this La Tour died. His character was as strange as his singular and tumultuous career. He was a man of considerable ability, of good personal appearance, and of very plausible address. Sometimes rich, sometimes poor, sometimes a denounced outlaw, and again in favor with the court, he seemed quite devoid of any sense of honor, as almost of any distinction between right and wrong. Religion was with him like a glove, which was to be put on and taken off at his pleasure. His first wife was apparently a noble woman; in faith a Protestant, and in heart and life a sincere Christian.

D'Aulney battered down the fortress of La Tour, took his wife a prisoner, and kept her in captivity until her death. Upon the death of D'Aulney, La Tour rebuilt his fortress, married the Catholic widow of his deadly antagonist, surrounded himself with Catholic priests, regained the patronage of the court, and lived in comparative power and splendor until he died. He left one child, Stephen de la Tour, to whom he bequeathed a very large landed estate, leaving many debts unpaid. Cromwell confirmed Stephen de la Tour in the possessions he inherited from his father. He, however, claimed no territory south of Passamaquoddy Bay.[1]

The Province of Nova Scotia was considered as of great value. The French finally ceded the country to England, and Cromwell appointed Sir Thomas Temple its governor. He entered upon his office in 1657, and discharged its duties with much ability, and with the courtesies of an accomplished gentleman, for ten years. When the Massachusetts government was condemning Quakers, he sent them word that any of the Quakers they wished to get rid of, he would cheerfully welcome to his Province, and would defray all the expenses of their removal.

It will be remembered that the Colony of New Plymouth had established an important trading-post on the Kennebec River. For a time the traffic was very lucrative. The Indians brought in large quantities of valuable furs, which they sold for mere trifles. But gradually the number of traders increased.

[1] Hutchinson's History of Massachusetts, vol. i. p. 190; Williamson's History of Maine, vol. i. p. 162.

Competition arose. The Indians became better acquainted with the value of their furs. Unprincipled adventurers crowded in, defrauding the Indians; and the colony at Plymouth was too remote energetically to extend its laws over the distant region. A question also arose as to the title of New Plymouth to any territory on the Sagadahoc, between Merrymeeting Bay and the sea. Indian chiefs were also going through the farce of selling lands to individuals, to which the purchasers knew that those chiefs had no title.

It was indeed a chaotic state of society, and the seeds of innumerable lawsuits were being sown. Pressed by such embarrassments, the Plymouth Colony decided to sell the right of traffic with the Indians on the Kennebec possessions. Five prominent gentlemen of the colony purchased this right for the term of three years, for the annual sum of about one hundred and fifty dollars.[1] These gentlemen were Gov. Bradford and Messrs. Winslow, Prince, Millet, and Paddy. But there was no end to the complaints with which they were assailed, and to the annoyances which they encountered. Still the purchasers struggled on, breasting these difficulties, and at the expiration of their lease obtained its extension for three years more. By the terms of this renewal it was required that some one of the lessees should continually reside within the patent. It was deemed necessary to summon the inhabitants of that region, and require them to take the oath of allegiance to the new government established in England, and to the laws enacted by the New Plymouth Colony.

A warrant was issued to the inhabitants on the Kennebec, to assemble on the 23d of May, 1654, at the house of Thomas Ashley, near the banks of Merrymeeting Bay. Mr. Prince, as commissioner, met sixteen men there, and administered to them the following oath:—

"You shall be true and faithful to the state of England as it is now established; and, whereas you choose to reside within the government of New Plymouth, you shall not do, nor cause to be done, any act or acts directly or indirectly, by land or water, that shall or may tend to the destruction or overthrow of the whole or part of this government, orderly erected

[1] Morton's New-England Memorial, p. 135.

or established; but shall contrariwise hinder and oppose such intents & purposes as tend thereunto, and discover them to those who are in place for the time being, that the government may be informed thereof with all convenient speed. You shall also submit to and observe all such good and wholesome laws, ordinances, and officers, as are or shall be established within the several limits thereof. So help you God, who is the God of truth, and punisher of falsehood."[1]

A brief code of laws was also established by the convention. All capital crimes, such as treason and murder, were to be tried by the General Court at New Plymouth. Minor offences, such as theft, drunkenness, profaning the sabbath, and selling intoxicating drink to the Indians, came within the jurisdiction of the local commissioner's court. Fishing and fowling were declared to be free. All civil suits, not involving an amount exceeding one hundred dollars, were to be tried before a jury of twelve men.[2]

The value of the exclusive right of the fur and peltry trade with the Indians was continually decreasing. With the increase of population, game was becoming scarce. The Indians grew more shrewd in trade, and demanded higher prices. For three years, after 1656, the trade was let for an annual rent amounting to about one hundred and fifty dollars; and even this small sum the lessees declared, on the fourth year, that they were unable to pay. At length the monopoly was offered at a premium of fifty dollars a year.

The original patent, granted by the Council of Plymouth in England, to the Colony of New Plymouth, consisted of "all that tract of land or part of New England in America, which lies between Cobbossecontee, now Gardiner, which adjoineth the river Kennebec, towards the western ocean, and a place called the Falls of Neguamkike, and a space of fifteen miles on each side of the Kennebec."

It will be perceived that these boundaries were exceedingly indefinite. The location of Neguamkike Falls is uncertain. It is supposed that they were about sixteen miles above Cobbossecontee River, near North Sidney.[3] Mr. Williamson writes of this patent: —

[1] Records of Plymouth Colony. [2] Hazard's Historical Collections, vol. i. p. 586
[3] Hist. of New England by Coolidge and Mansfield, p. 168, note.

"Its limits, as ultimately settled, were in the north line of Woolwich, below Swan Island, on the eastern side of the Kennebec, through the south bend of the river Cobbossecontee, on the western side, and fifteen miles in width on either side of the main river, to an easterly and westerly line which crosses Wessarusett River, in Cornville, a league above its mouth; containing about one million five hundred thousand acres." [1]

This grant conferred the exclusive right of trade with the natives, and at all times an open passage down the river to the sea. For some time the proprietors claimed the whole territory to the ocean. This led to litigation, an account of which would only weary the reader. In the year 1661 the whole patent was sold to a company, for a sum amounting to about two thousand dollars. Soon after this the company erected a fort at Maquoit.[2]

Years passed slowly away, while the affairs of this remote and dreary trading-post continued to languish. No attempt was made to establish a plantation there for agricultural purposes. The government was chaotic, and but little respect was paid to laws or rulers. Emigration, for a time, was flowing back from the New World to the Old; and New Plymouth had no surplus population to send to the banks of the Kennebec.

But the political connection now formed between Maine and Massachusetts continued, with some slight interruptions, for a period of one hundred and sixty-seven years. The salutary laws of Massachusetts were gradually accepted by the people. The Massachusetts government was administered by a governor, a deputy governor, a council of eighteen, and a house of deputies. It was truly a republican government, the rulers being chosen by the people. The towns elected the representatives. Ten freemen entitled the town to one deputy; twenty, to two. None could have more than two. No one could be a deputy "who was unsound in the main points of the Christian religion, as held forth and acknowledged by the generality of Protestant orthodox writers." [3] Under the colonial charter, Maine was never represented by more than five deputies at one time. The reader who is interested in the details of the politi-

[1] Williamson, vol. i. p. 237.
[2] Greenleaf's Reports, vol. iii. p. 111; Sullivan, p. 118.
[3] Records of Massachusetts Government, vol. ii. p. 238.

cal, ecclesiastical, and military administration, will find them quite fully presented in Williamson's excellent History of Maine.

The people who were religiously disposed were encouraged by law to congregate and embody themselves into a church estate, to elect and ordain their officers, to admit and to discipline or to excommunicate their members. And yet it was declared that no church censure was ever to affect any man's property, civil dignity, office, or authority. It must be admitted that the practice was not always in accordance with these avowed principles. The connection between Church and State was so intimate in England, that the colonists in their new home could not entirely dissever them.

By a law enacted in 1644, it was declared, that to affirm that man is justified by his own works, and not by Christ's righteousness; or to deny the immortality of the soul, the resurrection of the body, the sacredness of the sabbath, or the authority of the magistracy, — tended to subvert the Christian faith, and to destroy the souls of men. It was also enacted, in 1646, that it was highly penal for men to withhold their children from baptism. It is a sad comment upon the times, that many were severely punished by fines, whipping, and banishment, and some few were even executed, for neglecting the baptism of their children.[1]

Every ecclesiastic of the order of Jesuits, as "devoted to the religion and court of Rome," was ordered into banishment, unless he came as a public messenger; even then he was to be banished if he behaved offensively.

The Quakers were vehemently attacked. They were denounced as a cursed sect of heretics, pretending to be immediately sent from God, and inspired to write blasphemous opinions, despising government, reviling magistrates, speaking evil of dignities, and seeking to turn people from the true faith.[2] Their books were ordered to be burned by the hangman; they themselves were to be banished, and, if they returned, to be put to death.

The denial of the inspiration of the books of the Old and

[1] Williamson, vol. i. p. 380. [2] Colonial Laws, p. 121.

New Testaments was punished, first by fine or whipping, and, if repeated, by imprisonment and even death.

There can be no doubt of the sincere desire of the early colonists to establish just laws, and such as would promote the public welfare. We must not blame them too severely for not being wise above their generation. The progress of the world, in the direction of freedom and toleration, has been very slow. Many of the enactments were humane; and, in the general principles of freedom, the colonists were far in advance of most of the governments in the Old World.

In every town a record was ordered to be kept of newly arrived emigrants and their business prospects. All strangers who were in want, the towns were bound to relieve. The helpless poor were to be provided for. All cruelty to brute animals was strictly forbidden. Laws were passed to protect the Indians in their fishing and hunting grounds. Every town of fifty householders was required to employ a teacher to instruct the children in reading and writing; and every town containing a hundred families was required to establish a grammar-school, where boys might be fitted for college. Heads of families were ordered to instruct their servants every week in the principles of the Christian religion. It is sad to record that *on the statute-book* torture was allowed, to compel a convicted criminal to disclose his confederates. But no such *instance* of torture is on record. It was a law which disgraced the statute-book, but which was apparently never enforced.

The inhabitants of Maine accepted these laws from Massachusetts. They took but little interest in political questions, save as they had a direct practical bearing upon their daily lives. Perhaps a large proportion of the Massachusetts Colonists were men of intelligence and deeply fixed principles, who had crossed the ocean that they might enjoy the civil and religious institutions which were so dear to them. When they had made such immense sacrifices to secure these privileges for themselves and their children, it is not strange that they should have wished to shut out from their wilderness homes those who would bring across the ocean those antagonistic civil and religious views, which would promote controversy, discord, and strife.

But most of the early inhabitants of Maine had been lured to that region for purposes of traffic. "I came here," said one of them, "not to worship God, but to purchase furs and peltries." Thus Maine became distinguished for what is often absurdly called *liberality*, but which is, rather, indifference. Influenced by such considerations, religious toleration was exercised here. Noble as is that spirit, it must be admitted that it was then not so much a virtue as the result of circumstances which caused men to care for none of those things. Maine became the asylum of fugitives driven from the other colonies by persecution.[1]

It was in the year 1652 that Messrs. Sherman and Ince reported that the northern limit of the Massachusetts patent was in latitude 42°, 43′, 12″. In accordance with this report, the next summer two experienced shipmasters, Jonas Clark and Samuel Adams, were sent to ascertain where this line would touch the Atlantic. They found, as we have mentioned, that it was at the northern point of an island in Casco Bay, called the upper Clapboard Island. Here they cut the marks of the Massachusetts boundary on several trees, and also chiselled it into a large gray rock. A line running due west from this point on the Atlantic, to the Pacific Ocean, then called the South Sea, was supposed to be the northern limit of the Massachusetts patent.

Unwearied efforts were made to induce the people, on the eastern portion of this territory, to yield to the government of Massachusetts, as those on the western portion had quite readily done. But several men, of commanding influence in the vicinity of Saco, were very determined in their resistance. The Massachusetts Court tried all the efforts of conciliation and menace, for a time in vain. Gradually a number yielded to the conviction that their interests would be promoted by the annexation. Others were arrested, and were *made willing* by the perils of fine and imprisonment. In 1658 a Massachusetts commission opened a session in Lygonia, at the house of Robert Jordan in Spurwink. Here most of the male population

[1] Williamson, vol. i. p. 385.

appeared, and took the oath of allegiance.[1] The articles of union were in substance as follows: —

I. All the people in these parts shall be exonerated from their allegiance to Massachusetts, whenever a supreme or general governor shall arrive from England.

II. All their opposition and other past wrongs shall be pardoned and buried in oblivion.

III. The same privileges shall be secured to them as are enjoyed by other towns, particularly Kittery and York.

IV. Appeals shall be allowed in all cases to the General Court, when sufficient indemnity is offered for the payment of costs.

V. None of the privileges hereby granted and secured shall ever be forfeited by reason of any differences in matters of religion.

VI. A transcript of the rights and privileges, generally possessed by other towns, shall be sent to these plantations and inhabitants.[2]

The towns of Scarborough and Falmouth were also organized. Falmouth had a sea border extending from Spurwink River to Clapboard Island, and it ran back eight miles into the country.

The union of Lygonia to Massachusetts was thus effected, apparently to the satisfaction of all parties. It was unquestionably a blessing to the inhabitants of Maine.[3]

On the 27th of October the inhabitants of York, Kittery, Wells, Saco, and Cape Porpoise, presented to Cromwell, then

[1] "After passing the ancient plantations of Kittery, York, Wells, and Saco, we come to Scarborough, which has never changed its name since its first incorporation. It extends towards the east, six miles in width on the coast, to the mouth of Spurwink River, which seems to cut off, as it bounds, the eastwardly corner of the town.

"Spurwink settlement was and is in the southerly angle of the town towards Spurwink River." — *Williamson*, vol. i. pp. 29, 30.

[2] Williamson, vol. i. p. 392.

[3] Hon. William Willis, one of the most discriminating and accurate annalists, expresses the opinion that Massachusetts had no claim over the jurisdiction of Maine. He writes, —

"Massachusetts, taking advantage of the triumph of her principles in England, and dreading and hating the Episcopal power in Maine, under a forced construction of the language of her charter, assumed title and jurisdiction over all the territory southerly of a line from Lake Winnipiseogee to Casco Bay. She was not long in asserting her pretended title.

"This usurpation of the Bay Colony corresponded with that of the Parliament at home; and, though successful, it had no foundation in right. I will not say that it was not eventually best for the people here; it resulted in giving them a good and permanent government, and stable and just laws." — *A History of The Laws, The Courts, and the Lawyers of Maine, by William Willis*, p. 23.

Lord Protector, the following very expressive memorial. It was a document testifying to their satisfaction with their annexation to Massachusetts, and praying for its continuance.

"Our numbers," they said, "are few; and our dissensions, which have been many, owing principally to malecontent loyalists, are happily quieted by wholesome laws and watchful rulers. Through their provident care, godly persons have been encouraged to settle among us; our affairs have become prosperous, and a barrier is opposed to an influx upon us of delinquents and other ill-affected persons, the fugitives from punishment. Our pious and reverend friend, Mr. John Wheelwright, some time with us, is now in England, whose thorough knowledge of our affairs he will, at your highness's command, be happy to communicate."[1]

Rev. John Wheelwright, to whom reference is here made, was a man of undoubted piety, an eloquent preacher, but very zealous in the enforcement of doctrinal peculiarities, which few could fully understand. He affirmed, that the "Holy Spirit dwells personally in a justified convert, and that sanctification can in no wise evince to believers their justification."

It seems a pity that the good man could not have been permitted to indulge to his heart's content in such harmless speculations. But the authorities of Massachusetts declared these views to be Antinomian, denounced them as heretical, and banished him from the State in the year 1636. Mr. Wheelwright, at first, removed from Braintree to Exeter, N.H., where he settled on land obtained from the Indians, and gathered a church; but, as Massachusetts extended her jurisdiction over the territory upon which he had settled, he removed to Wells, in Maine, in 1643.[2] He died at Salisbury, Mass., probably in 1679, at the age of eighty years.

The following letter from Mr. Wheelwright throws much light upon the nature of the ecclesiastical conflicts of those

[1] Hutchinson's Collection of State Papers, p. 396.

[2] "New Hampshire was about submitting to Massachusetts, in which case Wheelwright and his companions would be exposed immediately to a new banishment. Gorges had assumed the authority over Maine; and they could not fail to be assured that, under him, they might find a refuge which would not be exposed to the spiritual tyranny of Massachusetts." —*Bourne's History of Wells and Kennebunk*, p. 12.

days, and certainly reflects credit upon both parties in the unhappy contention: —

"RIGHT WORSHIPFUL, — Upon the long and mature consideration of things, I perceive that the main difference between yourselves, and some of the reverend elders and me, in point of justification and the evidencing thereof, is not of that nature and consequence, as was then presented to me in the false glass of Satan's temptations, and my own distempered passions, which makes me unfeignedly sorry that I had such a hand in those sharp and vehement contentions raised thereabouts, to the great disturbance of the church of Christ. It is the grief of my soul, that I used such vehement censorious speeches, in the application of my sermon, or in any other writing, whereby I reflected any dishonor upon your worships, the reverend elders, or any of contrary judgment to myself.

"It repents me, that I did so much adhere to persons of corrupt judgments, to the countenancing and encouraging of them in any of their errors or evil practices, though I intended no such thing; and that in the synod I used such unsafe and obscure expressions, falling from me as a man dazzled with the buffetings of Satan; and that I did appeal from misapprehension of things. I confess that herein I have done very sinfully, and do humbly crave pardon of your honored selves. If it shall appear to me, by scripture light, that in any carriage, writing, word, or action, I have walked contrary to rule, I shall be ready, by the grace of God, to give satisfaction. Thus hoping that you will pardon my boldness, I humbly take my leave of your worships, committing you to the good providence of the Almighty, and ever remain your worships' in all service to be commanded in the Lord.

"J. WHEELWRIGHT."[1]

To this letter, the governor gave a very courteous response, assuring Mr. Wheelwright that the court was inclined to release him from his banishment. He also sent him a safe-conduct, that he might make his appeal to the court in person. Mr. Hubbard writes, —

"But the next court released his banishment without h appearance; and so, if they had overdone in passing the sentence, it migh. in part help to balance it, that they were so ready to grant him a release. Soon after this he removed his dwelling; and being invited to the pastoral office in the church of Hampton, after Mr. Batchelour's deposition, he accepted the call, and tarried with them until his removal to England not long after, where

[1] We give this letter, as recorded by Hubbard in his General History of New England, p. 336. There are several verbal variations in the copy as preserved by Winthrop.

he tarried many years, till, upon the turn of times, he came back to New England again ; after which he was called to Salisbury, where he accepted of the pastoral office, in which he continued till the day of his death, which happened about the year 1681."[1]

The government of Massachusetts was the more inclined to deal leniently with Mr. Wheelwright, since he was a zealous Puritan, and a high-minded and earnest republican. Upon visiting England, he was very cordially received by Oliver Cromwell.

The political changes taking place in England were very sensibly felt through the remotest colonies of the kingdom. The restoration of Charles II., which was one of the most memorable events in history, took place in May, 1660. The Church of England and the crown of England were so inseparably united, that the royalists and Episcopalians formed one party. The republicans were almost invariably dissenters. It is estimated that the population of the English colonies in America then amounted to a little more than eighty thousand souls. Of these about five thousand were in the Province of Maine; thirty-eight thousand were in the more southerly parts of New England; in Maryland and Virginia there were about forty-three thousand.[2]

It will be remembered that Ferdinando Gorges was an earnest loyalist. He died while in arms in defence of Charles II., about two years before the execution of that unfortunate monarch. His eldest son, John, succeeded to the titles and estates of his father; but after a few years John died, and the succession passed to his eldest son Ferdinando.

It may be well supposed that Charles II. had no sympathy with the dissenters and republicans of Massachusetts. Gorges, with several associates, petitioned the king that the grant of land in Maine, conferred upon his grandfather and others, might be restored to the original proprietors. These petitioners consisted of the representatives of Gorges, Mason, Godfrey, and others.

In their petition to the king and royal parliament, they

[1] Farmer says he died Nov. 16, 1679. [2] See Williamson, vol. i. p. 398.

stated, that, by a grant from the crown, extensive territory in Maine had been conferred upon Gorges, Mason, and Godfrey; that they had expended large sums of money in settling and improving the realm; that the government of Massachusetts, by menaces and armed forces, had seized the Province, and compelled the inhabitants to submit to its jurisdiction; and that the Massachusetts government was strenuously and persistently endeavoring to organize institutions independent of the crown, and hostile to its interests.[1]

To counteract these representations, a delegation of several gentlemen appeared from the towns of Maine, stating that they had enjoyed, under the government of Massachusetts, great prosperity and contentment; and that the attempt to substitute for the laws of Massachusetts the rule of men of inexperience in government and doubtful abilities, would surely introduce dissensions and anarchy, and would imperil all their interests. In the year 1661 the General Court had incorporated the Isle of Shoals into a township by the name of Appledore. Though the towns of Maine, including those in this organization, were entitled to send ten or eleven representatives to the General Court, in the spring of 1662 not one was returned. Many prominent men were denouncing the administration of the Massachusetts government.

Gorges had returned to the Province, where he had previously been deputy-governor. Though he had taken the oath of allegiance to Massachusetts, and had accepted office under her government, he entered upon measures decidedly hostile to her claims.[2] He even appointed several men to office, and, in conjunction with others, transmitted a petition to the king, urging him to send over a governor-general for all of New England, including New York.[3]

These measures somewhat alarmed the General Court of Massachusetts. William Phillips of Saco was appointed commander-in-chief of the provincial militia. The following proclamation was also sent to the inhabitants of the county of York-

[1] Belknap's History New Hampshire, vol. i. p. 300.
[2] Collection of State Papers, by Thomas Hutchinson, p. 322.
[3] Hutchinson's History of New England, p. 234.

shire, as the portion of Maine subject to Massachusetts was then called: —

"TO THE INHABITANTS OF YORKSHIRE.

"You and every of you are required in his Majesty's name to yield faithful and true obedience to the government of this jurisdiction, established among you, according to your covenant articles, until his Majesty's pleasure be further known."

A court was also instituted, consisting of three commissioners, who were instructed to appoint or confirm in office any one in whom they could repose confidence; and also to punish every one who pretended to hold office independently of the General Court, unless he derived his authority directly from the king.[1]

Several persons were punished by this court, for opposition to the Massachusetts government. Among others of note and influence was Rev. Robert Jordan, the Episcopal clergyman at Spurwink. He was arraigned by the grand jury for saying, "The governor of Boston is a rogue, and all the rest thereof, rebels and traitors against the king."[2]

The radical difference in both civil and religious views, between the tyrant Charles II., and the republican General Court of Massachusetts, could, by no possibility, be compromised. While maintaining the semblance of courtesy, each regarded the other with distrust and alienation. The king had no confidence in the loyalty of the colonists, and they knew full well that he was eagerly watching for opportunities to curtail their privileges. The ear of the king was always on the alert, to listen to charges against them, while he was generally too busy to attend to any defence which they might offer against their accusers.

"So violent and successful were the persecutions against the rights and claims of Massachusetts in particular, that she not only feared the loss of New Hampshire and Maine, but began to be apprehensive of having her own charter taken from her. Therefore the General Court appointed a

[1] Records of Massachusetts Government, vol iii. p. 59.
[2] History of Saco and Biddeford, p. 92.

committee of both branches, to keep it and the duplicate in separate places, thought by them most safe and secure." [1]

The apprehensions of the General Court of Massachusetts, in reference to the hostility of the king, were soon realized. On the 11th of January, 1664, a royal missive to the General Court was granted to Gorges, ordering that court immediately to restore to him the Province of Maine, or to assign the reasons for declining to do so. It was also rumored, at the same time, that several armed ships were about to cross the ocean to enforce the authority of the king, and to convey to New England a governor-general of his appointment.

The exultant court of Charles II., then triumphant over the spirit of religious dissent and the opposition to royalty, had conceived the project of forming a grand empire, to consist of twelve provinces, on the shores of the New World. In the accomplishment of this plan, the king intended to seize the possessions of the Dutch on the Hudson, and to bring all the eastern provinces of New England under his complete control. In those days might was right. On the 12th of March, 1664, Charles II. granted to his brother James, who enjoyed the title and emoluments of Duke of York and Albany, all the territory held by the Dutch upon the River Hudson and upon Long Island. The vast territory was called, in honor of the Duke's English possessions, New York.

The duke was a greedy man. Looking eagerly into the ancient patents which had been conferred and annulled, he decided that there was no valid grant for the territory between the River St. Croix and Pemaquid. He therefore induced his royal brother to include this region, of thousands of acres, in the charter conferred upon him. The boundaries of this portion of his grant are described as follows: —

"The region includes all that part of the mainland of New England beginning at a place known by the name of St. Croix, next adjoining to New England, thence extending along the seacoast to a place called Pemaquid,

[1] This remarkable fact is fully sustained by the Records, Resolves, and Journals of the Massachusetts Government, vol. iii. p. 89; also in Hutchinson's History of Massachusetts, p. 210; and Political Annals of the United Colonies, by George Chalmers, p. 254.

and up the river thereof to its farthest head, as it tends to the northward; thence up the nearest to the River Kennebec, and so upward to the shortest route to the river Canada northward." [1]

This domain, truly princely in extent of territory, has been denominated "The Duke of York's Property," "The Territory of Sagadahoc," "New Castle," and "The County of Cornwall." [2] Charles II., by thus making his brother James the territorial proprietor of such immense possessions on the Hudson, and also on the eastern borders of New England, was shrewdly preparing the way for constituting him viceroy not only of those realms, but of all the domain between.

[1] History of Connecticut, by Benjamin Trumbull, vol. i. p. 266.

[2] Summary of British Settlements in North America, by William Douglas, vol. i. p. 381.

CHAPTER IX.

POLITICAL AGITATIONS.

The Duke of York — The Royal Commissioners — Conflict between the Commissioners and the General Court — Their Unfriendly Report — Tyranny of Charles II. — Character of George Cleaves — The Petition — Efforts of the Commissioners — Treaty with the Indians — War between France and England — National Antipathies — Baron Castine — His Character and Career — French Influence over the Indians — Anarchy in Maine — Ambition of the Duke of York — War between England and Holland — Jocelyn's Description of Maine.

THE Duke of York, who subsequently became King James the Second, retained possession of his Sagadahoc territory about twenty-five years. The duke was the second son of Charles I. Upon the death of his brother Charles II., he ascended the throne, where he developed the character of a thorough despot, and of a still more inexorable fanatic. When subsequently driven from the throne by William, Prince of Orange, he repaired to France, and his American possessions reverted to the British crown.

The region of Maine made but slow advances under the rule of its new proprietor, whether duke or king. The duke was an intense Catholic, and, when he attained the crown, was unwearied in his endeavors to bring England again under the ecclesiastical sway of the papal court. The Protestant religious principles of the Dutch, who were established at the mouth of the Hudson, excited strongly his jealousy and antagonism. He co-operated with his unscrupulous brother Charles II. in sending an expedition of four frigates and about three hundred armed men, to wrest the colony at Manhattan from the Dutch. The feeble garrison was quite unable to resist so formidable a force, and promptly capitulated. This was on the 27th of

August, 1664.[1] Col. Richard Nichols, who with Sir Robert Carr had command of the expedition, took the control of affairs as deputy governor, declaring, at the same time, that he was authorized to exercise the same command over the territory of his royal highness at Sagadahoc.[2]

A commission of four men was appointed to investigate the state of affairs in the New England Colonies. Col. Nichols was at the head of the commission. He was a frank, genial, courteous man; and, though of course an advocate for royalty and episcopacy, his integrity and candor rendered him generally popular.

Sir Robert Carr, the next on the list, was a man of violent temper, who hated both republicanism and any dissent from the principles of the Church of England. His haughty and domineering spirit quite unfitted him for the delicate task in which he was employed. It is said that he prepared a report filled with the most bitter accusations against the colonists. Fortunately he died soon after his return, and his philippics perished with him.

George Cartwright, another of the commissioners, was endowed with strong mental powers; but he was unamiable, morose, and suspicious in his disposition. He was a bitter foe of the republican colonists, and drew up a very unfriendly report to be presented to the king. Here again God seemed to interpose in behalf of the feeble settlements. He was captured by a Dutch ship, on his way home, and lost his report beyond recovery.

[1] We read with some surprise the following statement from Hubbard: "Divine Providence seemed to favor the design, in that so considerable a place of strength, and so easily tenable, was so speedily reduced without the loss of one man's life; and, without doubt, the right and title of the English to the place was beyond all exception, which possibly made the former possessors unwilling to dispute it with their swords' point." — *General History of New England, by Rev. William Hubbard*, p. 578.

[2] "The county (of Cornwall) embraced all the settlements between the Kennebec and Penobscot Rivers, over which the governor of New York exercised almost despotic jurisdiction. Quite a large commerce was carried on with Europe, and the other English colonies on the coast, of which masts, lumber, furs, and fish constituted the principal exports, and for which wines, liquors, coin, and various kinds of merchandise, were received in exchange." — *History of Laws, &c., of Maine, by William Willis*, p. 33.

Samuel Maverick was the fourth of the commissioners. He is represented as a stubborn royalist, implacable in his hostility to the political and religious principles of the Pilgrims. He had for some time resided in Massachusetts, and was grievously offended because the high merit, which he supposed himself to possess, was not recognized by the people in conferring upon him offices of dignity and influence. He was apparently watching for an opportunity to strike the colonists a deadly blow.[1]

When the appointment of these commissioners was made known, it created great anxiety. Early in May, 1665, they entered upon their task at Boston.[2] As was to have been expected, there speedily arose a downright altercation between that body of royalists and the republican General Court. The commissioners demanded an answer to the question, "Do you acknowledge the royal commission to be of full force for all the purposes contained in it?"

The court evaded a categorical answer, saying, "The civil power is conferred upon this colony through his Majesty's charter. We prefer to abide by that."

The dispute ran high, and even violence was menaced. The commissioners, unsustained by any popular support, dissolved their session. Col. Nichols returned to his gubernatorial chair in New York, and the others departed to investigate affairs in New Hampshire and Maine. They, however, threw a parting shot upon the government of Massachusetts, threatening them with the doom due to rebels and traitors.

The events which we are now recording took place, it will be perceived, before the death of Charles II. and the accession of James. When Charles had become firmly seated upon his throne, he issued a decree, denouncing the act of the General Court of Massachusetts in extending its jurisdiction over the Province of Maine, and demanding its restoration to the heirs of

[1] The commission is given entire in the Appendix to Hutchinson's History of Massachusetts. See also, for the character of the commissioners, Williamson's History of Maine, vol. i. p. 409.

[2] This commission was procured by the earnest solicitation of the proprietors of Maine and New Hampshire, supported by the exertions of all the enemies of Massachusetts, and was aimed at the power and influence of that colony.—*History of Portland, by William Willis*, p. 151.

Ferdinando Gorges. The General Court replied, defending its course in receiving the provincials of Maine under the government of Massachusetts. They also boldly declared that they would not surrender the jurisdiction of Maine until the king's will were more distinctly known.

The three commissioners who repaired to Maine commenced operations in the settlements at the mouth of the Piscataqua River. There were quite a number of royalists here, who were desirous of being taken again under the government of the king.[1]

In a letter from Charles II. to the inhabitants of the Province of Maine, dated June 11, 1664, he wrote, —

"Sir Ferdinando Gorges, the grandfather of the present proprietor, and a generous promoter of foreign plantations, obtained a royal charter of Maine, and expended in settling it more than twenty thousand pounds; and yet was wholly prevented from reaping the fruits of his expenditures and labors by the unhappy civil wars, wherein he, though advanced in age, bravely engaged in his master's service.

"In the mean time his opponents, intoxicated with success, as we understand, and deaf to the voice of justice, have given countenance to measures by which the provincials have been brought within the jurisdiction of Massachusetts Bay, and the proprietary deprived of all the issues and profits of his property."

In conclusion, this royal mandate of the 11th of June, 1664, said, —

"Since the restoration, he, by his commissioners, has endeavored to repossess himself of his province, and, two years since, proclaimed his Majesty king, established courts, and gave to many the oaths of allegiance. But the government of Massachusetts prohibited all further proceedings of those commissioners till they had orders from the supreme authority of the kingdom.

"We have therefore taken the whole matter into our princely consideration, and have thought fit to signify our pleasure in behalf of Ferdinando Gorges the present proprietor, and do require you to make restitution of the Province to him or his commissioners, and deliver him or them peaceable possession thereof; or otherwise, without delay, show us reasons to the contrary."[2]

[1] "Now, it must be minded that, as to the Province of Maine, there were two sorts that pretended a right to the government thereof; one that derived their power from Sir Ferdinando Gorges' title, the other derived theirs from the General Court of Massachusetts." — *Hubbard's History of New England*, p. 584.

[2] Hutchinson's Collections of State Papers, p. 386.

The commissioners visited Kittery in June, 1665. The people were assembled, and were informed that if they persisted in adhering to the government of Massachusetts they would be punished with the utmost severity, as rebels and traitors. We have not space to enter into the details of the measures which were adopted. They were arbitrary and tumultuous. It was a reign of terror. Oaths were administered, and many were induced to petition the king for a new colony charter. But still the measures of the commissioners were exceedingly unpopular. The people generally were well satisfied with the virtual republic which they enjoyed. The commissioners seemed disposed to gather all power into their own hands.

George Cleaves of Casco, whose name is sometimes spelled Cleve and sometimes Cleeves, was one of the most distinguished men of these days. He was an ardent royalist, and was warmly attached to the Church of England. But he was very ambitious and self-reliant. The despotic course pursued by the royal commissioners was offensive to him. He enjoyed a higher degree of liberty under the institutions of Massachusetts, than under the iron rule which the commissioners would introduce. He therefore, with twenty-one of his neighbors, drew up a petition to the king. This petition is one of the most important documents of the times, as it throws so much light upon the political aspect of affairs. The petition, slightly abbreviated, was as follows: —

"The humble petition of the inhabitants of Casco, in the State of Maine, represents, agreeably to your Majesty's command, our several reasons why we could not submit to Mr. Gorges.

"But first, to our most gracious father, we, your humble subjects, inhabiting a wilderness in the northern parts of your dominions, would return our most dutiful and hearty thanks for your princely care of us and of our children. Required by your Majesty to render submission to Mr. Gorges, or assign our reasons for declining it, we are frank to say we have no disposition to oppose his government, whenever our obedience is expressly commanded by your Majesty.

"In our union, however, with Massachusetts, we all pledged our allegiance to her government, till our royal sovereign should otherwise determine and direct. Yet we have found by happy experience, as your Majesty very justly intimates, that her maxims of policy, prudence, and moderation, and her principles of amity and justice, so much the causes of her own eminence,

have, since our short connection with her, been the means of our contentment and prosperity, far beyond what we have enjoyed during any former period of the same length.

"The commissioners, nevertheless, forbid our submission to her government and likewise to Mr. Gorges. And in return she (the Massachusetts government) withholds our allegiance from them. So unhappily situated, we humbly entreat your Majesty not to believe us disloyal because our names are not found on the petition for a change of government or rulers, as we have no just complaint either against Mr. Gorges or Massachusetts, being taught by the best authority, that 'obedience is better than sacrifice,' and contentment is our duty wherever the allotment of God in his providence, and your Majesty's commands, shall cast us.

"Threatened as we are for not signing the petition, and submitting to the commissioners, we beseech your Majesty to take these reasons and our case under your fatherly eye, and give us directions; for it is the design of our hearts to act correctly and uprightly, and we would rather submit to whatever government may be appointed over us, than to contend or direct what it should be."[1]

The commissioners spent about two months, mostly at York, Scarborough, and Falmouth, making energetic efforts to revolutionize the government. They then followed along the coast to the Duke of York's territory at Sagadahoc, or, as it was then frequently called, New Castle. About this time several Dutch families moved from New York, and settled upon the banks of the Sheepscot and the Damariscotta.[2]

The commissioners opened their court on the 5th of September, 1665, at the house of John Mason, on the east bank of the Sheepscot River. They organized the territory into a county, which they called Cornwall. The inhabitants were summoned to appear and take the oath of allegiance to the new government. But twenty-nine presented themselves. The county of Cornwall was limited on the west, by the Sagadahoc. It, however, included twenty or thirty families upon the island.

It seems to have been the decision of all subsequent jurists, that the commissioners proved themselves utterly incapable of

[1] Hutchinson's Historical Collections, p. 397.

[2] "The government under the duke had never much energy or force in it, and would very soon have been subverted by the Massachusetts, if the measures pursued in England in order to take away the colony charter, and the hostility of the natives in this country, had not prevented it." — *History of the District of Maine, by James Sullivan*, p. 29.

discharging the duties which had devolved upon them. No provision was made for the enactment of laws, for the imposition of taxes, for education or religious instruction, or for the public defence.

It is supposed that there were about three hundred families within the county, and some of the settlements were forty years old. The commissioners spoke of the settlers in very contemptuous terms, underrating their numbers, and describing them as mere fishermen and fugitives from justice, who were entirely unaccustomed to the restraints of government.[1]

In justice to the commissioners, it should be stated that they entered into a very judicious treaty with the chiefs of the neighboring tribes. The Indians had been atrociously wronged by vagabond and unprincipled white men. It could not be concealed that these wrongs were goading them into a hostile attitude.

It was agreed between the commissioners and some of the Indian chiefs, that, if any wrong were inflicted upon an Indian by one of the English, the Indian, instead of taking private revenge, should appeal to the courts for redress. If, on the other hand, an Englishman were injured or defrauded by an Indian, he should make his appeal to the Indian chiefs.

Contemptuously as the commissioners spoke of the settlers in the region of the Sagadahoc, they gave a very glowing account of the attractiveness of the country.[2]

"The islands, harbors, and outlets upon the coast," they wrote, "are richly stored with great fish, oysters, and lobsters. The interior abounds with ducks, geese, deer, and other game, and also with strawberries, raspberries, gooseberries, barberries, and several sorts of bilberries, in their sea-

[1] This report may be found in full in Thomas Hutchinson's Collection of State Papers, p. 424.

[2] "In its native wildness the peninsula of Sagadahoc must have been a spot of singular beauty. An open forest of mighty towering pines below, and hilltops of overgrown beech and oak above, and on either side fringed with a clear, broad, and grassy margin, terminating in a sand beach, sweeping from point to point on its landward and sheltered northern point, must have commended the place as a favorite camping-ground to the savages, as well as a site to the earliest English colonists as a home. The indications are decisive that this peninsula was ever a place of distinguished attraction to the natives." — *Address of Rufus K. Sewall, Esq., at the Popham Celebration*, p. 137.

son. We found also many kinds of oaks and pines, and the chestnut and walnut trees, sometimes for four or five miles together." [1]

Soon public attention was absorbed on both sides of the Atlantic, by the war which broke out between France and England. Very extensive preparations were made by the British cabinet, for the conquest of Canada.[2] Massachusetts was not reluctant to engage in this enterprise. The militia of Massachusetts, at this time, amounted to four thousand foot and four hundred horse. The enlistments for the conquest of Canada were not made until October. It was then deemed too late in the season to attempt a northern campaign. The war was short, and mostly waged in other regions. But, in its results, it was very unsatisfactory to New England. The treaty of Breda was concluded on the 31st of July, 1667, with both France and Holland. England received the Dutch colony on the Hudson, but resigned Nova Scotia to the French.

The English Protestants brought with them to this New World a very strong antipathy to that bigoted Catholicism which had been the bane of the Old World. They did not love their French neighbors, and they were greatly annoyed at the recession of the Acadian provinces to France. The troubled times very speedily obliterated all the traces which the king's commissioners had left behind them.

England was far away. The attention of her contemptible king, Charles II., to the remote colonies, was spasmodic and transient. It was to Massachusetts alone, that the widely scattered inhabitants of Maine could look for sympathy in time of peace, or for aid in war.

There were no bonds of union between the Catholic French of Nova Scotia, and the Puritans of New England. They differed in language, religion, and in all the habits of social life. Those very traits of character, which admirably adapted the French to win the confidence of the Indians, excited the repugnance of the English. The pageantry of their religious worship, which the strong-minded Puritans regarded as senseless

[1] Hutchinson's Collections of State Papers.
[2] American Annals, by Abiel Holmes, vol. i. p. 489.

mummery, was well adapted to catch the attention of the child ish savages. The Frenchman would build him a wigwam, marry an Indian wife, perhaps two or three; adopt the dress of the tribe, and, in all the habits of his life, step at least half way down to meet the savage. Thus the French and the Indians lived far more harmoniously together than did the Indians and the English.

In illustration of these views we may mention the case of Jean Vincent, Baron of St. Castin or Casteins, as some spell the name. He was a gentleman of wealth and rank, born in Béarn, at the foot of the Pyrenees. Naturally fond of adventure, he had entered the army, and had served with distinction against the Turks.[1] When about twenty-one years of age he came to this country, and joined a tribe of Indians called the Abenakis.[2] He lived with them twenty years, adopting their dress, and apparently conforming in all respects to their savage habits. But his superior intelligence, his tact, and his adaptation of himself to all their prejudices, so won their regard, that they considered him as more than human, or, to use the language of his biographer, "*comme leur Dieu tutelaire.*"

He acquired their language perfectly, and married the daughter of Madokawando, one of the most distinguished chiefs. Some say that, according to the Indian custom, he took several wives. He seemed perfectly contented with his lot, declaring that he greatly preferred the forests of Acadia to the valley of Pyrenees, where he was born. His French biographer writes, —

"For the first years of his abode with them, he lived in such a manner as to secure their esteem to a higher degree than words can describe. They made him their grand chief, which constituted him sovereign of the nation. By degrees he accumulated a fortune, which any other person would have appropriated to his own benefit, by retiring with two or three hundred thousand dollars in solid gold coin.

"Nevertheless Casteins made no other use of this wealth than to buy merchandise, which he presented as gifts to his brother savages, who, returning from their hunting expeditions, presented him with beaver skins of triple

[1] Martin's History of France, vol. i. p. 263.

[2] We give the name as spelled by the French. It was often spelled by the English, Abenaquis. It is said that they belonged to broken tribes who had withdrawn from Saco, the Androscoggin, and the Kennebec to Canada.

their value. The governor-generals of Canada courted his favor, and the rulers of New England feared him. He had many daughters. They were all advantageously married to Frenchmen, and each one received ample dowries.

"He never changed his wife. By this he wished to teach the savages that God does not love inconstant people.[1] It is said that he endeavored to convert these poor natives, but that his words were without effect. It was, then, of no avail that the Jesuits preached to them the Christian religion. But these fathers were not discouraged, for they considered the baptism of a single dying child worth many times more than the pain and the suffering of dwelling with this people."[2]

The Indians, who were under the influence of the French, readily imbibed their dislike for the English. There was, consequently, a growing animosity between the eastern and the western tribes. There were no very definite boundary limits to most of the territories portioned out in those days. In the cession of "all Acadia" to France, mention was made of St. Johns, Port Royal, La Heve, Cape Sable, and Pentagoet, as the French then called Penobscot.[3] The French took possession of the whole country, from Cape Breton to Penobscot, and erected stockaded forts at the most important points.

The political affairs of Maine fell into lamentable confusion. By the action of the commissioners, the Province was sundered

[1] This certainly seems to indicate that Casteins had but one wife; but Drake writes, "We do not apprehend that this amounts to a *denial* that he had but one wife. His not changing his wife might be true in the plural, if he had several, as some authors state." — *Drake's History of the Indians*, book iii. p. 104.

[2] *Memoirs de l'Amérique par Lahontan*, l. ii. p. 29.

"The site of the town of Castine is one of as much natural beauty as exists anywhere in New England. With its beauty is connected a harbor of great capacity, and entire security for ships of any supposable size. This town was the first in the State that received permanent settlers, on the eastern shore of Penobscot Bay.

"It had been occupied in the seventeenth century by Baron *Castine*, a French gentleman, through thirty or forty years, as a temporary place of traffic with Indians, by exchanging some cloths and trinkets of small value, for beaver and other furs. By means of this business he became very rich, and left the fort, which had been erected by him at large expense, and which had protected him against hostile attacks of Indians when drunk, as well as against plunderers of his goods and moneys at other times." — *History of the Law, the Courts, and the Lawyers of Maine, by William Willis*, p. 189.

It will be perceived, that, while there is a slight discrepancy in the statement of the details of this man's career, there is none as to the prominent facts.

[3] British Empire in America, vol. i. p. 22.

from its connection with Massachusetts. And then, without any sufficient government being organized, it was virtually abandoned. Gorges became interested in other matters, and the people generally doubted the validity of the justices appointed by the commissioners. For three years no representative from Maine appeared in the General Court of Massachusetts. The General Court did not hesitate to denounce the action of the commissioners in the following severe terms: —

"While the inhabitants were choosing to be under our charter, they were deprived of their invaluable privileges, and thrown into the depths of disorder by commissioners who were rather the destroyers than promoters of his Majesty's interests and the people's good; men who have cast malignant aspersions on our government, and have been the authors of transactions for which they had, in fact, no lawful authority."

Under these circumstances the General Court issued a proclamation, declaring, that, as the people of Maine were in peril of being reduced to a confused state of anarchy, the court counted it its duty to God to extend its jurisdiction over the county of York as formerly. The transfer was easily made. The last court held under the authority of the king's commissioners sat in Saco on the 29th of May, 1668.[1]

Col. Richard Nichols, governor at New York, was greatly disturbed by these proceedings. It will be remembered that he had been appointed deputy governor at New York and Sagadahoc, under His Royal Highness the Duke of York. He wrote an angry letter to the governor of Massachusetts. The following extracts will show its spirit: —

"I am not a little surprised to find that you are preparing to usurp again the government of Maine. You possess power enough, it is true, to compel a submission of your weaker neighbors. And you may feel in duty bound to re-establish your courts of law, in answer to the petition of a few unquiet spirits, and under a plausible pretence of restoring order and peace. But I ought not to be silent in view of measures so directly contrary to the injunctions of his Majesty's letter.

"Do you presume so much upon his forbearance and clemency as to sup-

[1] Williamson's History of Maine, vol. i. 432.
"Saco may have contained a hundred and fifty inhabitants when the first court ever duly organized on the soil of Maine was held within its limits." — *Bancroft*, vol. i. p. 337.

pose that he will never stretch forth an arm of power to defend his subjects from usurpation? Unable myself to visit you before I leave these parts, I must express to you my fearful apprehensions, that if you compel an alteration of government in the Province of Maine, by subverting the present establishments, you may, and probably will, be the cause of bitter quarrels and even bloodshed. For it is a dictate of reason, it is nature's law, for men to defend their rights against all officious invaders.[1]

This letter produced no change in the measures adopted by the Government.[2] Four commissioners were sent to restore the County of Yorkshire to the jurisdiction of Massachusetts.[3] A military escort accompanied them to York, which place they reached on the 6th of July, 1668. Here some officers, who had been appointed by the king's commissioners, met them with a remonstrance. They stated that there were not more than four or five men in a town, of any character, who were in favor of a return to Massachusetts, and that they were resolved to maintain the authority with which they had been invested.

The Massachusetts commissioners, who, according to some accounts, "entered the Province in a hostile manner, with horse and foot," replied, —

"All your papers and powers our General Court have too thoroughly considered to require any re-perusal by us. Those under whom you aspire to act, never lawfully possessed the authority which they assumed to exercise. His Majesty directed Massachusetts either to resign the Province to Mr. Gorges, or to assign to him our objections. It is well known we have chosen the latter alternative.

"The cause is still under his royal consideration. And when have we been required by our common sovereign, to surrender the administration of justice to *your* commissioners? By the returns we shall soon ascertain what is the public sentiment; and, according to our ability, we shall discharge the trust committed to us. If we are opposed, we shall advise upon measures which will not be inefficient."

The commissioners repaired to the meeting-house, where they read their commission to the assembled people, and explained

[1] Hutchinson's History of Massachusetts, vol. i. p. 212; Chalmers' Political Annals, p. 386.

[2] See the letter in full in Thomas Hutchinson's Collection of State Papers, p. 484.

[3] The commissioners appointed were Major John Leverett and Mr. Edward Ting, with Mr. Richard Waldron and Major Robert Pike as assistants. — *Hubbard's New England*, p. 593.

the purposes of their visit. There was some slight opposition manifested by the justices appointed by the royal commissioners.[1] The returns were brought in from five towns. It was said that two towns had been prevented from voting by the justices. The antagonism between the two parties caused great excitement, and several persons were arrested by the Massachusetts officers; and at length quite angry feelings were elicited, and the justices, who had become noisy in their opposition, were driven out of the house by an armed force.[2]

In the afternoon they re-appeared, and again entered into conference with the commissioners. They requested permission to read a letter from the king, dated April 10, 1666, in which the king gave directions to his commissioners as to what they were to do until further commands were received from him. The commissioners replied, —

"We are commissioned to hold a court, and settle the peace and order of the Province. What we have begun, God willing, we shall finish. We are fully aware of the irregularities occasioned throughout these eastern towns and plantations, in 1665, by the king's commissioners, who were so bold as to charge Massachusetts with treachery and rebellion, and to threaten her, before the year's end, with the dreadful retributions of our sovereign's severity. But through the divine assistance, and his Majesty's power, she yet possesses authority, by royal charter, to assert her rights of government; and we fear not to compare her acts of justice and clemency with the words of those who can make words only their boast."

The government was then organized, and the commissioners returned to Massachusetts with their report. They received a vote of thanks, and ample remuneration for their services.[3] In May, 1669, three deputies from Maine took their seats in the General Court of Massachusetts, and the restoration of the Province seemed to be permanently settled. Gorges made but slight if any efforts to recover his inheritance. Williamson says that the eastern planters, being generally republican and Puritan in their principles, were well satisfied with the change.[4]

[1] See the details in Hubbard's History of New England, p. 597.
[2] Hutchinson's Collection of State Papers, p. 526.
[3] The Report will be found in Hubbard's New England, p. 596.
[4] Williamson, vol. i. p. 440.

But in this world there is no end to troubles. Scarcely was this question settled, when a new and portentous difficulty arose. The French, being in full possession of Nova Scotia, and the territory now of Maine as far as the Penobscot, laid claim to the region as far west as the Kennebec River. It was suspected that the Duke of York, who was an intense Catholic, and who detested the political and religious principles of the Puritans, favored these claims.[1]

It was seriously apprehended in Massachusetts, that the crown might sell the entire eastern patent to the French. A new survey was ordered. The most popular measures were adopted to win the cordial support of the inhabitants of the Province. The surveyors reported that a line running due east from the most northern source of the Merrimac, to which, by the patent, three miles still farther north was to be added, would cross the Kennebec or Sagadahoc near where Bath now is, and that it would strike White Island in Penobscot Bay.

But again war was declared between England and Holland. The two angry nations were clutching each other by the throat. The Dutch, in July, 1673, recovered the fort at New York. With renewed activity, and with boldness ever characteristic of Massachusetts, the government re-organized the militia, and endeavored, in all ways, to consolidate the inhabitants of the Province, that they might not be sold to Papal France.

In 1674 a new treaty of peace was signed between England and Holland, and New York was restored to the British crown. Again prosperity seemed to dawn upon the inhabitants of Maine, scattered along the seacoast from Piscataqua to the Penobscot. The French occupied the eastern side of the Penobscot Bay. The English, in large numbers, had reared their dwellings, and were improving their lands, upon the western banks of the bay, and westerly to the River Sagadahoc.

Capt. John Jocelyn, in the year 1670, visited the Province of Maine. The next year he published a record of his voyage. It contains by far the most minute account of the condition of the Province at that time, which has descended to us. From this narrative we make the following interesting extracts:[2]—

[1] Williamson, vol. i. p. 441. [2] See Jocelyn's Voyages, pp. 200–212.

"Towns there are not many in this Province. Kittery, not far from Pascataway, is the most populous; next to that, eastward, is Gorgeana (York).[1] Farther to the eastward is the town of Wells. Cape Porpus is eastward of that, where there is a town of the same name, the houses scatteringly built.[2] All these towns have store of salt and fresh marsh, with arable land, and all well stocked with cattle.

"About eight or nine miles to the eastward of Cape Porpus is Winter Harbor, a noted place for fishers.[3] Here they have many stages. Saco adjoins to this, and both make one scattering town of large extent, well stored with cattle, arable land and marshes, and a saw-mill. Six miles to the eastward of Saco, and forty miles from Gorgeana, is seated the town of Black Point (Scarborough).[4] It consists of about fifty dwelling-houses, and a magazine, scatteringly built. They have store of neat (cattle) and horses; of sheep near upon seven or eight hundred; much arable and marsh salt and fresh, and a corn-mill. To the southward of the point, upon which are stages for fishermen, lie two small islands. Beyond the point, northeastward, runs the River Spurwink.

"Four miles from Black Point, and one mile from Spurwink River, eastward, lieth Richmond Island. It is three miles in circumference, and hath a passable and gravelly ford on the north side, between the main and the sea at low water. Here are found excellent whetstones, and here, likewise, are stages for fishermen.

"Nine miles eastward of Black Point lieth scatteringly the town of Casco,[5] upon a large bay. It is stored with cattle, sheep, swine, abundance of marsh and arable land, a corn-mill or two, with stages for fishermen. Far-

[1] "Actuated by these generous designs, he (Gorges) determined now to erect the borough into a city, and accordingly executed another and more perfect charter, March 1, 1642, by which he incorporated a territory of twenty-one square miles, and the inhabitants upon it, into a body politic, which he, evidently in compliment to his own name, called Gorgeana. The whole lay in the form of a parallelogram, on the northern side of the River Agamenticus, extending up seven miles from its mouth, and one league upon the seashore." — *Williamson's History of Maine*, vol. i. p. 288.

[2] Cape Porpoise, or *Porpus* as Jocelyn spells it, was but two and a half miles from Wells. — *Williamson*, vol. i. p. 26.

[3] The celebrated place called Winter Harbor, so called after an ancient inhabitant there by the name of Winter, is at the head of the tide, six miles below Saco Bridge. See Williamson, vol. i. p. 21.

[4] "After passing the plantations of Kittery, York, Wells, and Saco, we come to Scarborough, which has never changed its name since its first incorporation. It extends towards the east, six miles in width on the coast, to the mouth of Spurwink River, which seems to cut off, as it bounds, the eastwardly corner of the town. This part is called Black Point." — *Williamson*, vol. i. p. 29.

[5] What is now called Portland was first called Cleeves' Neck, then Munjoy Neck, and sometimes Casco, or Old Casco, from its position on Casco Bay. The first settlement was made by George Cleeves and Richard Tucker, who settled near the mouth of Spurwink River, in the year 1630. — *History of New England, by Coolidge and Mansfield*, vol. i. p. 267.

ther eastward is the town of Kennebec, seated upon the river. Farther yet eastward is Sagadahoc, where there are many houses scattering, and all along stages for fishermen. These, too, are stored with cattle and corn land.

"From Sagadahoc to Nova Scotia, is called the Duke of York's Province. Here are Pemaquid, Montinecus, Mohegan, Capeanawhagen, where Capt. Smith fished for whales; all are filled with dwelling-houses and stages for fishermen, and have plenty of cattle, and arable land, and marshes.

"The people of the Province of Maine may be divided into magistrates, husbandmen or planters, and fishermen. Of the magistrates, some be royalists, the rest perverse spirits. The like are the planters and fishers. They have a custom of taking tobacco, sleeping at noon, sitting long at meals, sometimes four times a day, and now and then drinking a dram. The fishermen take yearly upon the coast many hundred quintals of cod, hake, haddock, and pollock."[1]

Capt. Jocelyn speaks of the inhabitants as indolent, and many of them as very intemperate. Having earned a little money, they eagerly spent it for strong drink, and could not be again induced to work as hired laborers until their money was expended.

It is estimated that the whole white population scattered along the coast of Maine, between Piscataqua and the Penobscot, amounted to between five and six thousand souls.[2] Chalmers, in his Political Annals, states that the population of all New England comprised about a hundred and twenty thousand souls. Hutchinson places the number as high as a hundred and fifty thousand. There were, in the year 1675, a hundred and fifty-six families east of the Sagadahoc, and about a hundred fishing vessels.[3]

In the year 1675, the deplorable war commenced between the Indians under King Philip and the Plymouth Colony, — a war fraught with woes beyond all computation. Through the im-

[1] Mr. Williamson spells the name Joscelyn, and says that his account ends in 1673. Mr. William Willis, one of the most accurate of men, spells the name in his History of Portland as we have given it in the text. He says that the period to which Jocelyn's narrative relates is 1670, and that Jocelyn returned to England in 1671. — *History of Portland by William Willis*, p. 882.

[2] Williamson, vol. i. p. 447. He estimates that the whole Province, including the Duke of York's domain, could furnish about a thousand soldiers.

[3] Statement to the Massachusetts Assistants in 1675, by Sylvanus Davis. Mr. Willis estimates that there were then four hundred families in Falmouth.

prudence of well-meaning men, and the wickedness of the reckless and the vile, the Indians of Maine were soon induced to unite with those of Massachusetts in the attempt to exterminate the white man. Before entering upon the details of the dreadful war which ensued, we will give a brief description of the Indians of Maine.

The generic name, given to the several tribes between the Penobscot River and the vicinity of the Piscataqua was Abenagues.[1] The Indians, dwelling in the valley of the Penobscot, are called by most of the ancient historians, Tarratines. Though the Abenagues and the Tarratines had lived on friendly terms until about the year 1615, a deadly war then broke out between them. Each tribe of the Abenagues had its chiefs, though there was one sovereign chief, called the Bashaba, who seemed to wield a sort of imperial authority over the confederate tribes.[2]

His principal abode was near Pemaquid; his extended domains were called Moasham,[3] and he could lead to the field several thousand warriors. There were four tribes of the Abenagues: —

1. The Sokokis, dwelling in the valley of the Saco River.

2. The Anasaguntticooks,[4] a powerful tribe, who claimed the territory and waters of the Androscoggin, from Merrymeeting Bay upwards, and on the west side of the Sagadahoc to the sea. Their headquarters were at Brunswick Falls, called then Pejepscot. This spot became the central rendezvous, where the eastern and western tribes held their councils, and conspired for the extermination of the English. They had a large fort near the falls. By fishing, hunting, and the culture of their fields, they obtained an ample supply of food. But the early injuries they had received from the whites had so exasperated them,

[1] There is much diversity with regard to the spelling of these Indian names by the annalists of those days. The Abenagues are called Abenakis, Wabenakies, and Wapanachkis. There is the same diversity in the spelling of the names of nearly all the tribes.

[2] See Smith, Purchas, Winthrop, Prince, and Hubbard.

[3] Gorges' Description of New England, pp. 17, 54. Belknap calls his domains Mavooshen, Biog. 149. Purchas writes it Maivooshen, p. 939.

[4] Hutchinson gives this tribe the name of *Aresaguntticooks;* Douglass, *Arousaguntticooks;* Hubbard, *Amerascoggan;* Smith, *Amarascoyen.*

that they were never cordially friendly, and at the first sound of war they eagerly grasped both gun and tomahawk.

3. The Canibas. This tribe was found quite numerous upon the Kennebec when the river was first discovered. It seems to have been a conglomerate tribe, consisting of several branches or families. The chief sachem, Kennebis, occupied a delightful situation on Swan Island. The territory claimed by this tribe extended from the sources of the Kennebec River to Merry-meeting Bay, and included the islands on the eastern side of the Sagadahoc River to the sea.[1]

One of the favorite locations of this tribe was at Norridgewock, opposite the mouth of the Sandy River. Here the first French missionary, Gabriel Dreuillettes, was stationed. It seems difficult to imagine any motive sufficiently powerful to induce a gentleman of refinement and culture to spend his days in the wigwams of the savages, endeavoring to teach them the religion of Jesus, but a sincere desire to serve God.

4. The Wawenocks[2] possessed the region east of the Sagadahoc, as far as St. Georges River. Their territory was small in its limits, and the tribe not large. The headquarters of the tribe were on the westerly side of the River Sheepscot, near the falls. Hubbard, in his History of the Indian Wars, speaks of them as the Sheepscot Indians.[3] The personal appearance and habits of these Indians are thus described by Capt. Smith: —

"The name of Wawenock signifies *fearing nothing*. They were of comely proportion, and quite athletic. They would row their canoes faster with five paddles than my own men could their boats with eight oars. They had no beards, and thought ours counterfeits. Their women, though of lower stature, were fleshy and well favored; all habited in skins like the men."[4]

There was another powerful tribe, called the Etechemins, occupying the region between the Penobscot and the St. Johns,

[1] Williamson, vol. i. p. 466. Drake writes, "Kennebis was a sachem from whom it has been supposed that the Kennebec River derives its name. But whether there were a line of sagamores of this name from whom the river was so called, or whether sachems were so called from their living at a certain place upon it, is uncertain." — *Book of the Indians*, b. iii. p. 98.

[2] This name is also written by different annalists, Waweenecks, Weweenocks, and Wewenocks.

[3] Hubbard, p. 301.

[4] Journal of Thomas Smith, p. 19.

including the valleys of both those rivers. There is some diversity of statement in reference to the definite boundaries of this tribe. Williamson represents them as composed of three tribes, — the Tarratines, the Openangos, and the Marechites. They could bring six thousand warriors into the field. The Abenagues he estimates could bring five thousand. This would furnish them with an army of eleven thousand men.[1] Probably all were accustomed to the musket, and were good marksmen. They could obtain ample supplies of ammunition from the French. This was a terrific power to be brought against the settlers scattered through the forests of Maine.

The above estimate of the number of Indian warriors is given for the year 1615, when it is supposed that the whole Indian population of Maine amounted to about thirty-seven thousand.

[1] Williamson, vol. i. p. 483.

CHAPTER X.

THE FIRST INDIAN WAR.

The Indians — Their Manners and Customs — Fondness for Intoxicating Drinks — Scenes in the Wigwam — The Catholic Missionaries — Adventures of Rasle — Indian Intelligence — Population — Philip's War — Commencement of Hostilities — Awful Scenes of Blood and Woe — The Truce — Efforts of Mr. Shurte — The War Renewed — The Ambuscades — Folly of the English — Desperation of the Indians.

IT is important to perpetuate a correct idea of the numbers, condition, and character of the native inhabitants of Maine. They have nearly all passed away. The few remnants which remain have lost all resemblance, in character and habits of life, to their ancestors of two centuries ago.

The Indians of Maine were of ordinary stature, very erect, and of great muscular strength. Their hair was long, very black, and coarse. Their complexion was peculiar, with a reddish tinge, which, at a glance, enabled one to distinguish them from the negro, the mulatto, or the most dark-skinned European. Though, in the South, a corpulent Indian was sometimes found, it is said that none such were seen in Maine, neither was a deformed Indian, or one dwarfed or cross-eyed, ever met with.[1]

The men were beardless. But, strange as it may appear, the question is not yet settled whether this were a provision of nature or the effect of art. Smith, in his history, says that they had no beards; others have said that the young men plucked out their beards until the roots were entirely destroyed. Still others say that the Indians anointed their bodies with an unction, as a protection against flies and vermin, which prevented the growth of the beard.

[1] Williamson, vol. i. p. 484.

Trained from infancy to acute perceptions, the Indian could traverse the most dense and intricate forests without the slightest fear of losing his way. Notwithstanding their hardships, many of them lived to extreme old age.

Both men and women were fond of gay colors in their clothing. Their dress consisted of furs in winter, and in summer of skins from which the fur had been removed. Many were very slightly clad in summer, and not unfrequently one was met entirely naked. They were all exceedingly fond of ornaments, and decorated their persons with gorgeously colored plumes, shells, beads, and wings. An Indian chieftain, in full dress, would outshine any of his brother lords in Windsor or Versailles.

Among themselves the Indians were remarkably honest. They had no locks, bolts, or bars. In trade they were fair, and often expressed astonishment at the mean tricks to which the white trader would resort. They were proverbial for their hospitality, being ever ready to share their last morsel of food with the stranger who entered the wigwam. They were grave and taciturn in their ordinary demeanor, and seemed never to forget a kindness or an injury.

With no ambition to acquire property, no stimulus to exertion, with nothing to rouse their energies but the chase and the occasional excitements of war, they were generally indolent. With but little thought of the morrow, they were content with the food and clothing of to-day. The atrocities of Weymouth, Harlow, and Smith, in kidnapping the Indians, the cheating practised by unprincipled traders, and the infamous conduct of getting chieftains drunk, and then obtaining a deed of extensive territories for mere trifles, were sufficient to rouse the indignation of the most patient people. The Indians have had no historians. But, according to the testimony of white men, their wrongs were unendurable, and their savage natures were goaded, by the crimes of individual white men, to the most dreadful acts of retaliation.

Their thirst for ardent spirits seemed to be an irrepressible appetite. They would drink the strongest rum, unmixed, until roused to the most dreadful degree of frenzy. They then

appeared more like demons than men, and were capable of any crime.

The Indians generally lived in small villages. The writer spent many an hour, sixty years ago, in the wigwams of the Penobscot Indians. To his boyish eye, in a cold winter day, the interior often presented an aspect peculiarly attractive. The hut, built of boughs of trees and of bark, was always in the majestic forest. It was sometimes circular, enclosing a space about fifteen feet in diameter. Again, it was oblong in shape, and about thirty feet in length and ten in width.

The floor was always carpeted with the green and fragrant twigs of the hemlock. The walls generally afforded ample protection against both wind and rain. From a bright fire, burning in the centre, the smoke would generally rise through a hole in the roof, leaving the atmosphere within the hut quite pure. The indolent men would be lying around, sleeping or dozing. The women were always busy. They sat easily upon the floor, braiding their baskets, and chatting in low, musical, monotonous tones, with rarely a smile.

As one day I came near sitting down upon an apparent cushion, which proved to be a cradle in which a babe enveloped in furs was sleeping, it excited a general smile from the squaws seated around, but not a sound was heard. I always took with me, as a gift, some tobacco, which insured me a warm welcome. The emotions excited in my young mind during those silent hours, in the wigwam of the friendly Indian, can never be forgotten.

Nothing like what we call furniture was ever seen in the hut. There was neither chair, stool, nor table. They had no regular meals. They ate when hungry. One great and revolting defect of the Indians was their utter want of cleanliness. Apparently they never washed even their faces or hands, or their clothes and cooking utensils. But, to my eye, the interior of their cabins always appeared neat and alluring. Still in a dark, easterly storm, with drenching rain and moaning wind, filling the cabin with suffocating smoke, the interior must have been extremely dismal.

The young girls were graceful in figure, and often possessed

pleasing countenances. Had they been cleanly, many of them would have been deemed quite beautiful. All domestic and farm labor devolved upon the women. They planted and hoed the corn, gathered in the harvest, took care of the fish and game, and cooked the food.

Christianity was first taught the Indians by the Catholic missionaries from France. As early as 1608, Biard and Masse commenced their self-denying labors at Mt. Desert.[1] Gabriel Dreuillettes was the first missionary who settled upon the banks of the Kennebec. In 1646 he built a chapel at Old Point, Norridgewock, and for many years taught the Indians, winning their highest regard. In the French war of 1674, the British laid his station in ashes. Upon the return of peace, the Massachusetts government sent workmen to replace the rude chapel which was destroyed, by another, far better, of hewn timber. Dreuillettes was a highly educated and eloquent man.

Dreuillettes, or Dreuelettes as some spell the name, was succeeded in the mission at Norridgewock by two brothers, Vincent and Jaques Bigot. They were of illustrious lineage, being the sons of Baron Bigot of France. These young men, cradled in ancestral halls, and educated in the universities of Europe, forsook all the attractions of cultured society, luxurious homes, and ambitious aspirations, to spend their whole lives in savage wilds, toiling to lift up the ignorant and the degraded to the knowledge of salvation through faith in Jesus Christ.

They lived in a state of comfort but little above that of the savages around them; with a wigwam of bark for their home, with a bear-skin for a bed, and with only such food as the coarse fare of the Indians could supply.[2]

Sebastian Rasle[3] succeeded the Bigots in the mission to Norridgewock. He was a gentleman by birth, education, and cul-

[1] This was in 1609. It is supposed the place of residence selected by the missionaries was on the western side of the Pool. Here they constructed a habitation, planted a garden, and dwelt five years. With never-failing zeal they entered upon the lifelong work of teaching the natives the principles of Christianity. See Williamson, vol. i. p. 206.

[2] The History of Norridgewock, by William Allen, p. 28.

[3] The name is variously spelled, Rasle, Rasles, Ralle, Rale. We give it as inscribed upon his monument by Bishop Fenwick.

ture. Religious zeal incited him, also, to leave the endearments of a home of opulence and congenial companionship, and to spend thirty-five years in the then unbroken wilderness of Maine. His remarkable character deserves more particular notice.

He sailed from Rochelle, in France, in the summer of 1689, and, after a three-months' voyage, landed at Quebec. Having a well-disciplined mind, and writing Latin with classical purity, he found but little difficulty in acquiring the simple languages of the natives. After spending several months in the diligent study of the Indian tongue, he was first stationed in a village of the Abenagues nation, in Maine. Here he found about two hundred Indians, who, from the labors of previous missionaries, were professing Christianity.

After spending two years in this village, he received an order from his ecclesiastical superiors, to go far away into the depths of the savage wilderness, to a mission among the Indians of Illinois. Without a murmur, in August of 1691, he prepared for this journey of two thousand four hundred miles, through trackless wilds, towards the setting sun. Repairing to Quebec, he there, with a few companions and Indian guides, set out on his long and perilous journey, in the birch canoe.

They ascended the winding and rapid current of the St. Lawrence; carried their canoe and its freight on their shoulders, around the portages by which they passed the rapids. After traversing the whole length of Lake Ontario, and threading the forest around Niagara Falls, they again launched their canoe upon Lake Erie. Weary days and nights of storm and sunshine passed as they paddled along the shores of this inland sea, through the straits, expanding in their centre into Lake Clair, traversed Lakes Huron and Michigan, crossed the portage to the upper waters of the Illinois River, and descended that stream, to their destination amidst the thronged villages of the Indians, situated upon its banks.

Every night they landed, built their camp-fire, cooked their supper, performed their devotions, while the silent forest echoed their vespers; and, commending themselves to God, they enjoyed that sleep which he gives to his beloved. Often, when it

rained, the upturned canoe afforded them their only shelter. Frequently they suffered from hunger, and eagerly devoured the lichens which grew upon the rocks. Here Sebastian Rasle spent two years in teaching the Indians. He was then recalled by his superior, and stationed at Norridgewock on the Kennebec. We shall often have occasion to refer to this extraordinary man in the progress of this narrative.[1]

It can hardly be said that the Indians had any religious opinions. There were vaguely floating through their minds some shadowy and inoperative ideas of a Great Spirit, and of hunting-grounds beyond the grave. They had perhaps a more practical faith in an evil spirit than in God. The machinations of this malignant demon they greatly feared. The Catholic missionaries gave them much more elevated views of religion and of personal responsibility. Their teachings put an end to the horrid orgies of the Indian pow-wows.[2]

Their government was of the simplest form. The authority of the chiefs seems to have been mainly that which superior intelligence and energy give. It was like the power which is exerted over a New England village by a prominent man of education, wealth, and enterprise. When the first settlers reached the coast of Maine, there was one sovereign chief of the Wawenoc tribe. These Indians occupied the valleys of the Sheepscot, the Pemaquid, and the St. George's Rivers.

The Bashaba, as he was called, extended his nominal sway over the western tribes as far as Agamenticus or York.[3] Each

[1] "Father Rasle lived among this people over thirty years. His influence was very extensive, and deserved, not less for his zeal and entire devotion to their service, than for his learning and talents. The French writers place him among the saints, while his English contemporaries give him a place the very opposite." — *History of Portland, by William Willis*, p. 349.

[2] Williamson writes, "So often had his (Rasle's) malignity, pride, and officious interference awakened among the Indians new complaints, that the people of the Province, for good reasons, regarded him 'among the most infamous villains,' and would have given more for his head than for a hundred scalps of the natives." — *History of Maine*, vol. ii. p. 106.

Williamson also writes, "He was a man of talents and learning; and by his condescending manners, religious zeal, and untiring perseverance, he had greatly endeared himself to the tribe. He had resided with them, and been their tutelar father, thirty years, and many of them he had taught to read and write." — *History of Maine*, vol. ii. p. 102.

[3] Mr. Williamson suggests that the Camden Hills were the probable boundary of Bashaba's dominions on the east. — Vol. i. p. 95.

tribe had a head chief called a sagamore, and subordinate chiefs, like the secondary nobility in Europe, called sachems. The chiefs were chosen by the men of the tribe, and the office continued for life. The successful candidate was often inducted into office with great barbaric pomp. Representatives from other tribes generally assisted at the ceremonies.

For fifty years the planters and traders of Maine carried on their intercourse with the Indians without any open outbreak. The Indians were often subjected to great wrongs at the hands of individuals, and bitter complaints were not infrequent. As the English grew more powerful, they became more arrogant and domineering; while the natives, crushed and irritated, were ready to embrace any opportunity for direful revenge. But there were some truly good men among the English adventurers, who treated the Indians with humanity, and won their affection. Thus there were two parties among the Indians, — the friendly and the unfriendly; but the latter, in numbers, far exceeded the former.

Many of the Indians possessed much higher intelligence, and had clearer conceptions of their wrongs, than has generally been supposed. They often argued their cause against the white men with great shrewdness and invincible logic. Their amusements consisted mainly of foot-races, wrestling, pitching quoits, and bat and ball. They had no schools, and had no idea whatever of reading, writing, or arithmetic. Heckewelder says, that, in their first endeavor to pronounce the word "*English*," they uttered the sound "Yengees," which is the origin of the term Yankees.[1]

King Philip's war broke out in June, 1675.[2] There were then, according to the usual estimate, thirteen settlements, more or less scattered, in Maine.[3] The English population of Maine

[1] Writings as to the Indians, by John Heckewelder.

[2] "This war has been ascribed to various causes. It has been represented, with some spleen as well as truth, that the English were the aggressors. The generous treatment and welcome they first received from the natives had been repaid, as accusers say, by kidnapping their benefactors, by disturbing their hunting grounds and fisheries, and by a shameful mismanagement of the fur and peltry trade." — *Williamson*, vol. i. p. 517; *Mather's Magnalia*, vol. ii. p. 493.

[3] These were, 1, Kittery; 2, York; 3, Wells; 4, Cape Porpoise; 5, Saco; 6, Scarborough; 7, Falmouth; 8, Pejepscot; 9, Sagadahoc and Kennebec; 10, Sheepscot;

was about six thousand souls. They were widely dispersed in many small villages and lonely farmhouses, and almost in the worst possible condition for either aggressive or defensive war.

The excitement rapidly spread among the tribes, from Plymouth to Sagadahoc. The hunting gun had become to the Indian almost necessary to his existence. The General Court sent commissioners, with full military powers, to Maine, who were directed to see that neither guns, powder, knives, nor lead, should be sold to any Indian who was not fully known to be friendly. They were also ordered, as far as possible, to disarm the Indians, by taking from them their guns and knives.[1]

A more oppressive measure of hostility could hardly have been inflicted upon the Indians. Just across the line, in Canada and Nova Scotia, the French sold every thing to the Indians just as freely as to one another. They had no more fear of a rising of the natives against them, than they had of an insurrection on the part of their own brethren. Under these circumstances we can easily imagine which party would secure the sympathies of the Indians.

There was quite a renowned Indian chief, by the name of Squando, who resided near Saco. He had been a friend of the white men. One day his wife was ascending the Saco River in a canoe with an infant babe in her arms. There were some brutal British sailors on the banks. They had heard that Indian babes could swim naturally, like puppies or ducks.[2] To try the experiment, they overset the canoe, plunging mother and child into the river. The babe sank like lead. The mother, diving, and groping along the bottom, at length found it, and brought it to the surface. But the child soon died. This outrage roused Squando, and he consecrated his tireless energies in the endeavor to combine the Indians against the English.[3]

11, Damariscotta; 12, Pemaquid; 13, Monhegan. The country between the Penobscot and Passamaquoddy Bay had but few habitations. — *Williamson*, vol. i. p. 615.

[1] Records of Massachusetts Government, vol. iv. p. 29; see also Hubbard's Indian Wars, p. 301.

[2] "They can swim naturally, striking their paws under their throats like a dog, and not spreading their arms as we do." — *Jocelyn's Voyage to New England*, p. 142.

[3] "The whites did not believe that the death of the child was owing to its immersion; still we must allow the Indians to know as well as they." — *Drake's Book of the Indians*, b. iii. p. 90.

Thomas Purchas resided about six miles below the Falls, at Brunswick. He was a sharp trader, and had acquired a large estate, though he had rendered himself very unpopular with the Indians. Early in September, 1675, a party of twenty Indians approached his house, apparently for purposes of trade. Purchas and his son chanced both to be absent.

The Indians robbed the house of guns, ammunition, and such liquors as they could carry away. They killed a calf and several sheep, and enjoyed a luxurious feast. In the midst of the revelry, a son of Mr. Purchas appeared on horseback. Terrified at the spectacle, he fled for life, putting the horse to his utmost speed. An Indian, with a gun hid under his blanket, pursued him for a short distance, but soon gave up the chase. Neither Mrs. Purchas nor any members of the household were subjected to any violence, though the Indians said, in retiring, "Others will soon come, and you will fare worse."[1]

This was the first hostile act here, indicating that war had actually commenced. In Falmouth, on the east bank of the Presumpscot River, there was an old man residing, by the name of Thomas Wakely. His lonely cabin, containing nine inmates, was far removed from any neighbors. Mr. Wakely and wife, his son John and his wife, and three children, were tomahawked. Two were carried away as captives.[2]

Lieut. George Ingersoll resided on Casco Neck, now Portland. From his cabin he saw the flame and the smoke. The next morning, with a small party of well-armed neighbors which he had collected, he proceeded to the spot. Awful was the spectacle which met his eye. The body of old Mr. Wakely was half consumed by the fire. Nothing remained of his wife and son but their charred and blackened bones. The wife of his son, who was near her confinement, had been cut down by the tomahawk, and her body was mangled in the most shocking manner. The bodies of three little children, whose brains had been dashed out, were partially buried in the ruins. Of the two children who were carried into captivity, one was never heard

[1] When complained of for this depredation, they (the Indians) attempted to justify themselves on the ground that Purchas had injured them in their trading. — *History of Portland, by William Willis*, p. 195.

[2] History of Portland, by William Willis, p. 197.

of more. The other, Elizabeth, the youngest daughter of Mr. Wakely, about eleven years of age, was eventually rescued.[1]

The poor orphan child, in the endurance of physical sufferings from cold, hunger, and weariness, which were almost intolerable, and of the most dreadful mental anguish from the horrid scenes which she had witnessed, was retained in captivity nine months. In June of the next year, she was released through the kind interposition of Squando.[2] Not long after this, the son of Lieut. Ingersoll was killed, and his house and those of his neighbors were burned.[3]

The Indians having thus lapped blood, their savage natures were roused. In small, demoniac bands, they scattered over the whole Province of Maine, from the Piscataqua to the Androscoggin. A large number of Indians were ravaging the dwellings at the head of New Meadows River, near Brunswick. A party of twenty-five Englishmen, in a sloop and two boats, attacked them. There was a hotly contested battle. The English were defeated, and driven back to their sloop. Many were severely wounded. The victors uttered yells of triumph which resounded through the forests.

On Saturday morning, Sept. 18, two dwelling-houses at Saco were attacked. One was occupied by Mr. John Bonython. It stood on the east of the river, about a mile below the Lower Falls. A neighboring Indian, who was friendly to Mr. Bonython,[4] came to him privately, and said, —

"Some stranger Indians, from the west, have been at my wigwam. They have endeavored to persuade us all to raise the tomahawk against the white people. They have gone farther east, and will probably soon come back with many warriors."

[1] According to Sullivan, this event took place in July, 1675. But Williamson, following Hubbard's account, assigns it to the 12th of September of that year.

[2] "When the family of old Mr. Wakely was murdered, a young woman was carried away captive. Squando was the means of her being set at liberty. She, having been carried up and down the country some hundreds of miles, as far as Narragansett fort, was, this last June, returned back to Major Waldron's, by one Squando, the sagamore of Saco; a strange mixture of mercy and cruelty." — *Drake's Book of the Indians*, b. iii. p. 100.

[3] Williamson, vol. i. p. 521.

[4] We find frequent reference, in the York Records and other writings of the early annalists, to John Bonighton of Saco, and infer that, in those days, the name was sometimes so spelled. Still the allusion may be to some other person. There was then great want of uniformity in the spelling of proper names.

Thus warned, Mr. Bonython spread the alarm as far as he could, and, with his neighbors, fled for refuge to the house of Major William Phillips, who lived on the west side of the river, and "near the corner where the traveller turns to go to the bridge."[1] He was a military man, and his house was tolerably well fortified.

The next morning Bonython's house was seen to be in flames.

As Major Phillips looked from his chamber window, a lurking Indian, hid behind a fence, shot at him. The ball struck him on the shoulder, inflicting a severe wound. Had he not providentially, at the moment, changed his position, he must have been killed.

The Indian, supposing that he had accomplished his purpose, gave a triumphant yell. It was the signal for a large number of savages to leap from their ambuscade, and commence an attack upon the house. The Indians numbered about a hundred.[2] Within the house, protected by the thick walls, there were ten well-armed and resolute men, who were accustomed to throw the bullet with unerring aim.[3]

For an hour the battle continued. The Indians, as was invariably the case, were very wary as to the exposure of their persons. They hid behind trees, stumps, rocks, and the angles of out-houses, watching their chances to strike the foe. But ere long they became convinced that they could not capture or kill the inmates except by stratagem. They set fire to an important mill, and to a small house in the vicinity, and endeavored by insults and taunts to provoke the garrison to come out from their fortification. Many of the Indians could speak English. As the flames arose they shouted, "Come out, you coward English dogs! Come and put out the fire if you dare!"

At last night came. The moon went down, and it was very dark, and still the murderous savages filled the night air with their howlings. They took a cart, which they loaded with straw, birch-bark, and other combustibles. Planks were arranged to protect them from the musketry of the house. This engine

[1] Williamson, vol. i. p. 522.
[2] History of Saco and Biddeford, by George Folsom, p. 155.
[3] History of Portland, by William Willis, p. 197.

they endeavored to push back against the dwelling, whose walls of logs, baked in the summer and autumnal sun, were in the highest degree inflammable. It was a fearful instrument of attack. Upon the application of the torch, when the cart was pushed against the house, the flames would envelop the building beyond all possibility of extinguishment.

But the savages, as in their eagerness and in the darkness they were running the fire-cart back, struck a gutter, into which one of the wheels sank deeply, and such a sudden turn was given to the vehicle, that, as it whirled round, the whole party pushing it was exposed. The vigilant garrison instantly opened a deadly fire. No bullets were wasted by these keen marksmen. Six fell dead; fifteen more were wounded. This, to the Indians, was a dreadful loss. With yells of rage they retired.[1]

The number within the dwelling, including women and children, was about fifty. None were killed. Two or three only were wounded. Two days after this, on the 20th of September, a band of savages entered Scarborough, burning houses, and killing men, women, and children. Twenty-seven houses were burned. From many of them the families had escaped but to meet a doom more dreadful than death, — poverty, homelessness, friendlessness, and the storms of approaching winter.

It would require a volume, instead of the few pages which can here be devoted to the subject, to describe the individual scenes of violence, misery, and death, which ensued. For the protection of the distressed inhabitants of Saco, sixteen volunteers, under Capt. Wincoln, landed at Winter Harbor. They were attacked by a hundred and fifty Indians. Two or three of the English were soon killed. The rest, taking a stand behind a breastwork of logs, kept up so deadly a fire upon their foes, that the savages were soon glad to retire, taking with them many who were slain, and many more who were wounded.[2]

Hearing the report of the guns, twelve men from Saco hurried forward to the aid of those who had come to their rescue. They were drawn into ambush, and were all shot down. Demoniac bands swept the valley of the Piscataqua, and laid many of the dwellings of Wells in ashes.

[1] Williamson, vol. i. p. 523. [2] Hubbard's Indian Wars, p. 310.

A man by the name of John Tozier had a house and some mills at Salmon Falls. He had left his family, consisting of fifteen women and children, to join the company of Capt. Wincoln. During his absence a band of Indians, led by two of their most renowned warriors, — one called Andrew, from Saco, and the other Hopegood, from the Kennebec, — attacked his house. It was within the limits of what is now Berwick.

A young girl of eighteen, discovering their approach, gave the alarm. While the family were escaping by a back way, to the garrison, this heroic maiden fastened and held the door, till the savages had cut it down with their tomahawks. They rushed in, and madly struck her down, with repeated blows, until they supposed that she was dead. Pursuing the flying family, they caught two of the youngest children, one of whom, being but three years old, they instantly killed; and the other they took with them, and held as a captive six months. The heroic maiden recovered, and lived for many years. It is to be regretted that her name has not been transmitted to us.[1]

A larger party joined these Indians the next day. They burned Capt. Wincoln's house, and his barns, containing more than a hundred bushels of corn. A company of the English set out to pursue them; but nothing was accomplished. There was the interchange of a few unavailing shots, but the fleet-footed Indians escaped.

Every day the animosity of the two hostile parties increased in virulence. The fiend-like deeds of the savages so exasperated the English, that they were ready to shoot down an Indian as they would a wolf or bear, without stopping to inquire whether he were friendly or hostile. On both sides it was a war of extermination. Under such circumstances men often become fiends. Neither party could accuse the other of exceeding it in cruelty. The inhabitants of Monhegan offered a bounty of five pounds for every Indian's head that should be brought to them.

[1] Drake writes, in reference to this event, "Fifteen persons, all women and children, were in the house; and Hopegood, *with one only beside himself*, Andrew of Saco, thought to surprise them." — *Book of the Indians*, b. iii. p. 109.

Mr. Abraham Shurte[1] was then the chief magistrate at Pemaquid. He seems to have been a sagacious and good man, and to have won the confidence of the Indians. He induced several of the sagamores to visit him for a friendly conference. In this interview he said, "I have urged our committee of war to issue orders forbidding everybody to harm, or even threaten, a peaceable Indian. I am determined to see all the wrongs you have suffered fully redressed."

The Indians manifested no disposition for the horrors of battle in which all lost and none gained. They were appeased by these conciliatory words. A treaty of peace between these two parties was the result. The Indians promised to do all in their power to induce others to cease their depredations. This, however, was but an individual act on the part of Mr. Shurte. In other parts of Massachusetts and Maine, different counsels prevailed. In the desultory warfare, desperate white men wreaked vengeance upon the Indians, their wives and children, which no savages could exceed.

The General Court of Massachusetts was disposed to try the effect of humane measures. Quite a large sum was ordered from the public treasury for the relief of those friendly Indians whose harvests had been trampled down, and whose cabins had been burned. A vessel was also sent to Maine, with military stores and provisions, and a detachment of fifty soldiers, under Lieut. Scottow. These were dark days throughout New England, — days "of terror, conflagration, tears, and blood." The 7th of October, 1675, was generally observed as a day of fasting and prayer.

On that day a man and two boys were shot at Berwick. On the 16th a party of a hundred Indians assailed the cabin of Richard Tozier, burned it to the ground, killed him, and carried his son into captivity. This was all done within sight of the garrison house, where most of the inhabitants had fled for protection. Lieut. Roger Plaisted, who was in command, despatched a party of nine picked men to reconnoitre the foe.

[1] Mr. Willis spells the name Shurt. He writes, "Shurt was about forty-four years old when he came over, and was living in 1662, aged about eighty." This would have made him a very old man in 1675. It is, however, possible that the Shurt alluded to in the text may have been the son of the one to whom Mr. Willis refers.

It is with amazement that we read of the readiness with which the English, year after year, for more than a century, would march into the ambuscades of the Indians. These warriors made themselves merry in recounting the stupidity with which the British officers would lead their men into the snares which the Indians had set for them. Braddock and St. Clair, in subsequent years, when they ought to have learned wisdom by many a bloody lesson, manifested a degree of stupidity which rendered them the laughing-stock of the savage chieftains.

After the terrific defeat of St. Clair, in Ohio, the Indian chiefs amused themselves with a sham fight, in which they re-enacted the folly of St. Clair in marching into the trap in which the Indians virtually annihilated his army. Even the women united in the shouts of derisive laughter which the foolishness of St. Clair elicited.

The nine men despatched from the garrison by Lieut. Plaisted walked deliberately into an ambuscade. Three were instantly shot down; the others, with difficulty, effected their escape. The next day Plaisted sent out a team with twenty armed men, to bring in the dead bodies. Plaisted himself led them. He knew that there were more than a hundred savages, whose cunning was proverbial, lurking around; and yet, apparently, he had taken no precautions against their wiles. The cart was drawn by oxen. Just as they had placed in it one gory body, a party of a hundred and fifty savages rose from behind a stone wall, amidst logs and bushes, and opened upon them a deadly fire. The oxen terrified, and probably struck by balls, ran frantically towards the garrison. A few of the men escaped. Lieut. Plaisted, one of the most fearless of men, fought with desperation, until he was surrounded by the Indians, and cut down by the tomahawk. Two of his intrepid sons perished with their father.[1] One of them, mortally wounded, lingered a short time before he died.

The exultant Indians burned houses, barns, and mills, in all directions. The wretched inhabitants were compelled to seek shelter in the garrison-houses. Just before this terrible disaster Roger Plaisted and a Mr. Broughton had sent a despatch to Dover, then called Cocheco, for aid.

[1] Sullivan's History of Maine, p. 250.

"These are to inform you," they wrote, "that the Indians are just now engaging us with at least a hundred men, and have slain four of our men already. Sirs, if ever you have any love for us and the country, now show yourselves with men to help us, or else we are all in great danger to be slain, unless our God wonderfully appears for our deliverance." [1]

At Sturgeon Creek they burned a house, and shot two men. Capt. Frost was caught at some distance from his house. As he fled, ten bullets were fired at him. There were but three little boys in his house. With singular presence of mind he shouted out, as if there were a whole garrison there, ordering them to prepare to repel the foe. The Indians took the alarm, and did not venture within gunshot.

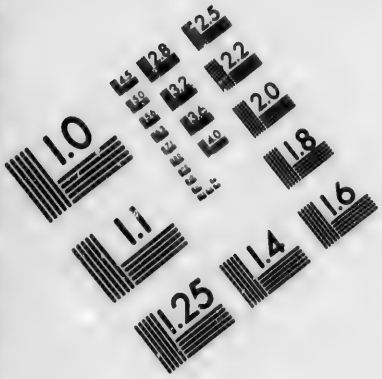
The English settlements were scattered along the seacoast. The Indian bands followed this line, burning and killing, ever ready to vanish beyond pursuit in the interior forest, whenever they encountered an overpowering foe. Many persons were killed at Wells, and much property destroyed.[2] No man could move a few rods from the garrison-houses, where the inhabitants were generally huddled together, without danger of being shot down by a lurking savage.

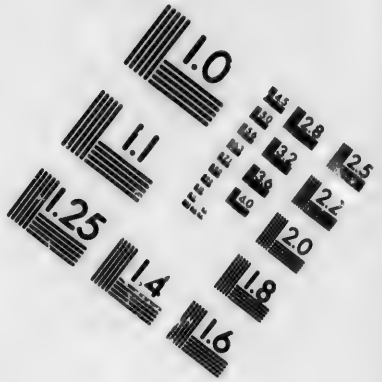
Winter came, with deep snow and great severity of cold. Even the Indians found it needful to abandon their extended forays, and hover around their wigwam fires. They could purchase ammunition only of the French. It required long journeyings, through almost pathless forests, to reach their trading-posts.

The English seemed to act upon the impression that the Indians had no more sense of right or wrong dealing, than had a dog, a horse, or a cow. They would violate their most solemn pledges, maltreat them in various ways, and then express surprise that their victims retaliated with savage vengeance. The Indians had become weary of a conflict in which they received

[1] Williamson, vol. i. p. 528.

[2] "In this terrible posture of affairs, the governor appointed a general fast. Had the English invariably acted upon the Christian principle of doing to all as they would have all do unto them, this appalling calamity would never have come upon them. It requires a wonderful boldness at the throne of grace, to pray to be saved from the consequences of our own iniquities." — *History of Wells and Kennebunk, by Edward E. Bourne*, p. 143.





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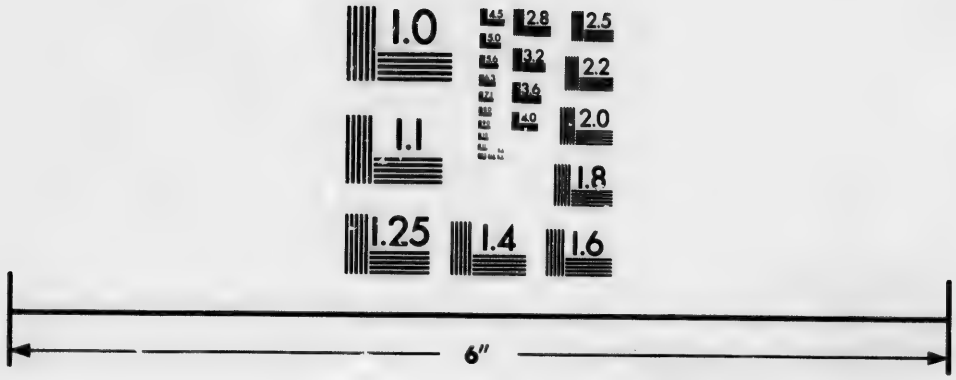

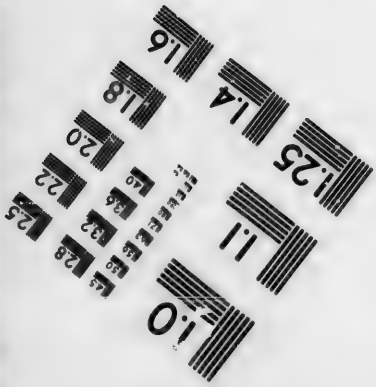

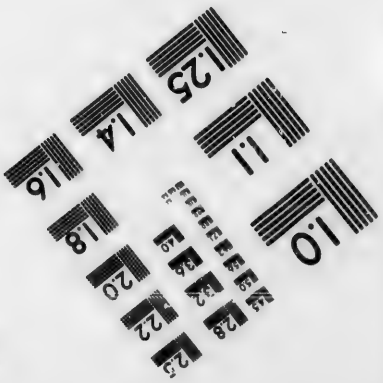

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blows almost as hard as those which they gave. A truce was entered into.

"This armistice," writes Mr. Bourne, "might have resulted in a lasting treaty, had it not been for new acts of folly and wickedness on our part. Some had set in motion whispers of new enterprises on the part of the natives; and the fears of the people, from the scenes which they had just passed through, prompted them to seize those who had been active in the war. Under the authority of precepts for this purpose, some were seized near Pemaquid, carried off, and sold as slaves in foreign countries; a barbarity, on the part of civilized man, fully a counterpoise for the Indian enormities. And thus the fire was again kindled to sweep over the Province."[1]

Two vile kidnappers, in their vessels, ran along the eastern coast, and caught several Indians, whom they carried into foreign parts, and sold as slaves. Some of these poor captives were Mickmaks from Cape Sable. Mr. Shurte, at Pemaquid, remonstrated against these outrages in vain. The Mickmaks were thus induced to join the eastern tribes in their avenging warfare.[2]

There is something very touching in the imploring cry of the Indians against these wrongs. They evidently desired peace, and were goaded to war by intolerable grievances. Mr. Shurte had won their confidence. A delegation waited upon him, and said, —

"Your people frightened us away last fall, from our cornfields about Kennebec. You have withheld powder and shot from us. We are thus unable to kill either fowl or venison. Some of our Indians, last winter, died of hunger."

Mr. Shurte assured them of his sympathy, of his utter detestation of the conduct of the kidnappers. He encouraged them with the hope that the government would take prompt measures to rescue the captives, and to restore them to their homes. The Indians expressed themselves as very much gratified by this parley. They delivered up a captive boy, and presented Mr.

[1] History of Wells and Kennebunk, by Edward E. Bourne, p. 145. The truce into which the sagamores entered included, according to Hubbard, only the Indians between Piscataqua and Casco. — *Hubbard's Indian Wars*, p. 346.

[2] Hubbard, pp. 332–344.

Shurte with a belt of wampum. Arrangements were soon made for the assembling of an important council at Teconnet, near where Waterville now stands.

Messrs. Shurte and Davis represented the white men. Five prominent sagamores represented the Indians. But there was a difficulty between them which no human wisdom could solve. The Indians must have powder and shot. It had become with them almost a necessity of life. But the western Indians were in deadly hostility to the whites. If ammunition were freely sold to the eastern Indians, it would inevitably soon reach those in the west. The English commissioners were embarrassed, and gave evasive replies. At length one of the chieftains, Madockawando, became impatient of the distrust which was manifested. He rose, and with much dignity said, —

"Do we not meet here on equal ground? We ask, where shall we buy powder and shot for our winter's hunting? Shall we leave the English, and apply to the French for it? Or shall we let our Indians die? We have waited long to hear you tell us. Now we want Yes, or No."

Thus driven to a decisive answer, one of them replied, though still, as will be seen, rather evasively, —

"You may have ammunition for necessary use. But you yourselves say that there are many western Indians who do not choose peace. Should you let them have the powder which we sell you, what do we better than cut our own throats? This is the best answer we are allowed to return you, though you wait ten years."[1]

The council was held in a large wigwam. The English were entirely at the mercy of the Indians. But the savages, though they took much umbrage at this reply, and broke up the council, were guilty of no treachery.

"It is not our custom," they proudly said, "to seize messengers coming to us. We certainly never do as your people once did with fourteen of our Indians sent to treat with you. You took away their guns, and set a guard over their heads. Keep your arms. It is a point of honor. You are at liberty."

[1] Williamson, vol. i. p. 532; Hubbard's Indian Wars, p. 340. Drake gives an interesting account of this council. "Here," he says, "as might reasonably have been expected, ended the negotiation; and massacres and bloodshed soon after desolated that part of the country." — *Book of the Indians*, book iii. pp. 100, 101.

CHAPTER XI.

THE HORRORS OF WAR.

Dispersion of King Philip's Forces — Falmouth Desolated — Scenes of Horror — Arrowsick Plundered — Treachery of Major Waldron — Munjoy's Island captured by the Savages — The Indians ask for Peace — Anecdote of Mugg — The English resume the War — Increased Ferocity of the Indians — The Mohawks Allies of the English — The Ambuscade at Black Point — Its Fatal Results.

KING PHILIP was hunted down and killed in August, 1676. It is said, that, just before the commencement of the war, the governor of Massachusetts sent an ambassador to him, to inquire why he was making hostile preparations. The Indian chief haughtily replied, "Your governor is but a subject of King Charles of England. I shall not treat with a subject. I shall treat of peace only with the king, my brother. When he comes, I am ready." [1]

The death of Philip did not terminate the war: it only scattered his forces. Many of his warriors retreated to Maine, and joined the savage bands who were burning and plundering there. Squando was particularly active. He professed to have received a divine revelation, urging him to the conflict.[2] Three of these warriors, men of much shrewdness and energy, took the English names of Simon, Andrew, and Peter. They were desperate

[1] The Indian name was Pometacom. It is various spelled. In familiar conversation the first syllable was frequently dropped, and he was called Metacom. Hubbard says that he was nicknamed King Philip, in consequence of his bold and commanding spirit. — *Drake's Book of the Indians*, book iii. pp. 13 — 24.

[2] "Squando pretended that God appeared to him in the form of a tall man in black clothes, declaring to him that he was God, and commanded him to leave his drinking of strong liquors, and to pray, and to keep sabbaths, and to go to hear the Word preached; all which things the Indian did for some years, with great seeming devotion and conscience, observe." — *Drake's Book of the Indians*, book iii. p. 99.

men. The terror of their deeds spread far and wide. Simon, who was called by his associates the *Yankee killer*, boasted that he had shot many a white man, and that he had never failed but once in striking his victim to the ground.

Early in August, 1676, this Simon, with a party of savages, entered the house of Anthony Brackett, in Falmouth. They seized all the weapons in the house, and bound Mr. Brackett, his wife, five children, and a negro servant. Mrs. Brackett's brother, Nathaniel Mitten, made some slight resistance, and they instantly killed him. The unhappy captives were all carried away by the savages. Circumstances indicate that Mr. Brackett had, by his fair dealings, won the confidence of the Indians, and therefore they spared his life and the lives of the members of his family.

Brackett occupied a large farm at Back Cove. He had several neighbors, whose cabins were scattered in the clearings around. It was a pleasant, sunny day, the 11th of August, 1676. Eden could enjoy no more delightful climate than does Maine in that summer month. It was the custom of the settlers, in much of their farm work, to unite, helping each other. Two of these neighbors, Humphrey Durham and Benjamin Atwell, were assisting Robert Corbin to get in his hay. This was round the cove at Presumpscot River.

The riotous savages shot them all down. The report of the guns was heard in the several cabins. The terrified inmates knew too well its import. The women and children, in one of the houses which was near the water, ran to a canoe, and escaped across the cove. The other families were taken captive. And thus the Indians, encountering no resistance, proceeded from cabin to cabin, killing, burning, and taking prisoners, according to the suggestions of their capricious natures.

Atwell and Corbin were brothers-in-law. They lived on adjoining farms. Durham's lot was on the other side of the river. Richard Pike, with another man, chanced to be in a canoe on the river, a little above Mr. Corbin's house. They heard the fire of musketry, and immediately saw a little boy, running terror stricken towards the river, pursued by the yelling savages. They were discharging their guns at him, and the bullets whistled over the heads of the men in the boat.

Simon himself soon appeared upon the bank, and called upon them to come ashore. But they plied their paddles with the vigor which the peril of death inspired, shouting the alarm to several houses upon the banks, and calling upon all to run, with the utmost speed, to the garrison-house.

On the extreme east of the promontory then called Cleeves' Neck, but which is now covered with the dwellings of Portland, there was a beautiful swell of land, which rose about a hundred and sixty feet above the level of the sea. Upon the southern slope of this charming spot, commanding a view of the sea interspersed with islands, and wide reaches of the land, in all their pristine luxuriance, the first settlers of Portland reared their homes. Here also they erected their garrison-house to protect them from a foe more to be dreaded than sickness or famine or cold, or the most ferocious beasts of the forest.[1]

But the terror was so great, and those who had escaped to the garrison were so few and feeble, that they dared not await an attack from foes so numerous and merciless. The smoke of their burning dwellings was ascending all around. These woe-stricken fugitives, huddled into canoes, sought refuge upon one of the islands near the mouth of the harbor. This spot is now called Cushings Island. A messenger was immediately despatched across the water to Scarborough, then called Black Point, for help.

In the panic of their flight, they had left behind them a considerable quantity of ammunition. This was essential to their defence. It would also greatly strengthen the savages should it fall into their hands. In the darkness of the night, a small party of brave men paddled stealthily across the harbor, and succeeded in recovering much of the powder which had escaped the scrutiny of the ransacking Indians.

During the next day several of the English settlers succeeded in effecting their escape, and in joining the fugitives on Bangs'

[1] "The situation had advantages of utility and beauty. It was open to the sea by a small and handsome bay, accessible to fishing boats, and near the islands, while it was protected from the north winds by the hill in the rear of it. Here the first settlers cultivated the soil, and pursued their traffic with the natives, for a number of years, holding the land by a mere possessory title." — *History of Portland, by William Willis*, p. 47.

Island. They saved, however, only their lives. Their homes, and all they contained of food, clothing, farming and domestic utensils, were left to be plundered and destroyed by the savages. It is difficult for the imagination to conceive the destitution and the woes to which these sufferers were doomed.

Thus the peninsula of Cleeves, or Casco Neck, was laid desolate. Thirty-four persons were either killed, or carried into captivity.[1] The amount of property destroyed was *the all* of these humble settlers. The loss was irreparable. These families were left in the wilderness, utterly destitute, with the blasts of a Maine winter rapidly gathering in the north.

Upon the receipt of these tidings in Boston, the General Court immediately sent a vessel with fifteen hundred pounds of bread, to the starving, houseless fugitives on Cushings Island, which was then called Andrews Island. The following extract of a letter from Portsmouth, dated Sept. 26, 1676, will give the reader some conception of the terror of those days. It was addressed to Major-Gen. Denison, at Ipswich: —

"This serves to cover a letter from Capt. Hathorn, from Casco Bay, in which you will understand their want of bread, which want I hope is well supplied before this time; for we sent them more than two thousand weight, which I suppose they had last Lord's Day night. The boat that brought the letter brings also word that Saturday night the Indians burnt Mr. Munjoy's house and seven persons in it. On sabbath day a man and his wife, one Gouge,[2] were shot dead and stripped by the Indians at Wells. Yesterday at two o'clock, Cape Nedick[3] was wholly cut off; only two men and a woman, with two or three children, escaped. So we expect now to hear of farther mischief every day. They send to us for help, both from

[1] Hubbard's Indian Wars, pp. 339 — 369. See also a very carefully prepared account of this tragedy, in the History of Portland, by William Willis, pp. 204, 205.

[2] Mr. Williamson gives this name as Gooch, vol. i. p. 540. Mr. Bourne, in his History of Wells and Kennebunk, writes, "As the people were returning to their homes, Mr. James Gooch and his wife were attacked. He was shot and she was cut to pieces by the hatchet," p. 145.

Again he writes, referring to the same date and locality, quoting from a letter, "On sabbath last, a man and his wife, namely one *Gouge*, were shot dead and stripped by the Indians, at Wells, about two or three o'clock," p. 146.

It can scarcely be doubted that both of these accounts refer to the same event.

[3] This is usually spelled Neddock. Sullivan spells it Neddick, p. 241. There was here a very attractive coast region, about four miles from York River, fringed with a beautiful beach of white sand. — *Williamson's History of Maine*, vol. i. p. 24.

Wells and York; but we had so many men out of town, that we know not how to spare any more.

"Sir, please send notice to the council that a supply be sent to the army from the Bay; for they have eaten us out of bread, and here is little wheat to be gotten, and less money to pay for it. The Lord direct you and us in the great concerns that are before us; which dutiful service presented, in haste I remain, sir, your servant, "RICHARD MARTIN."

The Indians, under the exasperation of the war, were growing more and more barbarous. The massacre at Cape Neddock was attended with savage cruelty hitherto unpractised. Some dead bodies were wantonly hewn to pieces with the tomahawk. Forty persons were slain, or carried into captivity. Some of the atrocities were too dreadful to be narrated. A nursing mother had her brains dashed out. Her infant was fastened to her bosom, and was thus found living, striving to draw nutriment from the cold breast.[1]

The Indians, with their captives, proceeded to the Kennebec River, where they divided into two bands. Eleven ascended the river; the remainder followed down the stream to attack the settlements near its mouth. They took the fort upon Arrowsic Island by surprise, and killed many of the inhabitants. This island, which was quite celebrated in the early history of Maine, was separated from Pittston by a channel about half a mile in breadth. It contained four thousand acres, and about fifty dwellings had been reared upon its shores.

The battle here was desperate. One wearies of reading the appalling account of these scenes of slaughter. But few escaped. The little settlement had been in a high state of prosperity. Capt. Lake, one of the opulent proprietors, had erected upon the island a large and beautiful mansion, a strong fortress, with mills and outbuildings, at the expense of many thousand pounds.

The Indians, about a hundred in number, came to the island stealthily, by night, landing upon the south-eastern point, and secreted themselves in those hiding-places which they knew so well how to search out. The people were taken entirely by surprise. The Indians crept in at the fort gate by stratagem,

[1] Sullivan's History of Maine, p. 241.

closed the port-holes, and with hideous yells proclaimed themselves masters of the garrison. Terrible was the consternation. For a few moments there was a hand-to-hand struggle; but Capts. Lake and Davis, finding themselves overpowered, fled, with a few others, by a rear portal, and, seizing a canoe, endeavored to escape to another island.

The Indians closely pursued them, and, firing upon them in the boat, killed Capt. Lake, and with a severe wound utterly crippled Capt. Davis. He, however, landed, and, creeping painfully along upon the shore, hid among the rocks. Here he remained, in dreadful suffering, for two days. He then succeeded in reaching the mainland. About a dozen other persons, in various ways, escaped from this midnight attack. Thirty-five were either killed or carried into captivity. The torch was applied to all the buildings, and, as the savages retired, the island presented a scene of utter desolation.

The inhabitants throughout all this region were thrown into a state of dismay. They generally abandoned their homes, and many of them fled to Monhegan, where they thought that they could more effectually defend themselves than on the main land. A watch of twenty-five men was appointed to patrol the shores by night. Clouds of smoke were seen ascending over the burning dwellings of Pemaquid, New Harbor, Corbin's Sound, and from many of the islands. At length the woe-worn fugitives took a vessel, and in utter destitution crowded on board, and sailed for Piscataqua and Salem.[1]

In the course of about five weeks, sixty miles of the coast eastward of Casco Bay were ravaged and depopulated. Many of the inhabitants were killed, many carried into captivity, and some escaped in the extreme of terror and wretchedness. Mountjoy's[1] Island is about 3 miles from the mainland. There

[1] Hubbard's Narrative of the Indian Wars, pp. 351–360.

[2] The name is so spelled by Williamson, vol. i. p. 537. Mr. Willis spells it *Munjoy*. He writes, "Cleeves, on the 28th of December, 1637, leased for sixty years, to Michael Mitton who married his only child Elizabeth, the island at the mouth of the harbor, now called Peaks. In the deed it was declared that this was called Pond Island, and is subsequently to be known by the name of Michael's Island, from Mitton. It was afterward successively called, from the owners or occupants, Munjoy's, Palmer's, and Peak's Island. — *History of Portland*, p. 50.

was here an old stone house where several families, abandoning their homes, sought refuge.

These tragic events are alluded to in the following extract from a letter addressed to the governor and council of Massachusetts. It was written by Brian Pendleton of Saco, and was dated, "Winter Harbor, at night, Aug. 13, 1676."

"I am sorry my pen must be the messenger of so great a tragedy. On the 11th of this instant, we heard of many killed of our neighbors, in Falmouth, or Casco Bay. On the 12th instant, Mr. Joslin sent me a brief letter, written from under the hand of Mr. Burras (Burroughs) the minister. He gives an account of thirty-two killed and carried away by the Indians.

"Himself escaped to an island, but I hope Black Point men have fetched him off by this time, — ten men, six women, sixteen children. How soon it will be our portion, we know not. The Lord in mercy fit us for death, and direct your hearts and hands to acknowledge and do what is most needful in such a time of distress as this! Thus, in haste, I commit you to the guidance of our Lord God, and desire your prayers for us.[1]

Some of the fugitives escaped to Jewell's Island, where there was a partially fortified house, and did not return to their desolate habitations until the peace of Casco was made April 12, 1678. The Indians, elate with their many victories, pursued in a fleet of canoes. The plumed warriors landed, not secretly, but with the shrill warwhoop shouting the battle-cry. It was the 2d of September. It seems almost incredible that these people could again have allowed themselves to be taken by surprise. The women were at some distance from the house, washing at a brook. The children were scattered along the beach. The men were absent fishing. No sentinel was stationed to announce the approach of the foe.[2]

The Indians landed and rushed towards the house, thus cutting off the retreat of the women and children, and leaving to

[1] "The original of this letter is in the family of John Palmer, Esq." — *History of Portland, by Mr. Willis*, p. 206, note.

[2] At the commencement of the first Indian war, 1675, there were in Falmouth forty-six families: viz., on the east side of the Presumpscot, nine; on the west side of the river, seven; around Back Cove, ten; at Capissic, toward Strandwater, five; on the Neck, four; in Purpcodic, nine; at Spurwink, two; forty houses, eighty militia, and four hundred inhabitants. In Aug. 11 of that year the town was assailed by the Indians, when thirty-four of the inhabitants were slain, and seventeen taken prisoners.

the men no alternative but to return to almost certain death, or to abandon wife and child and escape only with life.

There was a brave boy in the house. The little fellow fired two guns, and shot two Indians. Thus the alarm was given to the men in the boats. Mrs. Potts was washing, with several children around her. The burly savages seized them all but one. A small boy, seeing his father rapidly approaching in his boat, rushed towards him. A savage gave chase, and grasped the child just as he reached the shore. The distracted father, seeing his whole family in the hands of the Indians, could easily have shot the savage, but he was restrained through fear of killing his child. It is difficult to imagine the anguish with which he was compelled to seek safety in flight. From the brief account we have, it seems probable that he fled to Richman's Island to call for aid.

The other men, as intrepid as they were imprudent, landed from their boats, cut their way through the Indians, who *prudently* never allowed themselves to be exposed to the guns of the English in the open field, and regained the fortress. But in the desperate movement two were killed, and five, probably wounded, were made prisoners. The assailants did not venture to approach within the reach of the bullets of these sharp shooters. They soon retired, with their captives, across the bay to Spurwink. Soon after, a government vessel arrived, and took those of the English who remained, to a place of safety.[1]

Here again we regret to record an act of perfidy on the part of the English. It was treachery governmental in its nature. The General Court sent an army of a hundred and thirty English and forty friendly Indians, from Natick, to the assistance of the people of Maine. Upon reaching Dover, they were embodied with the troops under Major Waldron.

The major invited four hundred Indian warriors to come to Dover for a friendly conference, to see if they could not agree upon terms of peace. He pledged his honor for their safety. Promptly they came. It is probable that they really desired peace. But, when the English soldiers saw these savages, the memory of past massacres, burnings, and tortures rose so vividly

[1] History of Portland, by William Willis, p. 208; Williamson, vol. i. p. 229.

before them, that it was with very great difficulty Major Waldron could restrain them from falling upon the warriors in merciless slaughter. He pleaded with the soldiers that his honor was at stake, for that he had given his sacred word that they should come and go in safety.

Harassed by the determination of his men, the major at last shamefully consented to a deed of infamy. He invited the Indians to unite with the English in a sham fight. During the manœuvres, at a given signal, there was to be a grand discharge of all the guns. The English soldiers were secretly instructed to load their muskets with balls, and not to fire. The Indians, unsuspicious of treachery, discharged their guns. Thus rendered helpless, they were all seized and disarmed.

Some of these Indians had ever been friendly. So far as known, they were picked out and set at liberty. Two hundred of the rest were sent prisoners to Boston. All who were convicted of taking life were executed. The remainder were sent to foreign parts, and sold into lifelong slavery.

There were many in the community who denounced this atrocious deed. There were many who applauded it; but, worst of all, the government sustained it.[1]

The next day these troops proceeded to Falmouth in a vessel, touching at Wells, Winter Harbor, Black Point, and Spurwink. On the way they killed one Indian, and captured another, who soon after, aided, it is said, by the friendly Indians, effected his escape. At Casco they established a garrison, and remained there three weeks. Under this protection several of the inhabitants returned.[2]

On the 23d of September seven men went to Munjoy's

[1] "The retribution for this iniquity was not long delayed. The Indian heart felt very deeply any wrong to which they were subjected; and civilized man was thus laying up wrath against the day of wrath. All teachings of that character, received by these wild men, took deep root in their untutored souls; and, until so reduced in numbers that all resistance to the encroachments of the white man were in vain, they continued to bring forth, for nearly a century, their terrible fruits." — *History of Wells and Kennebunk, by Edward E. Bourne, LL.D.* p. 145; see also Williamson, vol. i. p. 538.

[2] There is some diversity of statement in reference to the sequence of some of these events, which it is not easy to disentangle; but, as to the main facts, all the annalists of those days are agreed.

Island to kill a few sheep which had been left there. They were attacked by the Indians, and, after a desperate defence, were all killed. They were prominent men, heads of families, and their loss was bitterly deplored.[1]

The Indians were very wary, and, without difficulty, kept themselves at a safe distance from the troops. On the 12th of October the English returned to the region of the Piscataqua. On the second day after they passed Black Point, a hundred and twenty Indian warriors made a furious attack upon the garrison which was left behind.[2] We have the list of sixty men who were in the garrison, which was said to be very strong. An Indian chief of much renown, by the name of Mugg, led the savages. Henry Jocelyn commanded the garrison. Mugg proved himself to be far the abler captain of the two. He summoned the inmates of the fortress to surrender, promising that all should be permitted to retire from the point unharmed, with their goods. Mugg must have had a good reputation; for Capt. Jocelyn[3] left the fort to hold a conference with him, thus placing himself in the power of the Indians.

No treachery was practised. He returned unmolested to the fort. But there he found, greatly to his surprise, that, during his absence, all within the walls, except the members of his own household, availing themselves of the offer to retire with their goods, had hastily seized their effects, hurried to the boats, and had already put out from the shore. As Jocelyn had not accepted the proffered terms, finding himself thus utterly helpless, he was compelled to surrender at discretion.

A naval expedition was sent to Richman's Island to rescue the inhabitants and the property there. As the sailors were removing the property, a part of them being on shore and a part on board the vessel, they were attacked by so overpowering a force of Indians, that those on shore were immediately shot or captured. Those on the deck were, by a deadly fire of

[1] Mr. Willis thinks that this sad event occurred on what is now called House Island. — *History of Portland*, p. 209.

[2] Williamson, vol. i. p. 540. Mr. Willis writes, "They left this part of the country in the beginning of October; and, about a week afterwards, the Indians rallied their forces, a hundred strong, and, Oct. 12, made an assault upon Black Point." — *History of Portland*, p. 210.

[3] Mr. Willis spells this name Jocelyn; Mr. Williamson spells it Joscelyn.

the savages, driven below. The assailants approached the vessel in their canoes, and cut the cables. A strong south-east wind drove the vessel ashore.

Capt. Fryer, who was in command of the English party, had been struck by a bullet, and was lying upon the cabin floor, helplessly wounded and bleeding. The Indians shouted out to them, that unless they surrendered they would set the vessel on fire, and all should be burned to death. There were eleven in the hold. They agreed to surrender upon condition that they should be permitted to ransom themselves, by the payment of a stipulated amount of goods within a given time.

Two of the prisoners were released to fetch the ransom. They returned with the goods before the appointed time had elapsed. But those Indians, who had agreed to the terms of the capitulation, were absent on a new expedition. Other Indians held the nine remaining captives. These savages killed one of the bearers of the ransom, took the goods, and refused to release the prisoners. "A true specimen this," Williamson writes, "of Indian faith."

Winter came, with its fierce blasts and drifting snows. Still the war raged. Cabins and wigwams blazed. Everywhere terror and misery reigned. The Indians and the English were alike homeless and starving. The chieftain, Mugg, was displeased with the treachery of the vagabond Indians in refusing to surrender the captives upon the receipt of the ransom. He ventured as an ambassador of his superior sagamore, Madockawando, to visit Piscataqua, in the endeavor to negotiate, if possible, a peace. He made no attempt to disguise his earnest desire for the cessation of hostilities.

Mugg took with him, and restored to his friends, Capt. Fryer, who was dying of his wounds. He declared himself greatly mortified and indignant that the other captives had not been restored, and promised that they should speedily be set at liberty. According to Williamson, Mugg "was favored with an immediate passage to Boston, where he, in behalf of Madockawando and Cheberrind, negotiated a treaty."[1]

[1] Mr. Drake, in his valuable Book of the Indians, gives a less pleasing account of this affair. He writes, "General Gendall of Massachusetts, being there, forced

The treaty was certainly as favorable to the English as they could have desired. Indeed, it seems impossible that the Indians could have fulfilled its stipulations. It was agreed that all hostilities should cease; that all captives, and all vessels and goods, which had been seized by the Indians, should be restored; that the English should receive full satisfaction for all the damages they had experienced; that the Indians should purchase ammunition only of agents appointed by the government; and that certain Indians accused of crime should be surrendered for trial and punishment.[1] In conclusion of the treaty, this man, whom we call a savage, said, —

"In attestation of my sincerity and honor, I place myself a hostage, in your hands, till the captives, vessels, and goods are restored; and I lift my hand to heaven in witness of my honest heart in this treaty."[2]

Two war vessels were sent to the Penobscot to obtain from Madockawando the ratification of the treaty. All the articles received the sanction of the sagamore, and fifty or sixty captives were restored to their desolated homes. But again we come upon contradictory statements which cannot be reconciled. Several of the tribes were much displeased with the terms of the treaty, in which every thing seemed to have been surrendered to the English.

With considerable apparent apprehension, Mugg decided to visit the Canibas tribe at Teconnet, opposite the present site of Waterville, to persuade those disaffected warriors to consent to the peace, and to release their captives. In departing, he said

Mugg on board his vessel, and carried him to Boston; for which treacherous act an excuse was pleaded, that he was not invested with sufficient authority to treat with him. Madockawando's ambassador, being now in the power of the English, was obliged to agree to such terms as the English dictated." — *Book* iii. p. 102.

[1] This treaty is given entire in the History of New England, by Daniel Neal, vol. ii. p. 403.

[2] "Mugg was the prime minister of the Penobscot sachem, an active and a shrewd leader, but who, by his intimacy with the English families, had worn off some of the ferocities of the savage character." — *History of Portland, by William Willis*, p. 217.

"Mugg was a chief among the Androscoggins, and very conspicuous in the war of 1676-7, into which he seems to have been brought by the same cause as Madockawando, already stated. He had been very friendly to the English, and had lived some time with them." — *Drake's Book of the Indians*, book iii. p. 105.

to Capt. Moore, "If I do not return in four days, you may conclude that I am certainly bereft of my life or my liberty."

For some unexplained reason he did not return. Capt. Moore, after waiting a week and hearing no tidings from him, sailed back to Boston. Mr. Hubbard, however, states that it was afterward reported that Mugg said boastfully to the Indians at Teconnet, "I know how we can even burn Boston, and drive all the English before us. But we must go first to the fishing islands, and take all the vessels of the white men."[1]

We feel bound to record this speech, though it does not seem to be at all in accordance with the character of Mugg, and rests only upon the foundation of rumor. The following incident is much more characteristic of this chief, and is sustained by ample evidence: —

Among the captives found at Penobscot, there was a young man by the name of Cobbet. He was the son of a Christian minister at Ipswich. Having been disabled by a musket wound, he was seized and bound. In the division of the captives, it was his unfortunate lot to be assigned to one of the most brutal, drunken, and cruel of the savages. His sufferings were terrible. Several times he narrowly escaped having the knife of the savage plunged into his bosom. Just before Mugg's departure to Teconnet, the friendly chief chanced to meet this victim of demoniac cruelty, and to recognize him as one whom he had seen before. He called him by name, and said, "I saw your father in Boston. I promised him that his son should be returned to him. You must be released, according to the treaty."

Madockawando and Capt. Moore were both standing by. The sagamore feared the fiendlike ferocity of the captive's master, and that Cobbet would certainly be killed if he were released without a ransom.[2] He therefore turned to Capt. Moore, and begged him to give as a ransom a showy military

[1] Narrative of the Indian Wars, by William Hubbard, p. 386.

[2] "Madockawando demanded a ransom, probably to satisfy the owner of the captive, fearing to be killed by him if he yielded him up, without he were there to consent; for he was, he said, a desperate man if crossed, and had crumbed (killed) two or three in that way." *Drake's Book of the Indians*, book iii. p. 102. This may imply that Madockawando feared for his own life.

coat which he had in the vessel. The request was granted, and young Cobbet saw his master no more.[1]

Still there was no settled peace. Many of the Indians were dissatisfied. Though active hostile operations had ceased, there were rumors of threats to break the treaty, and it was said that some captives had not yet been returned. The General Court fitted out a naval expedition of two vessels to visit Casco, and ascend the Kennebec River. There were ninety Englishmen and sixty friendly Natick Indians on board the vessel. They were instructed "to subdue the Indians in those parts, and to deliver the English captives detained in their hands." Majors Waldron and Frost commanded the two vessels.

This ill-starred expedition was as injudiciously conducted as it was unwisely commenced. The troops landed first upon Mare Point, in Brunswick, about three miles below Maquoit. It was then, in Maine, mid-winter. Freezing blasts shook the forests, and deep snow covered the ground. As a party stepped on shore, a small band of Indians met them, accompanied by Squando and the ferocious Simon, the "Yankee-killer." After a short parley, in which Simon declared that they sincerely desired peace, and that they sent Mugg to the English for that purpose, the Indians retired, and were seen no more until noon of the next day.

A fleet of fourteen canoes was then seen ascending the bay; and, propelled by paddles, they were rapidly approaching the shore near the spot where the vessels were anchored. Soon after, a log house was seen in flames. It was naturally supposed that the Indians had recommenced their work of conflagration and massacre. An armed band was immediately landed, and a battle ensued, in which several of the Indians were killed and many wounded. The English commenced the attack by firing upon the Indians. At length a flag of truce was raised, and the leaders of the two parties met.

"Why," Major Frost demanded of the chiefs, "have you not returned all the captives? Why have you set the white man's house on fire? And why have you challenged us to fight?"

[1] See Williamson, vol. i. p. 544, and Drake, book iii. p. 102. "The historians of the war," writes Drake, "have all observed that the prisoners, under Madockawando, were remarkably well treated."

The sagamores replied, "The captives are a great way off. The weather is so cold, and the snow so deep, that we could not bring them in. We did not set the house on fire: it took fire accidentally. It was no deed of ours. Your soldiers fired at us first, and we did but return the fire. This is our answer."

Assuming that this statement were true, as it probably was, it must be admitted that, though the Indians were worsted in the battle, they had the best of the argument. The English having only exasperated the natives, and provoked them to revenge by the sight of their dead and their wounded comrades, again spread their sails, and, pressed by wintry blasts, traversed the icy seas to the mouth of the Kennebec. They landed on the western shore, opposite the foot of Arrowsic Island. Here they commenced building a block-house for the establishment of a garrison. It was the latter part of February, 1677. One-half of the men were set diligently at work there.

On the 26th of February, Major Waldron, with the remainder of his company in the two vessels, sailed to Pemaquid to meet two or three sachems, who were accompanied by Indians from several tribes. It was arranged that a council should be held the next day, each party repairing to the rendezvous unarmed. The council met. Major Waldron complained of the hostile spirit still manifested by the Indians, that several captives had not yet been returned; and he demanded that the tribes, then represented, should enter into an alliance with the English to attack the other Indian tribes which yet remained hostile.

An aged sagamore replied, "Only a few of our young men, whom we cannot restrain, wish to enter upon the war-path. All the captives with us were intrusted to our keeping by the Canabas Indians. For the support of each one of them there is due to us twelve beaver-skins and some good liquor."

The liquor was promptly supplied, and ample ransom offered; and yet but three captives were delivered. We have not been informed whether there were others so far away that they could not be delivered up in so short a time.

The council adjourned, to meet again in the afternoon. Major Waldron was suspicious of treachery. In eagerly looking around he discovered some hidden weapons, and, seizing a lance, he

brandished it in the air exclaiming, "You perfidious wretches! you intended to rob us of our goods and then to kill us, did you?"[1]

A tumult ensued. The Indians, in consternation, fled. A well-armed party from the vessels hurried up, and pursued the unarmed Indians, shooting them down. Two of the chiefs and five of the Indians were killed by the bullet. Several of the savages rushed to a canoe. The boat was capsized; five were drowned, the remainder were captured. One of the chiefs, Megunnaway, was dragged by Major Frost and an English sailor on board one of the vessels, and shot.[2] Among the captives there was a sister of Madockawando. It will be remembered that one of the daughters of this renowned chieftain had married Baron Castine.[3]

In addition to the slaughter and the wounds thus inflicted upon the unarmed Indians, the English plundered them of their goods and of their provisions, amounting to a thousand pounds of beef. In allusion to this event, Mr. Williamson, who was by no means disposed to palliate the crimes of the Indians, has very justly remarked, —

"The chastisement partook of a severity which the provocation by no means justified; nor could it be dictated by motives of sound policy. It must have reminded the Indians of the mock fight at Dover, and served to increase their prejudices."[4]

From this inglorious enterprise, Majors Waldron and Frost returned to Arrowsic. There they captured and shot two In-

[1] "In February, 1677, Major Waldron and Capt. Frost, with a body of men, were sent into the eastern coast to observe the motions of the Indians who still remained hostile. At Pemaquid they were invited on shore to hold a treaty, but the English, finding some weapons concealed among them, thought it a sufficient umbrage to treat them as enemies. A considerable fight ensued, in which many of the Indians were killed, and several taken prisoners." — *Drake's Book of the Indians*, book iii. p. 102.

[2] Drake's Book of the Indians, book iii. p. 110.

[3] Madockawando was chief of the Penobscot tribe. Some mischief had been done by the Androscoggin Indians. The English, following the example of those whom they so much reprobated, retaliated on any Indians that fell in their way. Madockawando was not an enemy; nor do we learn that his people had committed any depredations until after some English had spoiled his corn and otherwise done him damage." — *Drake*, book iii. p. 100.

[4] Williamson, vol. i. p. 547.

dians whom they found upon the island. They also captured an Indian woman, whom they sent up the Kennebec River to Teconnet, to demand an exchange of prisoners. Taking some anchors and large guns which had been left there, they returned to their garrison on the main land. Leaving forty men for the defence of the works, they returned to Boston, reaching that port on the 11th of March. It was their boast that they had not lost a single man during the enterprise. But, by their folly, they had enkindled anew the flames of horrid war, in which multitudes of men, women, and children were to be consumed.

The Mohawk Indians had the reputation of being the most powerful and ferocious of all the savage tribes. The government authorities in Massachusetts sent Majors Pinchon and Richards to the country of the Mohawks, to enlist them in the war against the eastern Indians. Many opposed this measure as barbarous; others defended it on the ground that it was lawful to make use of any advantage which Providence might place in their hands.

Eagerly a band of Mohawks rushed to attack the Indians against whom they had no ground of quarrel. Their first exploit was to fall recklessly upon a small party of friendly natives whom they chanced to meet, who were the allies of the English. They pursued them hotly, and all but two or three were killed, or wounded and captured. Among the slain there was a noted chief, who, from the loss of an eye, was called Blind Will. He was grievously wounded, and crept away into the woods, where he perished miserably.[1]

The news of the arrival of the Mohawks, as the hireling soldiers of the English, spread rapidly through the tribes in Maine, and roused them to the highest pitch of exasperation. Immediate and vigorous measures were adopted by them to attack York, Wells, and the garrison at the mouth of the Kennebec. Indeed, nearly all the other important points in Maine had already been laid desolate.

[1] "The death of Blind Will was the less lamented because of his supposed duplicity, though his general conduct had always been in consistency with his professions. In any point of view the event was unfortunate, as the introduction of the Mohawks to our assistance was altogether impolitic." — *Williamson*, vol. i. p. 548. See also Trumbull's History of Connecticut, vol. i. p. 326; Hubbard's History of New England, p. 630; Drake's Book of the Indians, book iii. p. 130.

A party of English, from the garrison, visited Arrowsic. The Indians fired upon them from ambush, and shot down nine upon the spot. Three or four only succeeded in recovering their boat and escaping. This so disheartened and alarmed the survivors, that the post was abandoned, and the men were sent to other points.

Savage bands, breathing threatening and slaughter, now pressed down from the northern and eastern portions of the Province, where they had no foes to encounter, to ravage the few trembling settlements in the vicinity of the Piscataqua. Seven men were at work in a field at York. The prowling savages shot them all down.

Wells seemed doomed to utter destruction. The savages were as stealthy in their movements as the wolf in his midnight prowlings. No man could leave his cabin door in the morning, or go a few rods from his house into the field, without the apprehension that a savage might be concealed behind every rock, stump, or tree. The cattle were sure to be shot by an invisible foe unless carefully housed.

On the 14th of April, a band of Indians, led by the celebrated sagamore Simon, crossed the Piscataqua River to the Portsmouth side. They burned a house, and took a mother, with an infant child, and a young girl, captives. There was an aged woman in the family. Simon said that she should not be harmed, because in former years she had been kind to his grandmother. He also gave the infant child to her to tend. It is difficult to reconcile the contradictory reports about this strange man. Sometimes he is represented as a demon; and again he develops traits of character remarkably humane. He was one of the "praying Indians," so called, and seems certainly to have known the better way if he did not always follow it.[1]

[1] It is said that on one occasion Simon sat with an English justice to decide upon a criminal case. Several women, Simon's wife among the rest, had committed some offence. Judge Almy thought that they should be punished with eight or ten stripes each.

"No," said Simon, "four or five are enough. Poor Indians are ignorant. It is not Christian to punish as severely those who are ignorant as those who have knowledge."

This judgment prevailed. But then Judge Almy inquired, "How many stripes shall your wife receive?" Simon promptly replied, "Double, because she had

On the 16th of May the Indians attacked with great boldness the garrison at Black Point. Lieut. Tappan defended it. For three days there was almost a constant battle. Three of the English were shot. One was captured, and was put to death with horrible torments.

In this conflict the chieftain Mugg was struck by a bullet, and fell dead. This so disheartened the assailants that they retired. They left, by water, in two bands. One fleet of eleven canoes paddled to the eastward. The other band, in five canoes, proceeded towards York and Wells, killing and burning as they had opportunity.[1]

A new force was raised, by the General Court, of two hundred Natick Indians and ninety white men, consisting principally of those whom the Indians had driven from Maine. Capt. Benjamin Swett and Lieut. Richardson, two very brave and very imprudent men, were placed in command. They reached the fort at Black Point in high spirits, on the 28th of June. The shrewd savages, who, in large numbers, were hovering around, began as usual to prepare their ambuscade. The English officers, as usual, commenced their march into it.

The Indians sent out their decoy. The ninety white men rushed out upon them. The Indians feigned a retreat. Their victims followed. With pell-mell inconsiderateness, the English pursued their foes till they were entirely in the trap. There was a dense forest on one side, a swamp, covered with an impenetrable thicket, on the other. Both sides were filled with Indian warriors, laughing at the folly of the white men. There was a volley of musketry from an invisible foe, followed by a

knowledge to have done better." Judge Almy, out of regard to Simon, remitted his wife's punishment entirely. Simon seemed much disturbed; but at the time he made no reply. Soon afterwards, however, he remonstrated very severely against the decision of the judge.

"To what purpose," said he, "do we preach a religion of justice, if we do unrighteousness in judgment?" — *Drake's Book of the Indians*, book i. p. 22.

This anecdote may be apocryphal; but, if fabricated, it shows the reputation he enjoyed as a man of discretion. It is said that this event took place when Simon was an aged man, and when, by the power of Christianity, his character may have been greatly changed.

[1] "Mugg had alternately brightened and shaded his own character until the most skilful pencil would find it difficult to draw its just portrait. His address was inspiring, and his natural good sense and sagacity partially inclined him to be an advocate for peace." — *Williamson*, vol. i. p. 550.

continuous, rapid discharge. The dead and the wounded were dropping in all directions. Lieut. Richardson was one of the first shot down.

It was an awful scene of tumult and slaughter. The hideous yells of the Indians almost drowned the rattle of musketry. Capt. Swett, as brave as he was reckless, fought like a lion. Slowly he commenced a retreat of two miles, endeavoring to carry his wounded with him. The savages, flushed with their victory, hung upon his rear, manifesting even more than their ordinary ferocity. In their outnumbering strength they so crowded the fugitives that there were frequent hand-to-hand fights. In this terrible retreat Capt. Swett received twenty wounds. At length, when exhausted by fatigue and the loss of blood, he was seized by a burly savage, hurled to the ground, and was literally hewn in pieces by the tomahawk. Sixty of his men perished in this terrible disaster. It sent lifelong woes to many families, whose cup of misery seemed already full to the brim. Capt. Swett had won universal respect by his bravery and his many virtues. His death was deeply lamented.[1]

There can be no question that the responsibility of this war rests mainly with the white men. The Indians desired peace; but, when goaded to war by intolerable wrongs, they conducted the conflict in accordance with the dictates of their own savage natures. Mr. Bourne very truthfully says, —

"The wickedness of man was about to bring its deadly influences to the ruin of the peace and progress of the settlement. King Philip, believing himself wronged in his intercourse with the white man, and ruminating on the cruel kidnappings of his brothers and the English usurpation of his domains, determined to destroy the cruel intruders. His intellectual power was far in advance of the generality of the sachems. He claimed to have free communication with the Great Spirit, and to derive from this intercourse, instructions as to his manner of life; and he told the tribe that the white men were bent on driving them from their possessions, and called upon them, as with the voice of the great Father, to destroy them from off the land."[2]

[1] "There were slain at this time somewhat above forty of the English and twelve of the friendly Indians that assisted; very few escaping, but were either killed right out or dangerously wounded." — *Hubbard's History of New England*, p. 634. See also Belknap's History of New Hampshire, vol. i. p. 128; Collections of Massachusetts Historical Society, vol. vi. p. 263.

[2] History of Wells and Kennebunk, by Edward E. Bourne, LL.D., p. 138.

CHAPTER XII.

WARS AND WOES CONTINUED.

Ravages of the Indians — The Naval Expedition — Peace proclaimed — Losses by the War — The Purchase of Maine by Massachusetts — The Regime of Mr. Danforth — North Yarmouth incorporated — Baptist Church established — Menaces of War — Employment of the Mohawks — Sir Edmund Andros — Thomas Dungan — Tyrannical Acts — Attack upon Baron Castine — War renewed — Fate of Waldron — Expeditions to Quebec and Montreal.

THE savages were now sweeping all opposition before them. They ravaged the coast from Casco Bay to Wells. Prowling into the harbors by night, they seized twenty fishing vessels. Most of these were from Massachusetts. Each of these vessels had on board four or five men and boys. Taken by surprise at midnight, as a dozen Indian warriors leaped from their canoes upon the deck, they could make no resistance.

Immediately a vessel of war was despatched, manned with forty seamen, to pursue and capture the foe. This was indeed like chasing a flea upon the mountains. They recovered most of the fishing vessels, which the savages had abandoned without burning them;[1] but not a solitary Indian was anywhere to be found. It was feared that the French would take advantage of these calamities to extend their sway to the Kennebec. Sir Edmund Andros sent a military force from New York to Pemaquid, to take possession of the country, and erect a fort. He was quite successful in securing the confidence of the natives in the immediate region around, and a beneficial traffic was

[1] "The Indians, finding their inability to manage such kind of vessels, much too heavy for them to wield with paddles, grew soon weary of that sport, and were pretty willing to return the vessels to the English, after they had pillaged out of them what was for their turn." — *Hubbard's History of New England*, p. 635.

introduced. They brought in fifteen captives, and surrendered several vessels which they had taken. Thus pleasantly, in fraternal intercourse, the autumn and winter passed away at Pemaquid. Other tribes heard of these blessings of peace, and desired to share in them. Three English commissioners met Squando, and the sagamores of the Kennebec and the Androscoggin tribes, on the 12th of August, 1678, at Casco.[1]

The articles of peace were few and simple. All hostilities were to cease. Every English family was to pay one peck of corn annually, as a quit-rent for the land they had gained from the Indians. Major Phillips of Saco, who had very extensive possessions, was to give one bushel each year. All captives on each side were to be surrendered without ransom. Some of the English regarded these conditions as humiliating to them; but all considered them as preferable to the continuance of the warfare which was desolating the colonies. King Philip's war was thus, ere long, brought to a close in Massachusetts as well as Maine. It was generally admitted that the sagamores were not unjust in their demands.

The Indians had certainly a possessory right to the country which the English had invaded. Large tracts of territory had been obtained from them by purchases of very questionable legality. In many cases there was no question as to the fraud by which the English title-deed had been gained. In the war, the success of the Indians in Maine had been so remarkable as to warrant them in assuming the tone of victors. Under these circumstances their exactions were by many deemed moderate.[2]

The losses sustained during the war, by the inhabitants of Maine, were enormous. Two hundred and sixty were killed, or carried into captivity from which they never returned. There were, undoubtedly, many others who thus perished, of whom no record was made. The numbers severely wounded have never been counted. The settlements at Cape Neddock, Scarborough, Casco, Arrowsic, and Pemaquid, were laid in ashes. One

[1] Neal's History of New England, p. 407. See also History of New Hampshire, by Jeremy Belknap, vol. i. p. 129.

[2] Williamson, vol. i. p. 553.

hundred and fifty men, women, and children, were taken captive, who, after months of often terrible sufferings, were finally restored to their friends. It is estimated, that, in the several colonies, six hundred men were killed, twelve hundred houses burned, eight thousand cattle destroyed, and seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars expended in military operations. The immense losses by the ravages of the war cannot be calculated.[1]

The purchase of Maine by the Colony of Massachusetts greatly annoyed the tyrannical king of England. The dissolute monarch was intending to make a transfer of the territory of Maine and New Hampshire, to his son the Duke of Monmouth, who was not of legitimate birth. He wrote angrily to the Colonial Government, —

"We were much surprised, while listening to the complaints of Mr. Gorges, that you should presume, without asking our royal permission, to purchase his interest in the Province of Maine, acquainted, as you know we are, with some of the effects of the severe hand you have holden over our subjects there."[2]

The Province of Maine, purchased by Massachusetts, was supposed to contain about nine thousand six hundred square miles. Its measurement was eighty by one hundred and twenty miles.[3] The question as to the government of the Province was involved in many difficulties. Civil power, it was said, could not be bought and sold; and a public functionary could not delegate authority which he had received from the king.

It was finally decided to frame a civil code in conformity with the royal charter granted Sir Ferdinando Gorges. A president was to be chosen annually. There was to be a legislature consisting of two branches. The upper house was to consist of the president's council, of eight members. The lower house was to be composed of representatives chosen by the towns. The legislative body was to meet once a year.

[1] Records of Massachusetts Government, vol. 4, pp. 147-359. See also, Hutchinson's Collection of State Papers, p. 493.

[2] Idem, p. 451.

[3] Summary of British Settlements in North America, by William Douglass, vol. i. p. 389.

Mr. Thomas Danforth of Cambridge, deputy governor of Massachusetts, was appointed president. He was a gentleman of accomplished education and great moral worth. An Englishman by birth, he had in early life come to this country, and had filled many offices of influence and honor. He was a firm republican in his principles, and was ever ready to resist the encroachments of arbitrary power.[1]

Pres. Danforth found many difficulties to be encountered. There were, in Maine, many staunch royalists; and all such were warm advocates of the ecclesiastical polity of the Church of England. These people were very unwilling to become the subjects of republican Massachusetts; and bitter were the complaints which they were continually sending to the crown. The king threatened even to reclaim the Province. He wrote to the General Court, —

"It is marvellous that you should exclude from office, gentlemen of good lives and estates, merely because they do not agree with you in the *congregational* way; especially since liberty of conscience was the principal motive of your first emigration. Nor is this the only thing to be noticed. The title-deeds of Maine, we expect, will be surrendered to the crown, on the advancement of the purchase money and interest."[2]

An active and implacable minority may raise outcries which it is very difficult even for a large majority to silence. Agents were sent over from England to spy out defects, and to manufacture complaints. One Edward Randolph was despatched upon this mission, as searcher; and he was particularly active in the service. He hunted up all individual outrages, exaggerated them, and ascribed them all to criminality of the government. These malignant aspersions were scattered broadcast throughout England. In response, the General Court with dignity replied, —

"Our lives and our treasures have been unsparingly sacrificed to rescue Maine from the utter ruin attempted by a barbarous and bloody enemy;

[1] Biographical Dictionary of Rev. Dr. Allen, article Danforth, Thomas.

[2] This important letter is given entire in Hutchinson's Collection of State Papers, pp. 519–522.

Hutchinson says that the price paid was twelve hundred pounds. The York Records represent it as twelve hundred and fifty pounds.

sacrifices for which we have never received nor requested of the provincials the least remuneration. We have, from many of them, the fullest assurances of their past satisfaction with our course, and of their desire still to be connected with us, and their unwillingness to hazard a change. And as we, without the least shadow of disloyalty, obtained title to the Province a twelvemonth after his majesty had decided it to be in Gorges, it is our duty to favor the inhabitants, and provide them with a free systematic administration."[1]

Upon the southerly shore of Casco Neck, there was a fortress called Fort Loyal. It was situated near the end of what has since been called King's Street. It had a small garrison, under command of Capt. Edward Tyng,[2] and was well provided with the munitions of war. In August, 1680, Pres. Danforth, with Mr. Samuel Nowel[3] and Mr. Nathaniel Saltonstall, as assistants, accompanied by sixty soldiers, sailed for Fort Loyal.[4]

On the 22d of September, the township of North Yarmouth was established. It took its name, probably, from Yarmouth, England. Its boundaries then embraced Freeport, Pownal, and Cumberland. This was the eighth town established, if we except Appledore, which embraced the Isle of Shoals, and which was incorporated in 1661, but which did not long retain its name. The history of Yarmouth is one of rather peculiar interest. There is a small stream here called Royall or Westecustego River, about fifteen miles in length, taking its rise in New Gloucester. It has a good harbor at its mouth, where the ancient settlements were commenced. William Royall came over in 1630, and purchased this region of Gorges in 1643. In 1658 he settled on the east side of the river, and erected a fort; but in the year 1676 the Indians laid all things waste. In 1680 the settlement was revived.

In June, 1681, Pres. Danforth and his council met in general assembly. It is not now known how many representatives were sent from the towns. Four years after, there were twelve rep-

[1] Records of Massachusetts Government, vol. iv. p. 469.

[2] Williamson, vol. i. p. 563.

[3] Rev. Samuel Nowel had been a Christian minister. He was a man of superior mind and attainments, was universally respected for his virtues, and was ardently devoted to republican principles of government. — *Hutchinson's Collections*, vol. i. p. 538.

[4] Sullivan, p. 182; Williamson, p. 401.

resentatives. Among other very judicious laws which were enacted, one imposed a fine of twenty shillings for every pint of intoxicating drink any one should sell to the Indians.

It seems probable that the Episcopal denomination was then the leading one in the State. In the year 1681 the Baptists first commenced operations. Several were baptized by immersion, in Kittery, and Rev. William Screven became their religious teacher. He was born in England in 1629, and in early life emigrated to this country. He appears to have been truly a good man, of accomplished scholarship, and endowed with unusual powers of eloquence.

His preaching was successful, and converts were multiplied. The attention of the magistrates was arrested. Mr. Screven was summoned before them, charged with preaching without governmental authorization. He was fined ten pounds, and ordered no more to hold any religious service. His refusal to obey was deemed contempt of his Majesty's authority. It was therefore ordered, that —

"Mr. Screven, in future, forbear from his turbulent and contentious practices, give bonds for his good behavior, and stand committed until the judgment of the court be complied with."

It is humiliating to record such intolerance on the part of our forefathers; but it should be remembered that it was the intolerance of the age, rather than of the individuals. Notwithstanding this persecution, a church of eight members was organized, and in September of 1682 they emigrated to Cooper River in South Carolina. It is pleasant to state, that, so far as is known, no other instance of religious intolerance has ever been laid to the charge of the government of Maine.[1]

Prosperity was rapidly reviving throughout the Province. Scarborough had risen from its ashes, so that it contained fifty-six ratable polls, many well-cultivated fields, and eighty cows. A tax was assessed, by the General Assembly, of two shillings on every one hundred acres of woodland, provided they were beyond the limits of any corporate town. It is said that thus

[1] Williamson, vol. i. p. 570.

originated the custom of taxing *unimproved* lands at a lower rate than other property. It is estimated that the population of the Province in 1682 amounted to between six and seven thousand. New Hampshire contained about four thousand.[1]

On the 16th of February, 1685, the infamous king of England, Charles II., died. His brother succeeded him, as James II. A little before this, a very important purchase was made of the Indians, which was called the Pejepscot Purchase. By this transaction Wavumbee and five other sagamores conveyed to Richard Wharton a territory, as was supposed, containing about five hundred thousand acres, embracing not only the present towns of Brunswick, Topsham, and Harpswell, but extending east to the Kennebec River. The boundaries were, however, so indefinite, as to cause subsequently much litigation.[2]

Under Pres. Danforth, the legislative body had annual meetings; and, for six years, the government was administered to the general acceptance of the inhabitants. A pretty strong garrison was maintained at Fort Loyal. Much attention was paid to securing to proprietors a legal title to their lands. Fort Loyal became the jail for Saco, Scarborough, Falmouth, and North Yarmouth.

In the spring of 1685, the Indians of Maine were thrown into a terrible panic by the rumor that the English were preparing to send an army of ferocious Mohawks for their utter extermination. The terror was profound and universal. The sagamore of the Penacook tribe wrote imploringly to the governor of New Hampshire, saying, —

"If you will not let the Mohawks come and kill us, we will be submissive to your worship forever."

[1] Political Annals of the United Colonies, by George Chalmers, p. 404.

[2] Wharton was a Boston merchant. He affirmed that the line extended from the Upper Falls of the Androscoggin, which he declared to be Lewiston Falls, entirely across the country, in a north-east line, to the Kennebec; and that it included all land between the two rivers, as far south as Merrymeeting Bay. On the west it embraced territory four miles wide down to Maquoit. It also included the land on the west side of the Kennebec, south of Merrymeeting Bay, down to Cape Small Point; and on the eastern side of the Sagadahoc, to the ocean, including Arrowsic, and several other islands. — *Summary of British Settlements in North America*, vol. i. p. 230.

Suspicion led to animosity on both sides, and to various unfriendly acts. Even the panic-stricken flight of the Indians was deemed an indication that they were preparing for another war. Capt. Hook of Kittery wrote to Capt. Barefoot of Portsmouth, under date of the 13th of August, 1685, saying, —

"From information received by a foot-post, there are just grounds for apprehending some designs of the heathen against us. 'They have,' he says, 'lately been guilty of affronts in the vicinity of Saco, threatening the people, and killing their dogs; and, within the last three days, they have gathered up all their corn, and moved off, bag and baggage.'"

A council was held, which was promptly attended by the sagamores, who declared that they had no desire for war, and wished only for the continuance of peace.

The sagamore of Penacook, Kankamagus by name, usually called John Hawkins, or Hoykins, was present. He had written the letter to Gov. Cranfield of New Hampshire, to which we have above referred; and it was signed by fourteen of his principal men. He lived upon the Androscoggin, with another distinguished chief by the name of Worombo,[1] or Worombos.

The chiefs of four tribes were present at the council. They not only manifested no antagonistic spirit, but seemed ready to assent to any terms which the English might dictate. They even yielded to the following extraordinary demand, that —

"Whenever the Indians shall remove with their wives and children, without giving timely notice to the English, they may be apprehended, or war may be made upon them till the sagamores shall render satisfaction."[2]

[1] "Kankamagus was a faithful man as long as he could depend upon the English for protection. But when Gov. Cranfield of New Hampshire used his endeavors to bring down the Mohawks to destroy the eastern Indians, in 1684, who were constantly stirred up by the French to commit depredations upon the English, Kankamagus, knowing the Mohawks made no distinction where they came, fled, and joined the Androscoggins. Before he fled his country, he addressed several letters to the governor, which discover his fidelity as well as his fears, and from which there is no doubt that he would always gladly have lived in his own country, and on the most intimate and friendly terms with the English, — to whom he had become attached, and had adopted much of their manner, and could read and write, — but for the reasons just stated." — *Drake's Book of the Indians*, book iii. p. 106.

[2] History of New Hampshire. By Jeremy Belknap, vol. i. p. 186. See, also, Hutchinson's History, vol. i. p. 316.

Affairs in Massachusetts were in rather a chaotic condition. The king had annulled the Colonial Charter, had put an end to the General Court, and had appointed Joseph Dudley president of Massachusetts, Maine, New Hampshire, and Rhode Island. Dudley was a graduate of Harvard College, a man of superior abilities, and of boundless ambition.

After a brief but unpopular administration of but about five months, he was superseded by Sir Edmund Andros. The local government in Maine now ceased, and was not resumed until 1820, when Maine was finally separated from Massachusetts.[1]

Andros, it will be remembered, had been the appointed governor of the Duke of York, now James II., over the colonies at the mouths of the Manhattan and the Sagadahoc Rivers. He was the fitting servant of his master, imperious and tyrannical. He turned his special attention to his Sagadahoc province. He took formal possession of the country, and made preparations to defend it against any enemy, whether Indians, French, or Dutch. Nothing of especial interest marked his administration. He was arrogant and tyrannical, and was very unpopular.

In 1683 Andros was succeeded by Col. Thomas Dungan. He was a much better man, and cherished far more elevated views of human rights, and still he was at a very considerable remove from the Massachusett's principles of republican equality. In New York he convoked a legislative assembly; but, at Sagadahoc, he appointed two commissioners, John Palmer and John West, whom he invested with plenary powers.

In 1686 they repaired to Pemaquid. Many of the inhabitants, who had been driven from their homes by the horrors of the war, had returned. The region was at that time called the County of Cornwall. The commissioners proved to be despotic men, "arbitrary as the Grand Turk."[2] They contrived, in various ways, to extort enormous taxes from the impoverished and war-stricken people. They took especial care of themselves and friends, appropriating from six to ten thousand acres of land to each.[3] It is enough to make one's blood boil with

[1] History of Portland. By William Willis, p. 258.
[2] Mather's Magnalia, vol. ii. p. 510.
[3] Hutchinson's Collection, p. 547.

indignation to contemplate the leaseholds they forced from the people, and the rents they imposed upon them for the occupation of their own homesteads. Thus they wrested from these settlers nearly three thousand dollars a year.

Mr. Sullivan gives us a copy of one of these leaseholds, inflicted upon poor John Dalling of Monhegan, who had returned penniless to his burnt cabin and wild lands. It is drawn up with much legal formality, in the name of "Our most gracious sovereign lord, James II., by the grace of God King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland." After a ludicrously detailed account of the premises, John Dalling is authorized to plant his corn there, upon condition of —

"Yielding and paying therefor yearly, and every year, unto our sovereign lord the king, his heirs or successors, or to such governor or other officer as from time to time shall be by him or them appointed to receive the same, on every twenty-fifth day of March forever, as a quit rent, or acknowledgment for the said land, one bushel of merchantable wheat, or the value thereof in money."[1]

Dungan claimed the country as far east as the River St. Croix.[2] A shipmaster from Piscataqua, not aware of this claim, and supposing that the region beyond the Penobscot belonged to the French, sent a cargo of wines there. As they were landed, without having paid duties at Pemaquid, Palmer and West seized and confiscated the cargo. This roused, not only the indignation of the French, but that, also, of the Massachusetts people. The clamor rose so loud, that the wines were restored.

Dungan's administration lasted five years. He influenced several Dutch families to emigrate to the Sagadahoc. In 1688 Sir Edmund Andros was appointed captain-general and vice-admiral of New England, New York, and the Jerseys. He formed a council of twenty-five members, five of whom constituted a quorum. All legislative, judicial, and executive functions were blended in this department. There were no constitutional limits. The governor and his council did as they pleased.[3]

[1] Sullivan's History of Maine, p. 163. [2] Hutchinson's Collections, p. 548.

[3] "But a few months before, he had been appointed governor of Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Hampshire, Maine, Plymouth, Pemaquid, and Narragansett, or Rhode Island." — *Summary of British Settlements in North America, by William Douglass*, p. 374.

The governor soon developed all the execrable traits of a despot. He seldom convened more than seven or eight of his council, and they were all the pliant instruments of his will.

The Church of England was recognized as the only legal form of worship; and all who assembled for congregational religious service were threatened with the confiscation of their meeting-houses. Freedom of the press was restrained. The land-titles, generally, were declared to be invalid; and it was proclaimed that new title-deeds must be obtained. The annoyances to which the people were exposed were innumerab e, and vexatious in the extreme.

Andros was alike greedy of wealth and of despotic power. The king, James II., from whom he derived all his authority, was an avowed Papist. But the people of England were not in sympathy with their monarch. Desiring to take military possession of the Penobscot and the St. Croix, Andros repaired to Pemaquid, where he had ordered the frigate "Rose" to be prepared for his expedition. The frigate, having sailed, cast anchor near the habitation of Baron Castine, at Biguyduce.[1]

The baron, with his family, fled into the woods, abandoning every thing. The ignoble governor plundered his house of all its valuables; but he left untouched the Catholic chapel, with all its rich adornments.

Andros returned to Pemaquid, where he had invited the neighboring sagamores to meet him. They met in council. Andros, addressing the most prominent chief, a Tarratine[2] sagamore, said, —

"I warn you never to follow the French, or to fear them. Be quiet, live in peace, and we will protect you. Tell your friend Castine, that, if he will render loyal obedience to the King of England, every article taken from him shall be restored."

Andros was delighted with Pemaquid and its surroundings. He took an excursion among the islands, and ascended the Kennebec several leagues. He thought that Pemaquid was destined to be the chief mart for all the eastern country, and

1 Hutchinson's Collection of State Papers, p. 562.

2 It will be remembered that the Tarratines occupied the valley of the Penobscot.

made an effort to have an account taken of all the white inhabitants between the Penobscot and the St. Croix. They amounted to less than fifty, counting men, women, and children.[1]

Andros returned to New York in 1688, having appointed Nicholas Manning chief magistrate in the "Province of the Duke of York, called Sagadahoc, or the County of Cornwall."

Baron Castine was a man of great influence, not only with his countrymen, the French, but with all the neighboring Indian tribes, with whom he had so thoroughly identified himself. His indignation was, of course, aroused, and that of all his friends, by the wanton plunder of his estate. He appealed to the Indians. War-clouds soon began to darken the sky. Castine declared that he would never submit to the domination of the English.

Andros began to enlist soldiers, and to erect forts at many important points between Piscataqua and Penobscot. Hostilities were commenced in August. It is impossible to follow, with chronological accuracy, the details. The Indians killed the cattle in the eastern settlements, and insulted and threatened the inhabitants. At Saco, the magistrates unjustly seized fifteen or twenty unoffending Indians, and held them as hostages for the good behavior of the rest. The Indians retaliated by seizing some Englishmen.

Andros, then in New York, wishing to try the effect of conciliatory measures, ordered the Indian prisoners to be set at liberty. He issued a pacific proclamation. But all was in vain. The inhabitants of Maine generally took refuge in garrison houses. Stockades were constructed in North Yarmouth, on each side of Royall River. A party engaged in constructing these works under Capt. Gendall. A band of seventy or eighty Indians attacked him. He repelled them, after a severe conflict, in which several were slain on each side. This was the first blood which was spilled in what was called the second war. In the evening, after the skirmish, Capt. Gendall and his servant fell into an ambuscade, and were both killed. John Royall was taken captive; but he was kindly ransomed by Baron Castine.[2]

[1] Collections of Massachusetts Historical Society, vol. i. p. 82, 3d ser.
[2] History of Portland, by William Willis, p. 273.

Early in November, seven hundred English soldiers were sent to Pemaquid.[1] About one hundred and fifty-six men were left here to garrison the fort. Garrisons were also established at several other places along the coast. Five hundred and sixty soldiers were east of the Kennebec. The troops suffered severely on this campaign, while they encountered not a single Indian.[2]

Gov. Andros became increasingly unpopular; and his authority in the distant Province of Maine was subverted by a popular uprising in April, 1689, in Boston, which threw the governor and thirty of his most obnoxious partisans into prison. The troops revolted from their officers, and many abandoned their posts. The consequence was, that the French and Indians captured the fort, and almost depopulated the country. The same disaster took place at New Castle and Falmouth.[3]

At Saco the Indians were repelled; but they took Dover by surprise, and cruelly slaughtered many of the inhabitants. We have no reason to doubt the accuracy of the following account of this disaster, given by Samuel G. Drake: —

"The Indians rushed into Waldron's house in great numbers; and, while some guarded the door, others commenced the slaughter of all who resisted. Waldron was now eighty years of age; yet, seizing his sword, he defended himself with great resolution, and at first drove the Indians before him, from room to room, until one, getting behind him, knocked him down with his hatchet. They now seized upon him, and, dragging him into the great room, placed him in an armed chair, upon a table.

"While they were thus dealing with the master of the house, they obliged the family to provide them with a supper, which when they had eaten, they took off his clothes, and proceeded to torture him in the most dreadful manner. Some gashed his breast with knives, saying, 'I cross out my account.' Others cut off joints of his fingers, saying, 'Now will your fist weigh a pound?'"[4]

[1] Willis, following Belknap, says seven hundred; Holmes, Am. Ann. p. 474, says eight hundred; Eliot states the number at a thousand.

[2] "All this was merely a military movement, or display, neither the result of wisdom, experience, nor sound judgment. Had he been in the least acquainted with the habits of the Indians, or listened even to the statements of hunters, he would have known that these tenants of the forest retire in the autumn from the seaboard, and pass the winter upon their hunting-berths in the interior of the wilderness." — *Williamson*, vol. i. p. 596.

Williamson gives a list of eleven settlements along the coast, at which these troops were distributed.

[3] Massachusetts Historical Collections, 3d ser. p. 85.

[4] Drake's Book of the Indians, book iii. p. 108.

After continuing this torture for some time, they let him fall upon his own sword, and thus put an end to his misery. Waldron had the reputation of being one of the most perfidious and unscrupulous cheats in his treatment of the Indians. When they paid him what was due, he would neglect to cross out their accounts. In buying beaver-skins by weight, he insulted the intelligent Indians by insisting that his fist weighed just one pound. The day of retribution came; and the savages wreaked their utmost vengeance upon their victim. They held the place till morning. Then, with twenty-nine captives and all the plunder they could carry away, they set out for Canada. The French ransomed the prisoners; and they were eventually returned to their friends.[1]

Upon the overthrow of Andros, the assembled people appointed a council of thirty-seven men to secure the public safety. A few weeks after this great revolution, the joyful tidings reached Boston, that the tyrant James II. had been driven from his throne and his kingdom, and had been succeeded by William, Prince of Orange.

Maine was in a deplorable condition. Her people were without any settled government, and were involved in a war from which they could reap nothing but disasters; for victory could bring them no gains. The Council of Safety, apparently with the cordial assent of the people of Maine, assumed the supervision of the Ducal Province.

The illustrious chieftain Madockawando, whose daughter, it will be remembered, married Baron Castine, visited Boston, accompanied by several sachems, in the endeavor to secure peace. Their bearing was not that of savages, but that of uneducated men of strong common sense, who thoroughly understood the true posture of affairs. The chief, Madockawando, was the principal speaker. The substance of his communication was as follows: —

[1] "The seizure at that place (Dover), of four hundred Indians, more than twelve years before, was a transaction never to be forgotten, never to be forgiven, by savages. Lapse of time had only wrought their resentment into animosities, malice, and rage and an opportunity now offered to satiate their revenge." — *Williamson*, vol. i. p. 610.

"Baron Castine was deeply offended by the unprovoked attack upon his house, and the plunder of his premises. The French, his countrymen regarded it as a national insult and a proclamation of war. The Indians who had adopted Baron Castine into their tribe, and made him a chief, considered it no less an act of hostility against them. Thus a terrible war must rage, unless terms of peace can be agreed upon."

The government treated the distinguished Indian envoys with great courtesy, assuring them of its entire disapproval of the conduct of Andros, whom the people had ejected from office. They loaded the chiefs with presents, and conveyed them home in a colony sloop. They sent, also, a very conciliatory letter to Baron Castine. But storms of war were rising in Europe, which dashed angry billows upon the shores of the New World.

The Papist, James II., had fled to Catholic France, where he was received with open arms. War was the consequence, imbittered not only by the hereditary hatred between Englishmen and Frenchmen, but by the still more virulent antagonism which arose between Protestantism and Catholicism. France and England entered with equal alacrity upon the deadly struggle.[1] The patriotic pride, and the religious fanaticism, of the French in Canada, were aroused to drive the heretical English out of Maine. It was not difficult for them to rally the majority of the Indians around their standards. French privateers were promptly upon the coast, capturing the colonial vessels. It is said, we know not upon what authority, that the French missionaries exerted all their powerful influence to rouse the Indians to drive the English out of Maine. It is estimated that the French in New France then numbered over eleven thousand.

The General Court, which had received the cordial sanction of the new king, William of Orange, promptly prepared an expedition to regain Nova Scotia, and capture Quebec. Seven vessels, manned by seven hundred men, sailed from Boston in the spring of 1690. Sir William Phips took the command.

This remarkable man was a native of Maine, being one of the youngest of his mother's family of twenty-six children, twenty-

[1] "War was declared by England against France on the 7th of May, 1689; but tidings of the proclamation did not reach Boston until Dec. 7." — *Universal History*, vol. xli. p. 47.

one of whom were sons. He was born upon the Sheepscot, in the town of Woolwich, on the 2d of February, 1650. His father died when he was young; and he remained with his mother, in the homestead, until he was eighteen years of age.

Favored with but a limited education, he learned the trade of a ship-carpenter. The ravages of the Indians drove him from home; and he entered upon the roving life of a sailor. Accidentally he heard that a Spanish ship, richly laden with bars of silver from the mines, had been wrecked upon one of the Bahamas. He succeeded in communicating this intelligence to the Duke of Albemarle. An expedition was fitted out to recover the treasure. After sundry disappointments, extraordinary success crowned the endeavor. Thirty-four tons of silver, besides gold, pearls, and jewels, were raised from a depth of nearly fifty feet. The estimated value was one million, three hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

The share of William Phips amounted to seventy thousand dollars. The Duke of Albemarle presented Mrs. Phips a golden cup worth four thousand dollars. The King of England conferred upon the successful adventurer the honor of knighthood, and appointed him high sheriff of New England. James II. was then king of England; and Sir Edmund Andros was in power.[1]

The fleet sailed from Boston on the 29th of April. It consisted of a frigate of forty guns, two sloops-of-war (one carrying sixteen, and the other eight guns), and four ketches, which were small vessels, schooner rigged, of about two hundred tons' burden.[2] The squadron proceeded first to Port Royal. The garrison there was in no condition to resist so powerful a force, and surrendered at discretion.[3]

Sir William took, as prisoners-of-war, the military governor,

[1] Mather's Magnalia, vol. ii. pp. 151-208. Collection of State Papers. By Thomas Hutchinson, p. 353.

[2] Universal History, vol. xl. p. 62.

[3] "Du Mont, having received a commission as lieutenant-general of France, fitted out an expedition, with which he sailed along the coast of Maine, formed a temporary settlement at the mouth of the River St. Croix, where his company spent one winter, and then established a colony on the other side of the Bay of Fundy, at a place which they named Port Royal, and now called Annapolis. This was in the year 1604." — *History of Portland, by William Willis*, p. 10.

M. Maneval, and thirty-eight soldiers. He then ran back, south-westerly along the coast of Maine toward the Penobscot, capturing all the French posts on the way, and taking possession of the islands. He appointed a governor over the province so easily conquered, and returned to Boston with his prisoners, and with sufficient plunder, as he judged, to defray all the expenses of the expedition.[1]

The French population of the subjugated province was supposed to be between two and three thousand souls.[2] They hated the English; and the tribes under their influence sympathized with them in these hostile feelings.

Flushed with victory, New England and New York combined to root out all the French colonies in Nova Scotia and Canada. Four thousand men were easily enlisted to enter upon the popular enterprise. Sir William Phips, promoted to the rank of commodore, commanded the fleet, containing two thousand men. Quebec was its point of destination. The other half of the army, under Major-Gen. John Winthrop of Connecticut, marched across the country to attack Montreal.

The fleet sailed on the 19th of August, 1690. It was not until the 5th of October, that the vessels cast anchor before Quebec. Count Frontenac, a haughty but able French nobleman, was governor. To a summons to surrender, he returned the singular reply, —

"You and your countrymen are heretics and traitors. New England and Canada would be one, had not the friendship been destroyed by your revolution."[3]

In this he referred to the revolution in England, which had driven the Papist, James II., into France, and had placed the Protestant, William of Orange, on the throne, and had thus inaugurated the war. A landing was effected about four miles below the town. Both the naval and the land forces commenced a furious cannonade. But the French fought with courage and

[1] Mather's Magnalia, p. 522.

[2] Hutchinson's Historical Collections, vol. ii. p. 13. Holmes, in his American Annals, vol. i. p. 474, estimates the number at between three and four thousand.

[3] Hutchinson's History of Massachusetts, vol. i. p. 356.

skill, and were greatly aided in their attack upon the land-force by their Indian allies.

The troops were defeated, and were driven precipitately on board the ships. Quebec was found far better armed with heavy guns than had been supposed. The fleet suffered more than the French works from the cannonade. A general feeling of depression spread through the English troops. The enterprise was abandoned; and the vessels spread their sails to return. To add to their disasters, the elements seemed to combine against them. A violent tempest struck the fleet. Several vessels, as they were emerging from the mouth of the St. Lawrence, were sunk, and others blown out to sea.

It was not until the 19th of November, that the residue of the shattered squadron reached Boston. Between two and three hundred men were lost by the casualties of war during this unfortunate expedition.[1]

Gen. Winthrop was equally unsuccessful. Led by forty Mohawk warriors, he struggled through the forest to the shores of Lake Champlain. Here, finding himself unable to transport his army across the lake, he also abandoned the enterprise, and, with his humiliated army, returned, having accomplished nothing.[2]

In the mean time, the war with the Indians and French combined was raging throughout Maine; and the land was filled with lamentation and mourning.

[1] According to Mather's Magnalia, vol. ii. p. 522, the fleet consisted of thirty-two sail.

[2] Trumbull's History of Connecticut, vol. ii. p. 383.

CHAPTER XIII.

CAMPAIGNS IN THE WILDERNESS.

Character of Indian Warfare — Expedition of Capt. Church — Battle at Falmouth — The Sack of Berwick — The Massacre at Falmouth — Church at Pejepscot — Incidents of the Campaign — Indian Gratitude — The Truce — Deplorable Condition of Maine — The Disaster at York — Heroic Defence of Wells — Church's Third Expedition — New Efforts for Peace.

IT will be remembered, that, in the year 1678, Massachusetts had purchased of Mr. Gorges the Province of Maine, for the sum of twelve hundred and fifty pounds sterling. King James II. protested against this sale. It was, however, ratified, in the year 1691, by King William, in a charter which included not only what had been called the Province of Maine, but also the more easterly provinces of Sagadahoc and Nova Scotia.[1]

We must now retrace the time for a few months. There were many intelligent men among the Indians; and they sagaciously succeeded in forming a very remarkable union of the several tribes.

The Indians always proved to be a prowling, skulking foe, never venturing to meet their adversaries in the open field. They hid behind fences, stumps, rocks, and, waylaying the English, would shoot them down, strip off their scalps, and disappear in the forest. They would watch all night to shoot a settler as he came from his cabin in the dawn of the morning. Four young men went out together; and the invisible Indians shot them all down at a single fire. A well-armed party of twenty-four went out to bury them. The Indians rose from ambush; and after a severe conflict, having shot down six, the

[1] Willis's History of Portland, p. 222.

savages fled into the woods. The activity of these people was so great, and their depredations so incessant and terrible, that nearly all the settlements, and even garrisons, east of Falmouth, were abandoned; and many of the inhabitants sought refuge in the stronger fortresses upon the Piscataqua.

For the protection of the despairing people of Maine, Massachusetts sent to their aid an army of six hundred men. The troops were rendezvoused at Berwick, then called Newichawannock. There were ninety Natick Indians in the party. Major Benjamin Church, a man who subsequently gained great renown in those wars, joined a detachment of these troops at Falmouth, with two hundred and fifty volunteers, a part of whom were friendly Indians.

The report came, that seven hundred Indians,[1] with many Frenchmen associated with them, were on the march to attack Falmouth. Major Church, who was well acquainted with the Indian mode of fighting, landed his troops secretly, in the night, and concealed them in a thick growth of bushes, about half a mile from the town. A severe battle soon took place, after the Indian fashion, in which both parties displayed great skill and bravery. The Indians finally retreated, after having killed or wounded twenty-one of their assailants,[2] six of whom were Indians in alliance with the English. The loss sustained by the Indians is not known. Major Church wrote to the governor of Massachusetts, under date of Sept. 27, 1689,[3] —

"We know not yet what damage we did to the enemy in our last engagement. But several things that they left behind them on their flight, we found yesterday; which were gun-cases and stockings, and other things of

[1] "Such was the statement of Mrs. Lee, a daughter of Major Waldron, who had just been ransomed from the Indians. Sullivan also says seven hundred. Mr. Willis thinks this number overestimated. Capt. Davis of Falmouth states the number to have been between three and four hundred." — *History of Portland, by William Willis*, p. 277.

[2] Church's Expedition, pp. 89, 106.

[3] "There is no account of this action, excepting what Church gives in his History. He has described the place where it happened, in such a manner, that it is very difficult now to fix upon it with any degree of certainty. It is clear that the Indians must either have gone up Fore River, and landed above the town, or have gone up Back Cove, and landed at the head of it. The latter may be believed the most probable." — *Sullivan's History of Maine*, p. 202.

some value, together with other signs, that make us think that we did them considerable damage."[1]

From this point, Major Church advanced, in his vessels, to the Kennebec, which he ascended for some distance. He visited several garrisons, and, returning, left sixty soldiers at Fort Loyal, and then sailed for Boston. Capt. Hall was left in command of the garrison. The terror-stricken people, apprehensive that the savages would return with increased numbers, and inflict terrible vengeance, entreated Major Church to take them away in his transports. But he persuaded them to remain, with the assurance that efficient aid should be promptly sent them from Boston. Upon his arrival there, he labored hard, but in vain, to redeem his pledge.

Berwick had revived, and contained about twenty-seven houses. Early in the spring of 1690, a party of French and Indians, having laid waste the settlement at Salmon Falls, made an attack upon Berwick. The assailants consisted of fifty-two men, twenty-five being Indians, and the remainder Frenchmen.[2] As usual, the attack was commenced by surprise, in the earliest dawn of the morning. The Indians were led by a renowned chief, called Hopehood.[3] The French commander was a Canadian officer of distinction, by the name of Artel, or Hartel as it is sometimes spelled.

The English fought with the energies of despair. When almost every man (thirty-four in number) had been shot down, the women and children were compelled to surrender. The victors wantonly shot the cattle, laid all the buildings in ashes, and with fifty-four captives, and all the plunder they could carry, retreated.

A force of a hundred and fifty men, hastily collected, at-

[1] Willis's History of Portland, p. 280, quoting from Hutchinson Papers.

[2] Mather writes, "Being half one, and half t'other; half Indianized French, and half Frenchified Indians."

[3] "Hopehood was a celebrated chief of the tribe of the Kennebeks, generally known as the Nerigwoks (Norridgewock). His Indian name seems to have been Wohawa." — *Drake's Book of the Indians*, book iii. p. 109.

"Many of the natives had both an Indian and an English name. Hopehood was a son of the celebrated Negusset sagamore, called Robinhood, but whose Indian name was Ramegin." — *Drake*, book iii. p. 97.

tracted by the smoke of the burning village, pursued the united band of civilized and uncivilized savages. The plunderers, encumbered with booty and prisoners, were overtaken as they were attempting to cross a small stream called Wooster River. A fierce battle ensued, which lasted till the darkness of night set in. Several were slain on each side. But it would appear that during the night the marauders escaped.[1]

In May the French and Indians organized another expedition against Falmouth. Between four and five hundred men commenced the attack of the 16th of May, 1690. Prowling bands had been for some time seen around, which led to the suspicion that the foe was preparing to strike them by surprise.

Thirty young men volunteered to march out on a reconnoissance. Lieut. Thaddeus Clark led them, and led them into an ambush. They climbed Munjoy's Hill, when suddenly a volley of bullets was discharged upon them by invisible assailants, concealed behind a fence. That one discharge cut down nearly half their number, including their commander. The remainder fled in consternation to their fortifications, pursued by the French and Indians, filling the air with yells.

There were, in addition to Fort Loyal, four garrison-houses in the town. All the people who were unable to effect a retreat to one of these fortresses were either killed or captured. The assailants, after plundering the houses, set them on fire. They then combined all their energies to storm the forts. For four days and four nights, they kept up almost a constant fire, displaying much military skill in their approaches. We give the

[1] In this case, as usual, there is a slight discrepancy in the *details*, as given by the early annalists. Drake writes, —

"Hopehood had joined twenty-two Frenchmen, under *Hertel*, with twenty-five of his warriors. They attacked the place, as soon as it was day, in three places. The people defended themselves as well as they were able, in their consternation, until about thirty of their best men were slain, when they gave themselves up to the mercy of the besiegers. Sixty-four men were carried away captive, and much plunder. They burned all the houses, and the barns with the cattle in them. The number of buildings thus destroyed is unknown, but was perhaps thirty, and perhaps two hundred head of cattle." — *Drake*, book iii. p. 109.

Charlevoix, in his History of New France, says that two thousand cattle were burnt in the barns.

I give the narrative in the text as recorded by Belknap, vol. i. p. 207, and the very accurate Williamson, vol. i. p. 619.

result, not in the words, but in accordance with the facts contained in the official report of Capt. Davis; which document is on file in the Massachusetts office of State.

The conflict commenced with the dawn of the 16th. It raged until the afternoon of the 20th. Nearly all the inmates of the garrison were then slain. Either the French were dressed as Indians, or had so concealed themselves, that the English could not tell whether there were any of that nation in the savage band assailing them. They, therefore, sent a flag of truce, that they might ascertain whether they could, by a surrender, hope to save the lives of the survivors. Thus they learned that there were many Frenchmen in the party; and they were promised, that, as a condition of surrender, the lives of all should be spared, and that they should be conducted, under guard, to the next English town, where they should be set at liberty. The French commander took a solemn oath, by the ever living God, that the articles of the capitulation should be sacredly performed.[1]

The gates were thrown open, and the savages rushed in. Awful was the scene which ensued. Mons. Burneffe had probably lost all control over his ferocious allies. No respect whatever was paid to the terms of the surrender. There were seventy living men within the garrison, many of whom were wounded, and a large number of women and children. Nearly all were slaughtered, and many with inhuman tortures.

The French rescued Capt. Davis, and succeeded in saving the lives of, some say fifty, others say a hundred prisoners. It seems to have been a custom among the Indians to put to death as many of their captives as they themselves had lost in the conflict.[2] The whole village was laid in ashes. The dead were

[1] "The French and Indians were under the command of M. Burneffe, a Canadian officer. His lieutenant was M. Corté de March. Most of the French troops were from Quebec, under Capt. M. de Portneuf. The Indians were led by Baron Castine and his son-in-law, Madookawando. They came to Casco Bay in a large fleet of canoes. Charlevoix gives the command of the expedition to Portneuf, and dates the surrender on the 27th. In both of these statements he is doubtless incorrect." — *See Letter of Capt. Davis in Collections of Massachusetts Historical Society*, vol. i. 3 ser., p. 104.

[2] "When the prisoners marched out of the fort, fifty in all, the savages raised a shout, fell upon them with hatchet and sword, and killed all except four; and these were wounded." — *Histoire et Dis. Gen de la Nouvelle France, par Père de Charlevoix*, vol. iii. p. 78.

PEJEPSCOT FALLS, BRUNSWICK AND TOPSHAM, ME.

left unburied. The number slain in this awful massacre is not known. The French, after participating in this demoniac deed, commenced their march back to Canada.

"I must say," writes Capt. Davis, "they were kind to me in my travels through the country. Our provisions were very short, — Indian corn and acorns. Hunger made it very good, and God gave it strength to nourish."

Davis was a prisoner-of-war in Quebec for four months, when Sir William Phips effected his exchange for a Frenchman. The capture of Falmouth was a terrible disaster. The victorious Indians scattered in all directions, perpetrating the most horrible deeds of cruelty and crime. Many of them were demons in character, and recoiled from no horror. The cruelties they often committed are too revolting to be described. Even the recital brings torture to the soul.

From all the feebler garrisons the people fled in dismay, westward, and took refuge in Storer's strong garrisons at Wells.[1] The government sent them re-enforcements, with directions to make a stand there, and resist all attacks.

The valiant Major Church was despatched with another expedition, of three hundred men, to visit Casco and Pejepscot, to chastise the Indians, and regain captives, if possible. This was early in September, 1690. He landed at Maquoit, and marched at night across the country to Pejepscot[2] Fort, which, it will be remembered, was located west of the Androscoggin, at the Pejepscot Falls. The Indians held possession of the fort. The accompanying illustration shows the appearance of these celebrated falls, after the lapse of nearly two centuries.

A watchful eye discerned the coming, and spread the alarm. The savages fled in all directions, leaving several English captives behind. One Indian man was taken, with a few women and several children. The horrors perpetrated by the savages had created great exasperation against them. Church's men

[1] "No other town in the province was so well provided with houses of refuge as Wells. This was due to the prudent foresight of Storer and Wheelwright. There were here seven or eight garrisons, some of them built in the best manner, against assaults from without, and for the protection and comfort of those within." — *History of Wells and Kennebunk, by Edward E. Bourne, LL.D.* p. 196.

[2] Williamson spells this both Pejepscot and Pegypscot, pp. 37, 724.

were about to put the man to death, when the female white captives, who had thus been rescued, earnestly pleaded for his life. They said that he had ever been kind to them, and had several times saved them and others from death.

The wives of two of the distinguished sagamores, Kankamagus[1] and Worumbee, were among the prisoners. As they promised that eighty English captives should be surrendered for their ransom, their lives were spared, and they were sent to the garrisons at Wells. The sister of Kankamagus was slain. Worumbee's two children were carried, with their mother, into captivity. Mr. Drake quotes the following statement from a manuscript letter written at that time by Major Church, and addressed to Gov. Hinckley of Plymouth: —

"We left two old squaws that were not able to march; gave them victuals enough for one week, of their own corn, boiled, and a little of our provisions; and buried their dead, and left clothes enough to keep them warm, and left the wigwams for them to lie in; gave them orders to tell their friends how kind we were to them, bidding them to do the like to ours. Also, if they were for peace, to come to Goodman Small's at Berwick, within fourteen days, who would attend to discourse them."[2]

This capture upon the Androscoggin took place on Sunday, Sept. 14, 1690. The victors retired with five English captives, whom they had rescued, and nine Indians prisoners.

Major Church and his victorious party, about forty in number, ascended the Androscoggin seven miles, to another Indian fort. There he killed twenty-one Indians, took one a prisoner, and rescued seven English captives. The torch was applied, and the works laid in ashes. The single savage whose life was spared was a gigantic fellow, Agamcus, who was nicknamed

[1] "Kankamagus, commonly called Hoykins, Hawkins, or Hakins, was a Pennacook sachem. He was faithful to the English as long as he could depend upon them for protection. When the terrible Mohawks were sent to destroy the eastern Indians, he fled westerly to the Androscoggin. Here he and another sachem, called Worumbee, lived with their families. He could speak and write English. His several letters to Gov. Canfield prove his fidelity. There can be no doubt that he would have been true to the English, had they been true to him." — *Drake's Book of the Indians*, book iii. p. 106.

[2] Drake's Book of the Indians, book iii. p. 108.

Great Tom.[1] On the march he escaped, and carried to the Indians such reports of the strength and prowess of Major Church's troops, that they retired far back into the interior wilderness.[2]

Church sailed along the coast, touching at various points, and inflicting all the injury he could upon the Indians. It was, however, not often that they gave him an opportunity to strike a blow. On the 21st of September, he landed three companies on Purpooduck.[3] Here a strong band of Indians fiercely assailed him. He repelled them with the loss of five of his own men, after having slain eight or ten Indians, and taken thirteen canoes. Major Church afterwards learned, from a returned captive, that the savages put just as many English prisoners to a cruel death as they had lost in the conflict.

In October, ten sagamores went to Wells, where the captive women and children were restored to them. They expressed unbounded gratitude in view of the kindness with which they had been treated, and declared their earnest desire for peace. "We are ready," they said, "at any time and place you may appoint, to meet your head men, and enter into a treaty."

On the 29th of November, a truce between the Massachusetts commissioners and six sagamores was signed. It would appear that there was much difficulty in agreeing upon the terms on which hostilities should cease. The Indians had even abandoned the council, and retired to their canoes, before terms were offered them which they were willing to accept. The truce was to continue through the winter, until the 1st of May, when they promised to visit Storer's garrison, in Wells, to bring

[1] We hope that the following statement made by Mr. Williamson is a mistake. "The wives of the two sagamores and their children were saved. But it is painful to relate, and no wise creditable to the usual humanity of Major Church, that the rest of the females, except two or three old squaws, also the unoffending children, were put to the tomahawk or sword." — Vol. i. p. 625.

[2] "Many Indians bore the name of Tom. Indian Hill in Newbury was owned by Great Tom. He is supposed to have been the last Indian proprietor of lands in that town. In written instruments he styles himself, — I Great Tom, Indian.'" — *Drake*, book iii. p. 114.

[3] The first inhabitants of Cape Elizabeth, which is separated from the peninsula by Fore River, seated themselves opposite to the harbor, upon Purpooduck Point; from which the plantation, commencing forty-four years prior to King Philip's war, derived its name." — *Williamson*, vol. ii. p. 377.

in all the English captives they held, and to establish a permanent peace.

The condition of Maine at this time was deplorable in the extreme. All the settlements were devastated, but four. Those were Wells, York, Kittery, and the Isle of Shoals. At the appointed time, Pres. Danforth, with quite an imposing retinue on horseback, repaired to the strong garrison. But, for some unexplained reason, the sagamores did not appear.[1] Some attributed it to the influence of the French. It is more probable that they feared treachery. During the winter, the English had been preparing to strike heavy blows, should the war be renewed. The wary Indians, through their scouts, kept themselves informed of every movement.

Capt. Converse, who had command of the troop of horse, sent out a detachment, who brought in a few of the neighboring chiefs. To the inquiry why the sagamores did not come in, according to the agreement, to ratify the treaty, they returned the unsatisfactory reply, —

"We did not remember the time. But we now bring in and deliver up two captives. We promise certainly to surrender the rest within ten days."[2]

The chiefs were permitted to return to their homes. Ten days passed away; but no Indians appeared. Apprehensive that an attack was meditated, Pres. Danforth returned to York, and sent a re-enforcement of thirty-five soldiers to strengthen the garrison at Wells. They arrived on the 9th of June, 1692. It was none too soon.

In one half-hour after their arrival, a band of two hundred savages made a fierce but unsuccessful attack upon the garrison. The only account we have of this battle is the following: —

"We have intelligence that the eastward Indians and some French have made an assault upon the garrisons in and near the town of Wells, and have

[1] "The reason of this we cannot explain, unless the warlike appearance of the English deterred them. After waiting a while, Capt. Converse surprised some of them, and brought them in by force. Having reason to believe the Indians provoked by this time, he immediately added thirty-five men to their (his) force." —*Drake*, book iii. p. 102.

[2] Williamson, vol. i. p. 627.

killed about six persons thereabout. They drove the cattle together, and killed them before their faces."[1]

The savages, thus baffled, retired, threatening soon to come again. At Cape Neddock, in York, they burned several houses, and attacked a vessel, killing most of the crew. Indian bands continued to range the country, shooting down all they could find, and inflicting all the damage in their power.

Another dreary summer passed away, and another cheerless winter came. The Indians seldom ventured to brave the cold and the storms of a Maine winter in their campaigns: consequently the inhabitants of York remitted their vigilance at that time. The Indians, with the military skill they were accustomed to display, selected this season for their attack.

The little village was scattered along the eastern bank of the Agamenticus River. There were several strong block-houses, in which the inhabitants could take refuge in case of an alarm. The accompanying illustration faithfully represents the structure of one of those houses.

GARRISON-HOUSE AT YORK, BUILT ABOUT 1645.

[1] Letter of Gov Stoughton of New York, dated June 24, 1691.

Early on a dark, cold morning of February, 1692, a band of between two and three hundred French and Indians, having traversed the wilderness from Canada on snow-shoes, made a furious attack upon different portions of the hamlet. The people were as much taken by surprise as if an army had descended from the clouds.

A scene of terror, carnage, and woe, ensued, which can neither be described nor imagined. In one half-hour seventy-five of the English were slain, and more than a hundred taken prisoners, many of them wounded and bleeding. All the unfortified houses were in flames. Those within the walls of the garrison fought with the utmost intrepidity. The assailants, despairing of being able to break through their strong walls, and fearing that re-enforcements might come to the aid of the English, gathered up their plunder, huddled the distracted, woe-stricken prisoners together, and commenced a retreat.

Awful were the sufferings of these captives, — wounded men, feeble women leaving the gory bodies of their husbands behind them, and little children now fatherless. The French and the savages co-operated in these demoniac deeds. The victors commenced their march over the bleak, snow-drifted fields, towards Sagadahoc.

With the exception of the garrison-houses, the whole village was destroyed. One-half of all the inhabitants were either killed, or carried into captivity. Rev. Shubael Dummer was the excellent pastor of the little church there. He was about sixty years of age, a graduate of Harvard College, a man of devoted piety, and greatly beloved. He was found dead upon the snow. His wife, a lady from one of the first families, and distinguished for her social accomplishments, and her mental and moral culture, was seized, and dragged away with the crowd of captives. But the massacre of her husband, the scenes of horror which she had witnessed, and the frightful prospect opening before her, soon caused her to sink away in that blessed sleep which has no earthly waking. But few of those thus carried into captivity, amidst the storms of an almost arctic winter, ever saw friends or home again.

One pleasing event which occurred is worthy of especial record. The Indians selected from their prisoners several aged women and several children, just the number, and about the ages, of those whom Major Church had treated kindly in the capture of the Pejepscot Fort. These were safely returned, with expressions of gratitude, to one of the English garrison-houses.[1] A party from Portsmouth, N.H., set out in pursuit of the Indians; but they could not be overtaken.

In Wells, there were but fifteen men in garrison. They were commanded by Capt. Converse. Two sloops and a shallop, manned by fourteen sailors, were sent to them with supplies. Before the dawn of the morning of June 10, 1692. an army of five hundred French and Indians, under Mons. Burneffe, attacked the place. The Indians were led by four of their most distinguished sagamores. As usual, the assault was commenced with hideous yells. The military science of the French was combined with the ferocity of the savages. The strength of the assailants was such, that they had not the slightest doubt of success. Mather writes, —

"They fell to dividing persons and plunder. Such an English captain should be slave to such an one. Such a gentleman should serve such an one, and his wife be a maid of honor to such or such a squaw. Mr. Wheelwright, instead of being a worthy counsellor, as he now is, was to be the servant of such a Netop."

John Wheelwright was widely known. He was the most prominent man in the town. His capture would have been deemed an inestimable acquisition. The assailing army approached the feeble garrison, according to European, not Indian tactics. It appears that Capt. Converse had in the garrison about thirty armed men. Probably half of these were inhabitants of the place. They had fled to that retreat in consequence of suspicions that Indians were skulking around. We know

[1] Collections Maine Historical Society, vol. i. p. 104.
It is extremely difficult to ascertain with accuracy the course which Major Church pursued at Pejepscot. The accounts are very contradictory. Mr. Drake, in his valuable Book of the Indians, represents him as acting with shocking inhumanity, "knocking women and children in the head." But this fact seems to imply that he was guilty of no such atrocities.

not how many women and children had taken refuge there. Converse ordered his men to keep carefully concealed, and not to fire a gun until they were sure of their aim. One of the garrison, terror-stricken in view of the formidable array approaching, tremblingly said, "We cannot resist. We must surrender."

"Repeat that word," Capt. Converse replied sternly, "and you are a dead man." The assailants opened fire. The garrison returned it with several small cannon as well as musketry. The women assisted in bringing powder, and in handling the guns. The bullets, thrown with cool and accurate aim, created great havoc in the ranks of the enemy. This was not the Indian mode of fighting. Instead of admiring what was called the gallantry of the French in thus exposing their lives, they regarded them as fools in thus, as it were, courting death. Cotton Mather, in his description of the battle, writes, "They kept calling to surrender; which ours answered with a laughter and with a mortiferous bullet at the end of it."

There is probably more poetry than prose in that statement. We apprehend that there was little time for laughter on that dreadful day, when the feeble little garrison was struggling against a foe outnumbering it nearly twenty to one. They believed that it was the determination of the Indians, incited by the French, to destroy every vestige of the English settlements, and to put to death, or drive from the land, all the English inhabitants.

Capt. Converse had but fifteen men in what was called the Storer's garrison.[1] The battle of the first day was mainly directed against the garrison. But brave hearts behind strong defences beat off the foe. The sloops were anchored in a narrow creek, which was bordered with high banks. The vessels were so near the shore, that the Indians, from their hiding-

[1] "We know not whether the little band on board the vessels, or the noble men and women within the garrison, are entitled to the higher meed. History speaks of fifteen soldiers within the latter; but we think there may have been thirty. Whether the latter or the former is the true number, the victory over the assailants was one that entitles not only these soldiers, but all who were within the walls of the fort, to the grateful remembrance of those who have entered into their labors." — *Bourne's History of Wells and Kennebunk*, p. 216.

places, could easily throw stones on board. They built a breastwork of planks, over which they cautiously took aim. With fire-arrows they succeeded several times in setting the vessels on fire. But the sailors extinguished the flames with mops on the end of long poles.

At length the Indians built a breastwork on a cart. This they pushed within fifty feet of one of the vessels. Not a shot could strike them. As they were carefully pressing it forward, one of the wheels entered a rut. It could not be extricated without exposure. A gallant Frenchman sprung to the wheel, and was instantly shot down. Another Frenchman took his place: he, also, fell, pierced by a bullet. The Indians did not regard this as sensible warfare, but fled as fast as possible.

The next morning was Sunday. The enemy combined all their energies in a renewed attack upon the garrisons; but their bullets produced no effect upon the strong block-houses. Not a man was wounded. Many of the Indian chiefs could speak English. They often called upon Capt. Converse to surrender. To these summons he returned defiant answers. One of the chiefs shouted, "Since you feel so stout, Converse, why do you not come out into the field and fight like a man, and not stay in a garrison, like a squaw?"

"What a pack of fools you are!" Converse replied. "Do you think that I am willing, with but thirty men, to fight your five hundred? But select thirty of your warriors, and, with them only, come upon the plain, and I am ready for you."

"No, no!" the chief replied in broken English. "We think English fashion all one fool, — you kill me, me kill you. Not so. We lie somewhere, and shoot 'em Englishmen when he no see. That's the best soldier."

Another Indian exclaimed, "We will cut you into pieces as small as tobacco, before to-morrow morning."

"Come on, then," the brave captain retorted: "we are all ready for work."

Finding their efforts unavailing, the combined foe of French and savages again turned their attention to the two small sloops which were anchored close together. There were but seven or

eight sailors on board.[1] An army of five hundred men attacked them. Small, comparatively, as were the contending forces, it is indeed true that a more heroic defence history has seldom recorded. The savages constructed a raft about twenty feet square, upon which they piled all kinds of combustibles, — dried branches, birch-bark, and evergreen boughs. Applying the torch, they converted it into an island of fire, the forked tongues of flame rising twenty or thirty feet high.

The destruction of the sloops now seemed sure. Five hundred yells of triumph pierced the air, as the fire-raft swung from its moorings, and floated down on the current towards the apparently doomed vessels. No skill, no courage, could avail against such a foe. But they were saved by a more than human power. The wind changed; and the floating volcano was driven to the opposite shore, where it was soon converted to ashes.

One of the French commanders, Labocree, was shot through the head. Many others of the French and Indians were either killed or wounded. Thus baffled, the foe retreated, after inflicting all the damage in their power, in burning the dwellings, and shooting the cattle. In the dusk of the evening they withdrew; and silence and solitude reigned where the hideous clangor of battle had so long resounded.[2] But one man of the English was killed. He was shot on board one of the vessels.

One unhappy Englishman, John Diamond, was taken captive. The savages, in revenge for their losses, put him to death with the most horrible tortures which their ingenuity could contrive. Capt. Converse,[3] for his heroic defence, was promoted to the

[1] "Our sloops were sorely incommoded by a turn of the creek, where the enemy could be so near as to throw mud aboard with their hands. Other accounts make their distance from them sixty yards." — *Mather's Magnalia*, vol. ii. p. 532.

[2] Drake's Book of the Indians, book iii. p. 103. See also Mather's Magnalia, vol. ii. p. 532; and Bourne's History of Wells and Kennebunk, p. 215.

[3] "The courage of the brave and intrepid Converse kept that of all his comrades from waning. He knew how much depended on his own resolution and firmness: his noble manliness amidst the storm was the inspiration of all about him.

"History does not record a struggle more worthy of perpetual remembrance. The names of those noble men, Gooch and Storer, should never be forgotten by the townsmen of Wells. We know not who else was on board these vessels. But, known or unknown, the whole crew were more worthy of monumental remembrance than the thousands of more modern times whose memory is sanctified in the hearts of their countrymen." — *Bourne's History of Wells and Kennebunk*, p. 218.

important position of commander-in-chief of all the forces in Maine. For seven years this dreadful war desolated the State. Hundreds of terrible tragedies, of burning, scalping, torturing, have never been recorded. It is heart-rending to contemplate the woes into which so many families were plunged. No theology or philosophy can fully explain why God should allow the depravity of man to inflict such misery upon his brother.

In the spring of 1692 a new administration commenced; and Sir William Phips was appointed, by the sovereign of England, governor of Massachusetts. A legislature was convened at Boston on the 8th of June. Eight representatives were returned from Maine. War always spreads a demoralizing influence throughout the whole community. Pirates and freebooters ravaged the unprotected shores of the Province. It was the great object of the French, in the war in which France was involved with England, to annex the territory between the Sagadahoc and Nova Scotia to their domains.

In August, Gov. Phips, with a force of four hundred and fifty men, repaired to a spot about three miles above Pemaquid Point, on the east side of the river, where he built quite a massive fort of quadrangular form, seven hundred and forty-seven feet in measurement. While the fort was in process of construction, Major Church was despatched farther east, with a strong force, to search out the enemy. The fort, which was named William Henry, was built of stone, at an expense of about a hundred thousand dollars. It was garrisoned by sixty men, and mounted eighteen cannon, six of which were eighteen-pounders. This armament showed that they were preparing to repel not savages merely, but the well-equipped armies of France.

The expense of building and maintaining such a garrison was great for those times, and excited much discontent. But the Indians, who, unseen, watched all the movements of their enemy, could not be caught sight of. They found scattered through the wilderness the lonely cabins of two or three Frenchmen who had married Indian wives. It does not appear that these people were molested. Two or three vagrant Indians were, by chance, caught; and a small amount of plunder was taken, of corn and beaver-skins.

Capt. Church, upon his return to Pemaquid, ascended the Kennebec as far as Teconnet (Winslow). But the fleet-footed savages very prudently avoided a battle. There were a few guns discharged in the vicinity of Swan Island; but we cannot learn that anybody was hurt. At Teconnet the savages, as they saw the English troops approaching, set fire to their huts, and, like a covey of frightened partridges, vanished in the woods.[1]

The French organized a strong expedition to batter down the walls of Fort Henry. About two hundred Canadians were sent to the Penobscot to be united with an equal number of Indians under Madockawando. Two French frigates — one of thirty-eight, and the other of thirty-four guns — were to co-operate. But, when this powerful land and naval force reached Pemaquid, an English man-of-war was riding at anchor, under the guns of the fort; and the works were found too strong to be attacked. Thus the enterprise was abandoned.

The starving Indians, without homes or harvests, and living in constant terror, were in great distress, and longed for peace. On the 12th of August, 1692, eighteen sagamores, representing nearly all the tribes from Passamaquoddy Bay to Saco, came to the fort at Pemaquid, and proposed terms of peace. Three commissioners met them.

The sagamores renounced subjection to France, and pledged loyalty to the crown of England. They also agreed to release all their captives without ransom, to leave the English unmolested in all their claims to possessions and territory, and to traffic only at the trading-houses which should be regulated by law. All controversies were to be settled in English courts of justice. Five Indians, of high rank, were delivered to the English as hostages to secure the fulfilment of the treaty.[2]

Thus terminated the second Indian war. Still the Indians could not be cordial and happy with the hard conditions imposed upon them. They were treated as a subjugated people. The Protestant English and the Catholic French were never

[1] Benjamin Church's Third Expedition, p. 131.

[2] Mather's Magnalia, vol. ii. p. 542, contains entire this treaty, so humiliating to the Indians.

friendly. Occasionally they would cease to quarrel; but that was all. Religious differences imbittered national animosities. It is said that the French were continually endeavoring to rouse the Indians against the English, just as the English, a few years afterwards, were unwearied in their endeavors to rouse the savages against the Americans.

It is said that the Catholic *missionaries* were ever striving to incite the savages to renew the war, incessantly preaching that "it is no sin to break faith with heretics." That these self-denying ecclesiastics, toiling in the wigwams to elevate and instruct the Indians, were patriotic to their own country, when war was raging between France and England, cannot be doubted. But no man can read the record of their toils and sufferings without the conviction that they were truly good men, endeavoring, according to the best of their knowledge, to seek and to save the lost.

Father Rasle, at Norridgèwock, was denounced with peculiar severity. "His entire devotion," writes Williamson, "to the religious interests of the Indians, gave him an unlimited ascendency over them."[1] Frontenac, governor of Canada, appointed Mons. Villieu resident commander at Penobscot. He succeeded in enlisting two hundred and fifty Indians, under Madockawando, to accompany a French force in an attack upon Dover. Having destroyed the place, on the 18th of July, 1693, they returned across the Piscataqua to Maine. They killed four men near York, and took one lad captive. On the 25th of August, they killed eight men at Kittery, and, with the hard-heartedness of fiends, scalped a little girl. The child was found the next morning, bleeding, and apparently dying. The scalp was torn from her head, and her skull broken in by a blow from a tomahawk; still, strange to say, the child recovered.

This was considered such a violation of the treaty as to justify any retaliatory acts. There was a Frenchman by the name

[1] "After many attempts on the part of the English to induce the savages, by bribes, and by promises the most flattering, to deliver the missionaries to them, they offered a reward of a thousand pounds sterling to any one who would bring them the head of Rasle. Les Anglais mirent sa tête à pris, et promirent mille livre sterling a celui qui la leur porterait." — *Histoire de la Nouvelle France, par Père la Charlevoix*, ii. p. 385.

of Robert or Robin Doney, who had adopted the Indian style of living, had become a chief among them, and had signed the treaty at Pemaquid. He expressed great regret for the rupture, and, with three companions, hastened to the new fort at Saco, to seek some adjustment of the difficulty. He and his companions were seized and imprisoned.[1]

Soon after this, an Indian chief, by the name of Bomaseen, accompanied by two Indians of high rank, visited the garrison at Pemaquid. Bomaseen, or Bomazeen as Drake spells it, was a sachem of the Canibas tribe at Norridgewock. He was a friend of the English, and had communicated to them information respecting the designs of the French. It was known that he had saved the life of a woman, Rebecca Taylor, whom a savage was endeavoring to hang.[2] The three were immediately seized and incarcerated upon the suspicion that they were engaged in the rupture.[3]

It is humiliating to record that the government did not repudiate this bad faith. But there were many individuals who denounced it with great severity, declaring it to be as impolitic as it was unjust. It is reported by Williamson that the following conversation took place in Boston, between Bomaseen and an English clergyman. The chief, speaking of the religious instruction he had received from the priests, said, —

"The Indians understand that the Virgin Mary was a French lady. Her son, Jesus Christ, the blessed, was murdered by the English. But he has risen from the dead, and gone to heaven. All who would gain his favor must avenge his blood."

The English clergyman replied, taking a glass of wine, "Jesus Christ gives us good religion, like the wine in this glass. God's

[1] "Two years after this, in 1693, Robin Doney became reconciled to the English, and signed a treaty with them at Pemaquid. But, within a year after, he became suspected, whether with or without reason, we know not, and coming to the fort at Saco, probably to settle the difficulty, was seized by the English. What his fate was is rather uncertain; but the days of forgiveness and mercy were not yet." — *Drake's Book of the Indians*, book iii. p. 116.

[2] Drake, book iii. p. 111.

[3] "In 1694 he (Bomazeen) came to the fort at Pemaquid with a flag of truce, and was treacherously seized by those who commanded, and sent prisoner to Boston, where he remained some months in a loathsome prison." — *Drake*, book iii. p. 111.

book is the Bible, which holds this good wine. The French put poison in it, and then give it to the Indians. The English give it to them pure; that is, they present them the Bible in their own language. French priests hear you confess your sins, and take beaver for it. The English never sell pardons. Pardons are free, and come from God only."

To this Bomaseen replied, "The Indians will spit up all French poison. The Englishman's God is the best God."[1]

The English retained the five hostages whom the chiefs had placed in their hands, and also closely imprisoned Bomaseen and his companions for the winter. Pestilence and famine were raging among these unhappy perishing natives. Starvation drove many to acts of plunder.

In May, 1695, the English sent one of their hostage chiefs, Sheepscot John, to confer with the eastern Indians upon peace. He induced the sagamores to come in a fleet of fifty canoes, and meet him at Rutherford's Island, which was about three miles from fort William Henry. There was a friendly conference. A truce was agreed upon; eight English captives were released; and the sagamores promised, at the end of thirty days, to meet commissioners at the garrison of William Henry, and conclude an abiding peace.

The commissioners met at the appointed time and place. The sagamores were also prompt to their engagements. The English, Messrs. Phillips, Hawthorne, and Converse, refused to surrender their hostages, and yet demanded that the Indians should surrender their prisoners before they would even treat upon the subject of peace. We must respect these chiefs for resenting such an indignity. They replied, —

"You have not brought us our friends, and yet you demand that we shall bring to you yours. This is not fair. We will talk no more."

Abruptly they rose and departed. Thus the truce ended. Again the storms of war spread their desolations far and wide. It was a miserable warfare on each side, shooting individuals whenever they could be found, burning cabins and wigwams, and capturing and scalping without mercy.

[1] Williamson, vol. i. p. 641.

CHAPTER XIV.

KING WILLIAM'S WAR. — QUEEN ANNE'S WAR.

Efforts of the French to reduce Fort William Henry — Cruelty of Capt. Chubb — His Fate — Camden Heights — Plunder on the Bay of Fundy — Major Frost — Fearful Tragedies — Consultations for Peace — Assacombuit — Impoverishment of the Province — Cruel Rumors and New Solicitudes — An Intolerant Act — Gov. Dudley — Speech of Simmo — King William's War — Policy of M. Rivières — Shameful Conduct of Englishmen — Third Indian War — Siege of Winter Harbor — Arrival of Capt, Southack.

THE renewal of the dreadful war must be attributed to the folly of the English. During the month of June, 1696, more than twenty persons were shot in the vicinity of the Piscataqua, and many houses were burned. The French resolved to reduce Fort William Henry. In their view, it controlled all of Western Acadia.

Capt. Iberville was sent from Quebec, with two men-of-war, and two companies of soldiers. At Port Royal he was to take on board fifty Indians; and at Castine he was to be joined by Baron Castine and a large additional number. Charlevoix says that there were two hundred savages in the expedition.[1] Castine, with his retinue, accompanied the ships along the shore in canoes.

The troops were landed without opposition, and the batteries raised. By the 14th of July, 1696, the fort was invested. Capt. Chubb, who was in command of the garrison, had fifteen guns and ninety-five men, with an ample supply of food and ammunition. Iberville, having placed his cannon and mortars in position simply to show what he could do, sent a summons for surrender. Chubb was particularly obnoxious to the Indians,

[1] Hist. Gen. de la Nouv. Fr., t. iii. p. 260.

who never forgot a wrong. Only five months before, on the 16th of February, 1696, he lured two sachems, Edgeremet and Abenquid, into his fort, and put them both to death. "It was a horrid and cold-blooded act," writes Drake. "Few are the instances that we meet with in history, where Indian treachery, as it is termed, can go before this."[1] To the demand for a surrender, Chubb returned the spirited reply, "I shall not give up the fort, though the sea be covered with French vessels, and the land with wild Indians."

The bombardment was commenced with great energy. Bombshells, those most terrible thunderbolts of war, fell thick, with death-dealing explosions, within the enclosure. Baron Castine, who seems to have been a humane man, some say a religious man, convinced that the fort could not withstand the cannonade, and knowing, from the antagonism of the Indians to Chubb, that, should the fort be carried by storm, no earthly power could restrain the ferocity of the savages, succeeded in sending to him the following message: "If you delay to surrender till the works are carried by assault, an indiscriminate massacre of the garrison is inevitable."

Conscious guilt probably made Chubb cowardly. The white flag was raised; and the terms of capitulation were soon agreed upon. All the garrison were to be conveyed to Boston, and, in exchange for them, just as many French and Indian prisoners-of-war were to be returned. The gates of the fort were thrown open; and the conquerors entered, unfurling the French flag upon the captured battlements.

But the Indians found one of their people in irons. He had a deplorable story to tell of the cruel treatment he had received from Chubb. This so exasperated them, that, before Capt. Iberville could effectually interpose, several of the English were

[1] Drake, book iii. p. 112. "Cotton Mather records the crime in language quite unworthy of him. He writes, 'Know, then, reader, that, Capt. March petitioning to be dismissed from his command of the fort at Pemaquid, one Chubb succeeded him. This Chubb found an opportunity, in a pretty *Chubbed* manner, to kill the famous Edgeremet and Abenquid, a couple of principal sagamores, with one or two other Indians, on a Lord's Day. Some, that well enough liked the thing which was now done, did not altogether like the manner of doing it; because there was a pretence of treaty between Chubb and the sagamores, whereof he took his advantage to lay violent hands upon them.'" — *Mather's Magnalia*, book vii.

massacred; but, by the aid of the French soldiers, he rescued the rest, and removed them, with Chubb, to a small neighboring island, where they were placed under a strong guard.[1] Both French and Indians regarded this conquest as a great achievement. The fleet returned to the Penobscot; and, flushed with victory, new efforts were made by the French to enlist all the tribes as allies in the renewal of the war.

The capture of Fort William Henry created much anxiety in Boston. It was feared that the fleet would sweep the whole coast, from the Penobscot to the Piscataqua, burning and destroying. Five hundred men were promptly raised, and sent to the Piscataqua, under the command of Capt. Church. But no enemy appeared there.

Three British men-of-war, with a smaller vessel of twenty guns, and a fire-ship, sailed from Boston for the Penobscot, to attack and destroy the French squadron; but the fleet was just visible, far away in the distant horizon, on its return to Quebec. Though it was pursued for a few hours, it was soon entirely lost sight of in a dense fog. The English vessels, on their way back to Boston, captured a small French shallop, commanded by Capt. Villeau, with twenty-three French sailors on board.

Major Church embarked a portion of his division in a small well-armed vessel, and sailed along the coast until he cast anchor at the Island of Monhegan. He then boldly pushed on to Penobscot Bay, and ascended, until abreast Camden Heights.[2]

[1] "We will now inform the reader of the wretched fate of Capt. Pasco Chubb. It was not long after he had committed the bloody deed of killing the Indian sagamores, before he and the fort were taken by the French and the Indians. He was exchanged, and returned to Boston, where he suffered much disgrace for his treachery with the Indians. He lived at Andover, in Massachusetts, where the Indians made an attack, in February, 1698, in which he was killed. 'When they found that they had killed him, it gave them as much joy,' says Hutchinson, 'as the destruction of a whole town, because they had taken their beloved vengeance of him for his perfidy and barbarity to their countrymen.' They shot him through several times, after he was dead." — *Drake*, book iii. p. 113.

[2] "Camden Heights are about ten miles overland from Owl's Head. There are five or six of them, in a range from north-west to south-east; and they are clothed with forest-trees to their tops. Mount Batty, which is about three-quarters of a mile from Camden Harbor, is about nine hundred feet high. In our second war with England, an eighteen-pounder was placed upon its summit.

"These are probably the mountains seen by Capt. Weymouth in 1605, and by Capt. Smith in 1614, when they explored Penobscot Bay." — *See Williamson's History of Maine*, vol. i. p. 95.

The pilot, who was familiar with that region, and who had once been a captive there in the hands of the Indians, informed Capt. Church, that, about sixty miles up the river, there was a small island, which was a place of general resort by the Indians.

It is supposed that this was the ancient Lett, or Oldtown Island. There was a village here, which, for a long time, continued to be one of the most memorable of the Indian towns. It was situated on the southerly end of an island, containing about three hundred and fifty acres of very rich soil. Church ascended the river in his vessel as far as what is called the Bend, where Eddington now stands.[1] Small vessels could usually ascend nearly to this point. Here Church cast anchor. Landing a portion of his force, he commenced a march up the west bank of the river.

It was the month of August. The region was beautiful, and the climate in that latitude, at that season, charming. Ascending a few miles, they passed many spots which the Indians had formerly inhabited, but which were then abandoned. It was the custom to hunt Indians as one would hunt wolves. Often no respect was paid to sex or age. The men succeeded in killing four or five of the natives, and in wounding several. A shattered bone must be a terrible calamity to a poor Indian, who can have no surgical aid.

The adventurers, having inflicted this amount of damage, returned to their vessel, and sailed for the Bay of Fundy. A few French emigrants had their scattered cabins on the northern shores of this bay, where their wives and children lived, in the extreme of poverty. They raised a few bushels of corn, caught a few fishes, and occasionally trapped a beaver, or shot a bird. Their comfortless homes were scarcely a remove above the wigwam of the savage.

In terror, the inmates of these hovels fled into the wilderness. Capt. Church burned their houses, destroyed their little harvests, and plundered them of their furs and skins, and of what-

1 "From the re-union of the Penobscot with the Stillwater, at the foot of Marsh Island, the river flows south-westerly three miles to the head of the tide at the *Bend*, where its usual ebb and flow are two feet." — *Williamson*, vol. i. p. 68.

ever else was worth carrying away.[1] As he was sailing homewards with his slender booty, he met, in the waters of Passamaquoddy Bay, an English squadron of three vessels, from Boston. Col. Hawthorne was in command. Capt. Church, thus superseded, was directed to join the fleet, and accompany them to an attack upon St. John. The enterprise was unsuccessful, and the vessels returned to Boston.

The inhabitants of Maine, the English, and the savages, were now alike wretched. No man could leave his door without danger of being shot. No family could lay down to sleep at night without being liable to hear the horrible war-whoop before the morning, and of being subjected to the awful tragedy of conflagration, scalping, and massacre. Stern Nature seemed in harmony with the cruelty of man. The winter was one of unprecedented cold; and storms of sleet and snow howled through the tree-tops, and swept all the dreary fields. Many, both Indians and English, were starved to death. Nine Indians, who were out hunting, after eating their dogs, were found dead, the victims of famine.[2]

Major Charles Frost was in command at Kittery. He was peculiarly obnoxious to the Indians, as they accused him of several acts of treachery.[3] A plan was formed to kill him. Several Indians hid behind a large log, about five miles from his house, to shoot him on his way to church. It was Sunday morning, June 4, 1696. Apparently, his wife was riding behind him, on a pillion; and some one was walking by the side of the horse. There was a simultaneous discharge of the guns of the savages; and all three fell to the ground in the convulsions of death.

[1] "Among the settlements on the north shore of that bay, he made great destruction, and took considerable plunder." — *Williamson*, vol. i. p. 646.

[2] Mather's Magnalia, vol. ii. p. 556.

[3] "We have, in narrating the events in the life of Modokawando, noticed the voyage of Major Waldron to the eastern coast of Maine. How much treachery was manifested at that time by the Indians, which caused the English to massacre many of them, we shall not take upon us to declare. Yet this we cannot but bear in mind, that we have only the account of those who performed the tragedy, and not that of those on whom it fell. Capt. Charles Frost of Kittery was with Waldron upon that expedition, and, next to him, a principal actor in it." — *Drake*, book iii. p. 109.

Two young men who were hurrying with the tidings to the garrison at Wells were shot by the lurking Indians. Five soldiers, who had ventured a little distance from the garrison at York, were found scalped, and with their bodies pierced with bullets. One unhappy man, who had incurred the rage of the savages, was roasted to death at a slow fire. A few men from Wells went upon Cow Island for fuel. A man and his two sons were stationed to keep watch. The lurking savages seized them, and carried them off in a canoe. There were several canoes. Lieut. Larabee was out on a scout. He caught sight of the little fleet, and shot three of the Indians, rescuing one captive. The other two were carried away. Doubtless the Indians, in revenge, tortured them to death.

The French raised an army of fifteen hundred French and Indians to recapture Nova Scotia, and ravage all the coasts of New England. This was a prodigious force for this country, in those days. It created great alarm. At a vast expense of money and labor, all the fortifications were strengthened and supplied. Five hundred soldiers, under Major March, were pushed forward to the forts in Maine. Ranging parties were sent in all directions to intercept the Indians.

Major March cast anchor, with his troops, at Damariscotta.[1] A band of Indians had discerned his approach. They knew where he would attempt a landing, and concealed themselves in ambush. Scarcely had the troops placed their feet upon the shore of the silent and apparently solitary wilderness, when there came a loud report of musketry, a volley of bullets swept through their ranks, and their ears were almost deafened by the shrill war-whoop. Nearly thirty were killed or wounded. The English, now well accustomed to Indian warfare, rallied for a vigorous defence. The savages fled, probably with but very slight loss. It was their great aim to strike a blow, and then run before the blow could be returned.[2]

Two days after this, on the 11th of September, 1697, peace

[1] "Damariscotta is navigable for large ships about twelve miles from the sea. It is about half a mile wide. Rutherford's Island, a mile long, is at its mouth." — *Williamson*, vol. i. p. 56.

[2] Mather's Magnalia, vol. ii. p. 553.

between France and England was concluded by the famous Treaty of Ryswick. Tidings of the happy event did not reach Boston until the 10th of December. The Indians, unaided by the French, could accomplish but little, though there were occasional assassinations and plunderings. Early in the summer of 1698, the savages sent in their flags of truce to our outposts, imploring peace.

A conference was held at Penobscot on the 14th of October, 1698. Two commissioners from Massachusetts met six sagamores, accompanied by a large retinue of Indians. The Indians were very sad. Mournfully they sang requiems for the dead. War to them had brought famine, and famine had brought pestilence. A terrible disease was sweeping away hundreds of their people. Many of their most illustrious men, the revered Madockawando[1] being of the number, were included among its victims. The English commissioners insisted, that, in addition to the return of all the captives, the Indians should drive all the Catholic missionaries out of their country. It certainly speaks well for the influence which these teachers had exerted upon the minds of the savages, that the sagamores, as with one voice, should have replied, "The white prisoners will be free to go home, or stay with their Indian friends. But the good missionaries must not be driven away."

Another conference was held at Marepoint, now in the town of Brunswick, in January, 1699. Major Converse and Col. Phillips met the sagamores of most, if not all, the tribes between the Piscataqua and the Penobscot. Here a previous treaty was signed and ratified, with additional articles. The dreadful war had lasted ten years, impoverishing all, enriching none. The woes it had caused, no finite imagination can gauge. It is estimated that between five and seven hundred of the English were killed, and two hundred and fifty were carried into captivity, many of whom perished. One Indian warrior, Assacombuit,[2]

[1] "Madockawando and Squando were the most powerful chiefs during this war. They are described by Hubbard as 'a strange kind of moralized savages, grave and serious in their speech, and not without some show of a kind of religion.'" — *Willis's History of Portland*, p. 213.

[2] "This sachem was known among the French by the name of Nescambiouit; but among the English he was called Assacambuit and Assacombuit. He was as

boasted, and probably truthfully, that he had killed or captured a hundred and fifty men, women, and children.[1]

It is a remarkable fact, but well authenticated, that, in many cases, young children captured by the savages, and brought up among them, were often very unwilling to leave the wigwam, and return to civilized life. The attachment between them and the members of the Indian families became very strong. Very affecting were the partings which sometimes took place. Even in the present case, Mr. Williamson testifies, that "a few who were captured in their childhood, becoming attached to the society of the savages, chose to remain with them, and never would leave the tribes."

It will be remembered that the royal charter of William and Mary, dated Oct. 7, 1691, included essentially the territory of the present State of Maine, in two great divisions. One of these, extending from Piscataqua to the Kennebec River, was called the Province of Maine; the other, which included the region between the Kennebec and the St. Croix, was denominated the Province of Sagadahoc.[2]

Maine became virtually a province of Massachusetts, and so continued for a hundred and thirty years.[3] The administration of Sir William Phips continued about two and a half years. He died in London in the year 1694. Mr. Williamson pays the following well-merited tribute to his memory:[4] —

"He was a man of benevolent disposition and accredited piety, though sometimes unable to repress the ebullitions of temper. He was not only

faithful to the French as one of their own nation. In 1706 he sailed for France, and was presented to his Majesty Louis XIV., at Versailles. Here, among other eminent personages, he became known to the historian Charlevoix. The king having presented him an elegant sword, he is reported to have said, holding up his hand, —

"'This hand has slain a hundred and forty of your Majesty's enemies in New England.'

"Whereupon the king forthwith knighted him, and ordered that henceforth a pension of eight livres a day (about $1.50) be allowed him for life." — *Drake*, book iii. p. 130.

[1] See Mather's Magnalia, vol. ii. p. 558; History of New England, by Daniel Neal, vol. ii. p. 544; Williamson, vol. i. p. 650.

[2] This region was inserted in the charter, without any specific name, though it was usually called as we have mentioned. — *Summary of British Settlements in North America, by William Douglass*, vol. i. p. 332.

[3] Williamson, vol. ii. p. 10.

[4] Williamson, vol. ii. p. 23.

energetic and exceedingly persevering in his purposes, but he possessed good abilities, unsullied integrity, and strong attachments. His unremitting assiduities to promote the best interests of Maine, the Province of his nativity, and to enforce measures devised for its defence and relief, are evidences monumental of his patriotism, and his high sense of obligation and duty."

Massachusetts, in assuming the government of Maine, resigned to the crown of England all jurisdictional rights to Nova Scotia. The community there consisted mainly of a mixed breed of Canadians and Indians. They had been mostly under French influence, were generally Roman Catholics, and their sympathies were with France. The people of all Maine had become essentially one with the people of Massachusetts in their social habits, their political views, and their religious observances. Massachusetts had ever been to Maine a kind and sympathizing friend.

The impoverishment of the inhabitants of Maine at the close of the war was dreadful, almost beyond comprehension. Houses, barns, and mills, with all the implements of agriculture, had been consumed by the flames.[1] The people of York wished for a grist-mill. They were unable to build one. They offered a man in Portsmouth, if he would put up a mill, a lot of land to build it upon, liberty to cut such timber as he needed, and their pledge to carry all their corn to his mill so long as he kept it in order.

The worn and wasted people gradually returned to the desolated spots which had once been their homes. Log-cabins again began to arise in the solitudes of Falmouth, Scarborough, and at various other points, over which pitiless war had rolled its billows. In this state of affairs, some malicious persons set the cruel report in circulation, that the colonists were making preparation to fall upon the Indian tribes, and exterminate them. It was said that this rumor originated with the French, who were still anxious to extend their possessions farther west, and to avail themselves of the aid of the savages.[2]

The Indians, greatly frightened, began to withdraw from the

[1] "No mills, no enclosures, no roads, but, on the contrary, dilapidated habitations, wide wasted fields, and melancholy ruins." — *Williamson*, vol. ii. p. 31.

[2] Hutchinson's History of Massachusetts, vol. ii. p. 113.

English settlements. This alarmed the English; and they commenced preparations for defence, apprehending that the Indians were again to attack them. These hostile demonstrations confirmed the Indians in their fears; and in all probability they began to draw nearer to the French. This confirmed the suspicions of the English, and led to measures whose tendency was only to exasperate.

The militia was ordered to be in constant readiness. At York, Wells, and Kittery, well-armed soldiers were posted. A proclamation was issued, which, while it cautioned the people against giving any just provocation to the Indians, ordered them to be constantly on the watch to guard against treachery. Guards were appointed to patrol the towns every night, from nine till morning. This state of affairs necessarily put an end to all peace of mind and to all friendly intercourse.

It would seem as though man was doomed to make his brother-man miserable. The religion of the Son of God, that is the religion which recognizes God as our common Father, and all men as brethren, and whose fundamental principle is that we should do to others as we would that others should do to us, would have made Maine, from the beginning, almost a paradise. But what an awful tragedy does its history reveal! And such has been, essentially, the history of all the nations. Such has been life upon this planet from the fall of Adam to the present hour.

To add to these calamities, menaces of war began again to arise between France and England. Unfortunately, by the Treaty of Ryswick, the boundaries between the English and French possessions on this continent had not been clearly defined. Both courts still claimed the territory between the Sagadahoc and the St. Croix. The English said that they had resigned Nova Scotia to France, but nothing more.

In 1699 Lord Bellamont arrived in Boston, appointed by the king as governor of New York, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Maine. He was an excellent man, intelligent and courteous, with enlarged views of both civil and religious liberty.[2]

[1] Records, Resolves, and Journals of the Massachusetts Government, vol. vi. p. 57.

[2] Will[illegible]son, vol. ii. p. 82.

James II. of England, who had been driven from the throne by an indignant people, to give place to his son-in-law, William, died at St. Germain, in France, on the 16th of September, 1701. His son, called the Pretender, a zealous Catholic, claimed to be the legitimate King of England. The Catholic court of France supported his claim. Six months after, on the 8th of March, King William died, deeply lamented. His wife, it will be remembered, was Mary, a daughter of James II. She had a sister Anne. She was declared by the British parliament to be the legitimate successor of William. She ascended the throne on the 4th of May, 1702. War was immediately declared against France, whose court was maintaining a rival for the crown.

The war-cloud instantly threw its shadow upon our shores. The British ministry claimed the whole Province of Sagadahoc, and the right, in common with France, to the fisheries, on all these northern seas.[1] Both of these claims France resisted. Queen Anne appointed Joseph Dudley governor of her New England provinces. "He manfully applied," writes Williamson, "his splendid abilities, his courtly manners, and his extensive knowledge, to render all the acts of his administration acceptable to every class of people."

The war between France and England assumed very much the aspect of a religious war, a conflict between Protestantism and Catholicism.[2]

It was generally believed that the Catholic missionaries in Maine were endeavoring to seduce the Indians from their alle-

[1] "The English people engaged in the Newfoundland fisheries were making great voyages. About twenty-seven hundred fishermen, and two hundred and twenty vessels, were employed this single year (seventeen hundred and one). They took and cured two hundred thousand quintals of fish, besides four thousand hogsheads of train and liver oil." — *Williamson*, vol. ii. p. 32.

[2] Gov. Bellamont, in one of his addresses to the General Court of Massachusetts, said, "Divine providence, in bringing to pass the late happy and wonderful revolution in England, has been pleased to make King William the glorious instrument of our deliverance from the odious fetters and chains of Popery and despotism, which had been artfully used to enslave our consciences, and subvert all our civil rights. It is too well known what nation that king (James II.) favored, of what religion he died, and no less what must have been the execrable treachery of him who parted with Acadia or Nova Scotia, and the noble fishery on that coast."

giance to the British crown, and to enlist their sympathies in behalf of France. A legislative act was therefore passed, as early as March, 1700, which ordered the Catholic missionaries to leave the State before the tenth day of the next September, under penalty of exemplary punishment.

This was an act of intolerance. But if it were true, as the legislature fully believed, that these missionaries were endeavoring to incite the savages to renew their horrible scenes of conflagration, scalping, and murder, this was the mildest punishment, which, under the circumstances, could have been inflicted upon them.

Gov. Dudley arranged to hold a council personally with the sagamores of the eastern tribes, that he might learn their disposition and intentions. The assembly met at Falmouth, on the Casco peninsula, the 20th of June, 1703. It was evident that the sagamores did not feel that it was safe for them to rely upon the honor of the English. They came, prepared to defend themselves, if treachery were to be practised upon them.

Eleven sagamores appeared, representing five of the most important tribes in Maine. Gov. Dudley, aware of the effect of imposing appearances upon the savages, came in almost regal pomp. A numerous retinue of gentlemen from Massachusetts and New Hampshire accompanied him.

But the Indians, in the splendor of the occasion, quite eclipsed their white brethren. The sagamores entered the fine harbor of Portland in the balmy sunshine of a June day, with a fleet of sixty-five canoes, containing two hundred and fifty plumed and painted warriors, in their richest display of embroidered and fringed and gorgeously-colored habiliments. They were all well armed; and the beholders were much impressed by their martial appearance.[1]

The governor had brought a large tent, sufficiently capacious to accommodate his suite and the Indian chiefs. When all had assembled, the governor arose, and said, —

"I have come to you commissioned by the great and good Queen of England. I would esteem you all as brothers and friends. It is my wish to reconcile every difficulty whatever that has happened since the last treaty."

[1] History of the Indian Wars, by Samuel Penhallow; Coll. of N. H. Hist. Soc., vol. i. p. 20.

A Tarratine chief, called Simmo, rose to reply. With great dignity of manner he said, —

"We thank you, good brother, for coming so far to talk with us. It is a great favor. The clouds gather, and darken the sky. But we still sing with love the songs of peace. Believe my words. So far as the sun is above the earth, so far are our thoughts from war, or from the least desire of a rupture between us."

Presents were then exchanged, and, with some simple yet solemn ceremonials, professions of friendship were ratified. The council continued in session for two or three days. Several subjects were discussed. Bomaseen, of whom we have before spoken, is reported, during the conference, to have said, —

"Although several missionaries have come to us, sent by the French, to break the peace between the English and us, yet their words have made no impression upon us. We are as firm as the mountains, and will so continue as long as the sun and moon endure." [1]

Professions of cordial frendship were uttered on both sides Every thing seemed to indicate a settled peace. The fraterniza tion was rather French in its character than English; for there was feasting, shouting, dancing, and singing, according to the most approved measures of French jollification.

The joyful tidings spread rapidly, and lifted a very heavy bur-den from the hearts of the people, who were appalled in con-templating the horrors of another Indian war. Many were preparing to flee again to the safer regions of Massachusetts. But now they were encouraged to remain. A gentle tide of emigration began also to flow in, influenced by the cheapness of the land, the richness of the soil, the abundance of valuable timber, and the fisheries, which were yielding such valuable returns.[2]

Some suspected the Indians of having treacherous intentions at this council. And this was simply because, in firing a salute in celebration of the conclusion of peace, their guns were found loaded with balls. But the Indians never thought of loading

[1] Drake, book iii. p. 117.
[2] Penhallow's History of the Wars of New England, p. 5.

their guns with powder only. They had often been betrayed. They had many not unreasonable suspicions, that the proposed council was merely a trap, in which the treacherous English were plotting to seize all their principal sagamores. They, therefore, came prepared to defend themselves, should it be necessary to do so.[1]

"King Philip's War," so called, lasted but three years; but they were years fraught with inconceivable woe. Even civilized men in war gradually lose all humane attributes. The average savage becomes a perfect demon. The second conflict was usually called "King William's War." It originated in dissensions between the courts of France and England, which plunged the two nations into hostilities. The French endeavored to weaken her foe by the capture of her New England colonies. The savages were not reluctant to engage in their service as allies; for they had a chance of thus recovering their country from settlers whom they began to dislike and dread. This dreadful war, in which savage ferocity received a new and terrible impulse from French science and supplies, lasted ten years.

John Bull has never been a favorite in any land where he has placed his foot. The Indians never loved the English. There were individual exceptions; but the English, generally, were only tolerated by the natives. An air of melancholy now pervaded the minds of all the reflecting sagamores. They saw their tribes fast dwindling, while the English were increasing in numbers and power. Extensive territory, formerly the undisputed hunting-grounds of the tribes, was now claimed by the invaders, either as theirs by the right of conquest, or by purchase, which both parties knew to be fraudulent. The English were arrogant, domineering, apparently regarding the Indian as one who had no rights which an Englishman was bound to respect. The French had identified themselves with the Indians, married into their families, taught them many arts of war, and abundantly supplied them with the best of arms and ammunition. They

1 "Bomaseen, a sachem of a tribe of the Kennebecs, whose residence was at an ancient seat of the sagamores, called Norridgewock, in 1694, came to the fort at Pemaquid, with a flag of truce. He was treacherously seized by those who commanded, and sent prisoner to Boston, where he remained some months in a loathsome prison." — *Drake*, p. 111.

had very zealously imbued their minds with the principles of the Catholic religion, whose ceremonies were peculiarly calculated to captivate the untutored savage. They had also, in some degree, transferred to their minds the Frenchman's hereditary hatred of the Englishman. Mr. Williamson, in his admirable "History of Maine," fairly represents the prevailing English feeling with regard to the Indians. He writes, —

"They agreed with the French in their aversion to the English, and in a hatred of their free politics and religious sentiments. And when such passions, in minds undisciplined, are influenced by fanaticism, they know neither restraints nor limits. All their acquaintance with the arts of civilized life seemed rather to abase than elevate their character.

"They made no advancements in mental culture, moral sense, honest industry, or manly enterprise. Infatuated with the notion of Catholic indulgences, they grew bolder in animosity, insolence, and crime. Their enmity was more implacable, their habits more depraved; and a keener appetite was given for ardent spirits, for rapine, and for blood. Dupes to the French, they lost all regard to the sanctity of treaty obligations. *Indian faith*, among the English, became as proverbially bad as *Punic* among the ancient Romans."[1]

M. Callieres, governor at Montreal, whatever may have been his motives, in fact adopted a very different policy from that of the English. He sent envoys to the broken and despairing remnants of the tribes in Maine, inviting them to emigrate to Canada. He set apart for them large and inviting tracts of land on the banks of the Becancourt and the St. François, — streams which flow into the St. Lawrence, from the south, eighty or ninety miles above Quebec. On each of these rivers, clusters of wigwams arose. The villages were pleasantly situated, each with a church and a parsonage house. A ferry was also established for the convenience of the Indians in crossing the St. Lawrence to Trois Rivières, on the opposite shore.[2]

With such different treatment, there can be no question as to the side to which the Indian would incline in case of hostilities. The remnants of four tribes repaired to the spot to which they

[1] Williamson, vol. ii. p. 40.

[2] History of the French Dominions in North and South America, by Thomas Jeffreys, pp. 9–11; Topographical Description of Canada, by Joseph Bouchette, p. 338.

were thus hospitably invited, and blended into a new tribe, called the St. François Indians. It is interesting to see how differently precisely the same facts may be presented according to the views of the writer. The very candid Mr. Williamson writes, and perhaps with truth (for who can read the human heart?), "At these places, designed to be the rendezvous of the natives, the French intended to command their trade and plunder, to plan their excursions, and direct their motions against the English frontiers."[1]

Baron Castine had returned to France from his extensive landed estate on the Penobscot. He had left behind him, in possession of the large property, his son and heir, called Castine the Younger. He was the child of Castine's Tarratine wife, who, it will be remembered, was the daughter of the renowned, and at least partially-civilized, sagamore, Madokawando. A riotous band of worthless Englishmen met at the house of young Castine, under pretence of making him a friendly visit.

Regarding their host as half Indian, they treated him with every indignity. Rioting through his house like veritable savages, they plundered it of every thing which they deemed worth carrying away. It was one of the basest acts of treachery, and was so regarded by all respectable men.[2] The government denounced it in severe terms, promising M. Castine restitution, and assuring him that the offenders, if they could be arrested, should be severely punished. The event was the more deeply deplored, since there were indications of another war between France and England. Such a war would inevitably involve the colonies; and Indian warriors, led by French officers, might inflict an incalculable amount of injury.

Soon France and England again grappled in what was called "Queen Anne's War," and, in the New England colonies, the "Third Indian War." All over the world, Frenchmen and Englishmen deemed themselves enemies, who were bound to do each other all the injury in their power. A special effort was

[1] Williamson, vol. ii. p. 40.

[2] "Outrageous, however, as it was, the well-minded sufferer only complained and expostulated, without avenging himself; for, in policy and sentiment, he was the friend of tranquillity." — *Williamson*, vol. ii. p. 42.

to be made in the New World, by the English, to wrench colonies from the French, and, by the French, to wrest them from the English. Unfortunately, the savages were far more ready to rally beneath the banners of France than beneath those of Great Britain.

Early in August, 1703, a body of five hundred French and Indians entered upon the eastern frontiers of Maine. These well-armed troops had but feeble foes to encounter. They divided into six or seven parties, of about seventy-five men each, to attack the infant settlements, where scarcely any resistance was to be anticipated. On the same day, the 10th of August, Wells, Cape Porpoise, Saco, Scarborough, Spurwink, Purpooduck, and Casco were assailed. The consternation and destruction were such, that no detailed record was made of the awful scenes which ensued. In Wells, thirty-nine of the inhabitants were either killed, or carried into captivity.[1] This is all we know of the terrible tragedy. What dwellings were burned, what scenes of individual anguish and suffering occurred, must remain untold, till, at the day of judgment, all the secrets of this fearful drama of time and sin shall be revealed.

Mr. Bourne, in his valuable "History of Wells and Kennebunk," after tireless research, has collected a few interesting traditionary narratives, which are probably founded in fact, and which are but a repetition of those scenes of horror with which the reader is already familiar.

A few fishermen only resided at Cape Porpoise. The demoniac assailants plundered their humble homes, laid them in ashes, and carried the inmates, all whom they could seize, off as prisoners. At Winter Harbor[2] there was a small garrison. They fought for a short time bravely; but after having several killed

[1] "The horrors of that day cannot be depicted, — families broken up, husbands, wives, or children taken from the home circle. Almost every one had lost a friend dear to his heart. Many were wounded, barely escaping death or captivity. Valuable citizens, on whom reliance was placed for protection and support in this terrible crisis, were either killed, or carried away, exposed to the relentless cruelty of the savage enemy." — *History of Wells and Kennebunk, by Edward E. Bourne*, p. 245.

[2] "The celebrated place called 'Winter Harbor,' after an ancient inhabitant there by the name of Winter, is above Wood Island, six miles below Saco bridge, and the head of the tide." — *Williamson*, vol. i. p. 26.

and wounded, and being overpowered by numbers, the survivors were compelled to surrender themselves to captivity. Eleven were killed, and twenty-four were captured.

The people of Scarborough seem to have received some intimation of the approach of the foe; and all, hurrying into the garrison, prepared to defend themselves to the last extremity. A flag of truce was sent to the fort by a captive. The bearer was detained, and no answer returned. After a "long siege," when the men were completely exhausted, and were on the point of capitulating, re-enforcements arrived, and the baffled foe retired. Undoubtedly every thing outside of the garrison was destroyed.

In Spurwink,[1] twenty-two were killed, or taken captive; and the little settlement was laid entirely desolate. Purpooduck contained but nine log-cabins. The families were taken entirely by surprise. It so happened that all the men were away. Only women and children were left behind. The savages, allies of men who called themselves Christians, burned down the dwellings, butchered twenty-five of the helpless inmates, and carried away eight as prisoners. The horrid spectacle of mangled bodies which they left behind is too revolting to be recorded.

The little settlement at Casco,[2] where there was a garrison, was the most remote eastern frontier. A new fort had been constructed here, which was placed under the command of Major John March, with a garrison of thirty men.[3] The three Indian chiefs who led the assailing party were Moxus, Wanungonet, and Assacombuit, all sagamores of great renown. The last will be remembered as the chief who was knighted by Louis XIV., and received a present of an elegant sword.

[1] Scarborough extends toward the east, six miles in width on the coast, to the mouth of Spurwink River, which seems to cut off, as it bounds the eastwardly corner of the town." — *Williamson*, vol. i. p. 24.

[2] "The old Indian name 'Casco' continued to be used all the first century after the settlement, notwithstanding the town had received from Massachusetts the corporate name 'Falmouth,' as early as 1658. The plantation upon the Neck, and, indeed, all others in the bay, were called by the general name of 'Casco' or 'Casco Bay.' No boundaries were defined; but, when a particular spot was designated, the local terms, borrowed principally from the Indians, were used." — *History of Portland, by William Willis*, pp. 49–96.

[3] The site of this fort was not on Casco Neck, where Portland now stands, but at what was called New Casco, on the shore of the bay, in the present town of Falmouth. The Neck had been lying desolate since 1690, and was known as Old Casco in distinction from the New Casco which had sprung up on the shore of the bay. — ELWELL.

It is said, we know not by what authority, that the three sagamores sent a flag of truce, inviting Major March to a conference. Though he suspected treachery, he went out upon the plain to meet them, unarmed, and taking with him only two very aged and infirm men. The chiefs saluted him with civility, and then, drawing their tomahawks from beneath their robes, the three fell furiously upon Major March; while his two companions, Messrs. Phippen and Kent, were shot down by Indians in ambush.[1] March, being a very strong man, wrested a tomahawk from one of his assailants, and valiantly defended himself against the three. All this could scarcely have occupied one single minute of time; and yet, at that very minute, Sergeant Hook arrived, with a file of ten men, from the fort, and rescued the major from his peril. This story seems so very improbable, that it is impossible to give it full credence.[2]

The siege continued six days and six nights. There was no repose for the inmates of the garrison, as every moment an assault was expected from overpowering numbers. At the close of the six days, the enemy received a re-enforcement, increasing their number to about five hundred.[3] The new arrivals consisted of detachments flushed with victory. M. Bobassin, a French officer, then assumed command. He brought with him a sloop and two shallops, which he had captured, and also much plunder. Scientifically he went to work in an attempt to undermine the fort on the water-side. As the fort was situated on a high bank, this could be done without exposure to any fire from the garrison. Their force was so superior to that of the English, that they had nothing to fear from a sally.

They were advancing in this engineering very rapidly and prosperously, and were on the eve of the capture, when an armed vessel, commanded by Capt. Cyprian Southack, came to the aid of the despairing garrison. Probably the vessel was armed with cannon, which the assailants, having muskets only, could not resist. The tide of victory was turned. The French

[1] Penhallow, in his history of Indian wars, writes, "Phippen and Kent, being advanced in years, were so infirm, that I might say of them, as Juvenal said of Priam, 'They had scarce blood enough to tinge the knife of the sacrifice.'"

[2] Willis's History of Portland, p. 314.

[3] Williamson, vol. ii. p. 42.

and Indians, abandoning every thing, fled precipitately. This magnificent bay was full of indentations, into which the canoes of the savages could glide. Capt. Southack recaptured the sloop and two shallops; but the French and Indians, having a flotilla of two hundred birch canoes, effected their escape.

The soldiers of the garrison now came out to view the desolations which this savage warfare had caused. Every thing which would burn was reduced to ashes. Nothing remained but shapeless ruins. When Major March was appointed to the command of this post, he moved there with his family. Being a gentleman of considerable means and great energy, he was soon in possession of a very thrifty farm. He wrote to the General Court, that he had lost, by the attack, a sloop and its furniture, eighty-nine head of sheep and cattle, five acres and a half of wheat, six acres of excellent pease, and four acres and a half of Indian corn. His whole loss exceeded five hundred pounds.[1] It is estimated, that, in this brief campaign, the enemy killed or captured one hundred and fifty of the inhabitants of Maine.[2]

[1] Bourne's History of Wells and Kennebunk, p. 314.

[2] "To arm a force sufficient to repel their cruel invaders, government deemed it necessary to call to its aid the avarice of the people; and they offered a bounty of forty pounds for every Indian scalp that should be brought in. This excited a spirit of enterprise in the inhabitants, which made them endure incredible hardships in pursuing the enemy through the forests, in the depths of winter, to procure this valuable merchandise." — *History of Portland, by William Willis*, p. 319.

CHAPTER XV.

THE RIVAL CLAIMS OF FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

Jocelyn's Visit — The Destruction of Black Point — The Vicissitudes of War — A Naval Expedition — Merciless Ravages — Destruction at Port Royal — The Expedition to Norridgewock — Exchange of Prisoners — Treason suspected — Incidents of the Conflict — A Renewed Attack upon Port Royal — Rage of Gov. Dudley — The Third Attack and its Failure — Naval Battle at Winter Harbor — The Conquest of Nova Scotia — The Commission to Quebec — Exchange of Menaces.

THIS sudden outburst of savage violence threw the whole region into a state of terrible confusion. Many fled; others assembled their families in the crowded and consequently comfortless garrison-houses, and went armed, and in bands, to their work. Massachusetts, with her customary energy, sent prompt aid. A troop of horsemen was quartered at Wells. Three hundred and sixty men were marched to Pegwacket,[1] which was one of the principal resorts of the Indians. Another well-armed band was sent to Ossipee Ponds.[2]

The hostile bands of French and Indians continued to ravage the seacoast, apparently resolved to destroy every garrison, to lay every settlement in ruins, and entirely to depopulate the country of its English inhabitants. There was a region called Black Point, then quite noted, which was a portion of the

[1] "Betwteen Fryeburg Academy and Saco River is the celebrated Lovell's Pond, half a league in length, though less than a mile in width at any place. This beautiful section of country was anciently called Pegwackot (Peckwalket, Peguawett), one of the principal and most favorite lodgements of the Sokokis tribe, and also the theatre of a desperate battle with the Indians. Here are curious mounds of earth, one sixty feet in circumference, artificially raised by them, of which no tradition nor conjecture can give any satisfactory account." — *Williamson*, vol. i. p. 28.

[2] The Ossipee River, one of the principal tributaries of the Saco, takes its rise among these ponds, a few miles across the line in New Hampshire.

present town of Scarborough. Capt. Jocelyn, to the record of whose voyages we have before referred, touched at this place, in the year 1638, to visit his brother Henry, who then resided there. In his journal he writes, —

"Having refreshed myself for a day or two at Noddle's Island, I crossed the bay in a small boat to Boston, which was then rather a village than a town, there being not above twenty or thirty houses. The 12th of July I took boat for the eastern part of the country, and arrived at Black Point, in the Province of Maine, which is a hundred and fifty miles from Boston, the fourteenth day; the country all along, as I sailed, being no other than a mere wilderness, here and there, by the seaside, a few scattered plantations with as few houses." [1]

Here the families were collected in the garrison-house. On the morning of the 6th of October, 1703, most of the men, nineteen in number, all well armed, went out together to work in the meadows. Lieut. Wyatt and eight men were left to guard the garrison. Two hundred Indians rose from ambush upon the working-party, and either killed or captured all but one. The victors then attacked the fort. There chanced to be two small vessels in the harbor. The crews, alarmed by the report of the guns, hastily repaired to the aid of the garrison. They made a bold resistance. At length, seeing evidence that the fort must fall into the hands of the overpowering assailants, they all succeeded in escaping to the vessels.

The savages, with hideous yells, applied the torch to all the dwellings, and, like fiends, danced around the flames. The vessels bore their melancholy freight, many of them widows and orphans, to some place of safety, where they could be fed and clothed by the hand of charity. A gang attacked Arthur Bragdon's house in York, and tomahawked himself, his wife, and five children. Mrs. Hannah Parsons (a widow) and her daughter were carried into captivity. It is said, that, returning to Canada, the savages came near starvation. In this great extremity, they were about to kill the child, and built a fire to roast and eat her, when a dog fell in their way, and supplied the place of the little girl.[2] At Berwick, two houses were burned, one man was killed,

[1] Jocelyn's Voyages, pp. 18, 20.
[2] Hutchinson's History of Massachusetts, vol. ii. p. 149.

one wounded, and three carried into captivity. They attacked the garrison, but were repulsed. In their rage they bound one of their prisoners, Joseph Ring, to a stake, and tortured him to death with every device of demoniac cruelty. They danced around their victim, responding to every groan with shouts and yells of delight.

Major March of Casco, with three hundred men, pursued a band of the retiring foe as far as Pegwacket, where he succeeded in killing six, in capturing six, and in recovering considerable plunder. It is said that this was the first loss which the savages experienced in this desolating campaign. The liberal reward offered by the legislature for Indian scalps, which included a bounty of twenty pounds for every Indian child under ten years of age, induced Capt. Tyng and several others to organize hunting-parties to traverse the wilderness on snow-shoes, in mid-winter, to hunt down the savages; but all these expeditions were unsuccessful.

During this melancholy winter, the government expended nearly a thousand dollars in establishing a strong garrison near the falls in Saco. Spring came, with its sunny skies and swelling buds, only to renew the terror of the people. This was the season for the savages to re-open their campaigning. The French, in Canada, had furnished their allies with ample supplies.

Major Mason, with nearly a hundred friendly Indians, belonging to the Pequods and Mohegans of Connecticut, was stationed at Berwick. Still the prowling savages succeeded in shooting several persons, and, in expression of their hatred, horribly mangled their remains. In addition to these marauding-parties, plundering, burning, and murdering on the land, French privateers swept the coast. Not a fishing-boat could leave a bay or inlet without danger of capture. It is often said that an offensive is the best defensive war. It was decided to be expedient to attack the French in Canada and Nova Scotia. Thus the desolations of war would be removed from Maine into the regions of the enemy, and the French would be constrained to retain their forces at home for the protection of their own firesides.

An expedition was intrusted to Major Benjamin Church, who had obtained much renown in Indian warfare. He was invested with the title of colonel; and five hundred men were placed under his command. Three vessels-of-war convoyed his little fleet of fifty-one boats, of various sizes. One of the war-ships carried forty-eight guns, the other thirty-two. The third was a province galley. The fleet sailed from Boston the 21st of May, 1704.

The vessels first cast anchor at the Island of Metinicus, just out of Penobscot Bay. Two armed boats were sent to a neighboring island, where they captured a French family and a Canadian Indian. The captives were not disposed to be communicative. But threats extorted from them the information that there were several other cabins along the shores in the vicinity, and that some French officers were building a fort at Passamaquoddy. The prisoners were compelled to act as pilots in conducting several armed boats to the dwellings of their friends.

These were not days of forbearance and mercy. The atrocities which had been perpetrated by the French and Indians were such, that the avengers were ready to shoot down men, women, and children as pitilessly as if they had been so many wolves. Still it was expedient to take as many captives as possible, that they might be used as ransom for English prisoners.

Quite a number of both French and Indians were killed; and several captives were taken. Among the latter was a daughter of Baron Castine with her children, we know not how many. Her husband, a gentleman of wealth and culture, was then on a visit to France.

Again the fleet spread its sails. After a brief tarry at Mount Desert, the party proceeded to Passamaquoddy Bay, in whose lonely waters a secret place of anchorage was sought.[1] A squadron of whale-boats was despatched, led by Col. Church

[1] "Passamquoddy Bay lies partly in the State of Maine, and partly in the British Province of New Brunswick. It is six miles wide, and twelve miles long. It has a sufficient depth of water for the largest vessels, and is never closed by ice. It abounds with cod, mackerel, herring, and other fish. The boundary of the United States passes through it, on its west side, into St. Croix River, which enters its north-west part." — *McCulloch's Geographical Dictionary.*

himself, to explore the shores. That the settlers in the lonely cabins might not be apprised of his approach, and thus escape into the woods, he rowed by night, and kept concealed by day. Orders were given, that not a gun should be fired, even to shoot an Indian, if he could possibly be killed, or taken, in any other way.

Thus he succeeded in capturing, one after another, four French emigrant families. They were all poor, and there was but little plunder in their log-cabins worth taking; but, such as it was, it was seized, and placed in the boats. One of the captures consisted of the family of a poor French widow, with her orphan-children. Col. Church was energetic and merciless. The scenes of horror he had witnessed had roused his soul to the highest pitch of rage, and had hardened his heart. The readiness with which he would retaliate upon helpless ones, no matter how innocent, the wrongs which demoniac men had inflicted upon the dwellers in Maine, drew down upon him severe censure, and has materially dimmed the splendor of his otherwise great exploits. He then ravaged the surrounding region with the indiscriminate mercilessness of the tornado. The widow and the orphan were alike the victims of his fury.[1]

From Passamaquoddy Bay, the armament sailed out into the Bay of Fundy, that immense sheet of water which separates New Brunswick from Nova Scotia, and renders the latter province so nearly an island, that it is entered by a neck of land only about twenty miles wide. Here the avenging squadron divided. The ships, with several of the boats, crossed the bay, a distance of about sixty miles, to Port Royal (Annapolis).

The day before the arrival of the fleet, Castine the Younger, with about sixty Canadian soldiers, had re-enforced the garrison in their strong works. The fort was deemed too formidable to be attacked.[2] But the troops in garrison could not venture beyond the protection of their ramparts.

Col. Church made terrible havoc of all the settlements around. Many persons were killed; and utter desolation took the place

[1] Collections of New Hampshire Historical Society, vol. i. p. 32-35; Hutchinson's History of Massachusetts, vol. ii. p. 133.

[2] Universal History, vol. xl. p. 153.

of peaceful homes and smiling fields. Gov. Dudley, in his address to the legislature, proposing a vote of thanks as a reward for these services, said, "Col. Church has destroyed all the settlements in the vicinity of Port Royal, and taken a hundred prisoners and a large amount of plunder, with the loss of only six men."

The whale-boats ran along the shores, destroying all the remoter settlements, killing, plundering, capturing, and burning. The triumphant fleet returned to Boston, having been absent but about three months. "War," says Gen. Sherman, "is cruelty: you cannot refine it." This dreadful, woe-commissioned expedition accomplished the purpose for which it was intended. Terrible as was its infliction upon the Acadians, it averted from the humble homes of Maine a doom still more dreadful. By the English, captives were at least treated with ordinary humanity, and were never put to the torture. But what imagination can gauge the misery of a Christian family, consisting of father, mother, and little children, dragged by brutal savages through the wilderness for hundreds of miles, and doomed, perhaps, to see a husband, a father, or a son tortured to death for a savage holiday![1]

The fort at Winter Harbor, not far from the mouth of Saco River, was placed in the best condition for defence during the winter of 1705. At the same time Col. Hilton, who had accompanied Col. Church as major in his late expedition, was sent, with a force of two hundred and seventy men, to attack the Indian village and French missionary station at Norridgewock. Twenty friendly Indians were included in this party; and they all travelled, in dead of winter, through the wilderness, on snow-shoes. Each soldier took, in a pack upon his back, food for twenty days. Their fare must indeed have been frugal.

Immediately upon the proclamation of war between France and England, the governor of Canada sent the tidings to Norridgewock. A council was held; and the Indians decided to become the allies of the French. The French missionaries must, of course, have had much influence in this decision. There were about two hundred and fifty warriors who met there

[1] Church's Fifth Expedition, p. 158.

in this council. The priest, as usual, appointed religious services, that the hearts of the savages might he inspired by the sanctions of religion.[1]

The Indians were not often taken by surprise. Their scouts kept vigilant watch. When the little army reached Norridgewock, after their long and painful tramp, there was no one there: all had fled. A large chapel, with a vestry, was standing, and a cluster of very comfortable Indian wigwams. These the soldiers laid in ashes. Being much disappointed in not finding either captives, food, or plunder, they commenced the march home through drifting snows and wintry gales.

In war, blows must be received as well as given. Gov. Subercase of Nova Scotia gathered an army of five hundred and fifty French and Indians; the savages being led by the noted Assacombuit. He made terrible havoc among all the English settlements within his reach. An uncounted number were slain; a hundred and forty were taken prisoners; and a large amount of plunder was seized. He exacted conflagration for conflagration, prisoner for prisoner, blood for blood. At length the prisoners had so accumulated on both sides as to be quite a burden. Gov. Vaudreuil of Canada sent one of his captives, Capt. Hill, to negotiate an exchange. Many of the friends of the lost did not know whether they had been killed, or had been made prisoners. William Dudley, a son of the governor, was sent to Canada with seventy prisoners, to receive an equal number in return. He could however, obtain but sixty. Mr. Williamson writes, —

"Guilty of detestable hypocrisy, Vaudreuil pretended that the Indians were an independent and freeborn people, and that he had no right or power to demand their captives; whereas they were in fact well known to be entire dupes and vassals to his will."[2]

In point of fact, the statement of the French governor was undoubtedly true. The Indian chiefs regarded the captives, whom their own war-parties had taken, as exclusively their own, and entirely beyond any control of the French. They

[1] History of Norridgewock, by William Allen, p. 34.
[2] Williamson, vol. ii. p. 50.

kept them to exchange for their own captive warriors. The French could obtain possession of these victims only by paying for them a high ransom.

Young Dudley protracted his discussions as long as possible, under various pretexts. While the negotiations were under consideration, there was a virtual truce. He thus, in some degree, prevented the excursions of hostile war-parties upon the English frontiers.

It is mournful to contemplate how little confidence, at times, man can repose in his fellow-man. Capt. William Rowse was twice sent in a vessel, with a flag of truce and twenty-four prisoners, to Nova Scotia, to effect an exchange of captives. He was accused of treacherously being an accomplice with two merchants of Boston, and Samuel Vetch, subsequently the English governor of Nova Scotia, in carrying arms, ammunition, and other military supplies, to the enemy. Thus the love of gain influenced them to take advantage of the flag of truce, with which they had been intrusted by their own government, to supply the Indians with the means of ravaging, with conflagration and slaughter, the settlements of the English. They were thrown into prison, and condemned by the legislature. The neglect of the queen to give her signature to the verdict averted their doom.

More deplorable still, Gov. Dudley himself was suspected of being engaged in this nefarious traffic. Though not proved guilty, and perhaps he was entirely innocent, still the imputation rested upon him. Gov. Dudley was aristocratic in his tastes, and was by no means a cordial advocate of a republican form of government. He was consequently unpopular; and several of the measures which he urged upon the legislature were frowned down.

During the summer of 1705, French privateers and English cruisers were continually running up and down the coasts of Maine. The French succeeded in capturing seven of the English vessels. It will be remembered that the garrison at Port Royal had driven off their English assailants. And, though the English ravaged all the region around, the banners of the French still floated from the ramparts of the strong fort. Small war-

bands of savages, sometimes united with a few French, continued to prowl about, killing, capturing, and burning, as they could find opportunity.

In Kittery, five were killed, and a number of captives were taken. Among these was Mrs. Holt, an accomplished lady of high connections. For such a person to be a prisoner in the hands of brutal savages must be awful beyond conception. There were several cases of the utter ruin of families in assassination and capture. A band of eighteen Indians, rushing from the forest near York, seized four little children belonging to the family of Mr. Stover. One, being too young to travel, they knocked in the head. As one of their own warriors had been shot in their retreat with the children, these demoniac men took vengeance by putting a little boy to death with awful tortures.

On the 29th of April, a party sprang from ambush, at Kittery, and seized Mr. Shapley and his son. The wretches, to gratify their love of cruelty, gnawed off the first joint of each finger and thumb of the unhappy young man, and stopped the bleeding by inserting the mangled stumps into the bowl of tobacco-pipes, heated red hot. This seems to have been one of their favorite modes of torture. Much havoc was perpetrated this year, in the unprotected settlements of Massachusetts and New Hampshire.

The war had continued three years; and the Indians, ever fickle, never persistent, began to grow weary of it. Terrible as had been the suffering they had caused, they had reaped but little benefit for themselves. The French, in Canada, proposed *neutrality*. While the courts of France and England continued to carry on the war, they proposed that the French and English colonies, struggling against the hardships of the wilderness in this new world, should stand aloof from the conflict.[1]

From this peace-offer, Gov. Dudley, we must think very unwisely, dissented. He thought and said that the only way to secure a permanent peace was to drive the French entirely out of Acadia, and to take possession of the whole country in the name of the Queen of England.[2]

[1] Williamson, vol. ii. p. 53.
[2] Histoire de la Nouvelle France, par Charlevoix, vol. iii. p. 313.

Thus the dreary year of 1706 passed away, with continued burnings, assassinations, and captures. In January, 1707, Col. Hilton was sent in a vessel to Casco, with supplies for the garrison there. There were two hundred and twenty men stationed at that point, with orders to range the country as they could, in pursuit of Indians. This was necessary but inglorious warfare. One day a party struck upon an Indian trail, which they followed until they came upon a wigwam, where there were four Indian men, with a middle-aged woman and a babe. They shot the men, and took the woman and child captives. They then compelled the woman, by threats of death, to conduct them to a spot where eighteen of her companions were encamped. They were all asleep, unsuspicious of danger. It was just before the dawn of the morning. A well-aimed volley of bullets instantly killed all but one, and he was captured.

This event caused great rejoicing. The Indians were so wary, that it was with the utmost difficulty that any of them were caught. In the spring of 1707 another naval expedition, of more than a thousand men, was fitted out against Port Royal. Col. March was placed in command. Numerous transports and whale-boats were convoyed by a well-armed vessel of war.[1]

But to attack a scientifically-constructed French fort, defended by veteran French soldiers, with formidable cannon frowning through the portholes, was a very different undertaking from that of burning the cabins of poor settlers, and shooting Indians, either asleep in their encampments, or running in terror before their foes. A thousand men were disembarked. The inhabitants around all fled into the fort for protection. A council of war decided that the fort was too strong to be taken by the raw troops encamped before it.

The troops were re-embarked in haste, and returned to several of the English garrisons along the coast. The chagrin of Gov. Dudley manifested itself in undignified violence of speech. He denounced March as unfit for command, and declared, that, if another vessel of the squadron should return to Boston, he would put to death every man who should step on shore.

1 "He (Gov. Dudley) was exceedingly anxious to see Port Royal reduced, as such an event would complete the entire conquest of Nova Scotia, and convert it into an English province." — *Williamson*, vol. ii. p. 53.

Another armament was speedily organized. Gov. Dudley was encouraged, in this operation, by the promise that England would send an efficient fleet to co-operate with him in the complete conquest both of Nova Scotia and Canada. Col. March was so popular, notwithstanding the tirades which had been launched against him, that the governor did not venture to supersede him. He, however, appointed three members of his council to be the colonel's associates in command.

These troops relanded before the fort at Port Royal, on the 10th of August, 1707. In the mean time, the French had been strengthening their works, and increasing their numbers. Sickness had invaded the little army of Col. March. Even inexperienced soldiers could see that the works presented an impregnable front against any force they could bring against it. All were alike disheartened. In ten days, having accomplished nothing, the troops returned to their vessels, and sailed back to Casco, Boston, and other English ports.

The French took advantage of this signal defeat to rouse the Indians to new endeavors to drive the invading English from their hunting-grounds. There were now but six English settlements surviving in Maine, — those of Kittery, Berwick, York, Wells, Casco, and Winter Harbor. Towards all of these the Indians marched in wolfish bands. They fell upon a house in Kittery, and massacred all the inmates. Four men, with a lady, Mrs. Littlefield, were caught on the road between York and Wells. They were probably hastening to some garrison-house. Mrs. Littlefield had two hundred dollars in money with her. A volley from savages in ambush shot them all down but one man. He escaped. The dead were scalped and plundered, and left in their blood.

The Indians in their canoes lurked around all the spots to which fishing-vessels were likely to resort. These vessels had usually two or three men and a boy on board. Half a dozen canoes, filled with armed savages, and darting out like arrows from the land, easily captured them.

On the 21st of September, 1707, a hundred and fifty Indians made an attack upon Winter Harbor. They came in a fleet of fifty canoes, three warriors in each canoe. Two shallops were

in the harbor, manned by eight very determined men. They knew that the vessels would be first attacked. Unintimidated by the fearful odds of one hundred and fifty to eight, they made preparations for a desperate defence. Concealing themselves behind bulwarks of plank, they made every gun ready for rapid discharges. The fleet came swarming on, while the savages rent the air with their hideous yells.

The English waited till the canoes were so near, that every bullet was sure to strike its target. All then fired at once. A few canoes were disabled, and their inmates thrown into temporary confusion; but the rest pressed undaunted on. They would soon surround the small vessels, and in resistless numbers be leaping over their sides. The English abandoned one, and, entering the other, cut the cables, spread a sail, and endeavored to put out to sea. The Indians seized the forsaken shallop, and, raising her mainsail, commenced the pursuit.

A slight breeze caused both vessels to move, though they crept along slowly. The English had taken the best vessel; and the Indians were unskilled mariners. When the savages saw that they were falling astern, they placed a dozen canoes ahead to tow their vessel along, with fishing-cords for tow-lines. The English, also, got out oars. The pursuers and the pursued were often so near each other, that the Indians endeavored to grapple the blades of the oars of the English. A perpetual firing of musketry was kept up. Both parties were ingenious in devices to avoid exposure to the bullet. This singular engagement was continued for three hours. The Indians lost, in killed and wounded, about thirty. Only one man, Benjamin Daniel, was killed on board the vessel. His last words were, "I am a dead man; but give me a gun to kill one more before I go." The loaded gun was placed in his hand, but he had no strength to fire it.

The people around, warned of the approach of the Indians by a cannon fired at the fort, hurried to the garrison. The savages, disheartened by their losses, did not venture an attack.[1]

Soon after this, two men at Berwick, returning from public

[1] Williamson's History of Maine, vol. i. p. 55; Bourne's History of Wells and Kennebunk, p. 266.

worship, were shot down by the Indians. The neighbors pursued and overtook them, and, by an unexpected fire, threw them into such consternation, that they dropped their packs, and fled. Some plunder was regained, and three scalps.

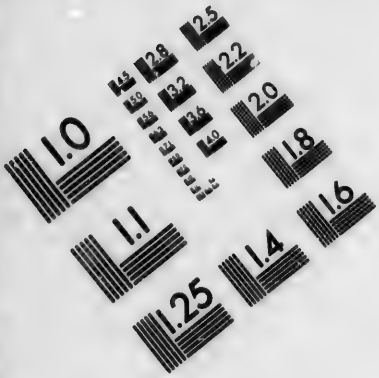
This was a year of great suffering throughout Maine. The inhabitants, often with a very small supply of food, were very inconveniently crowded into narrow garrison-houses. No man could pass a few rods from the door of the garrison, without danger of being shot down. Not a rod of land could be safely tilled beyond reach of the sentry-box. As to lumbering and fishing, those pursuits had to be entirely abandoned. Thus passed the fifth summer of this desolating war, in which man's inhumanity inflicted untold misery upon his fellows.

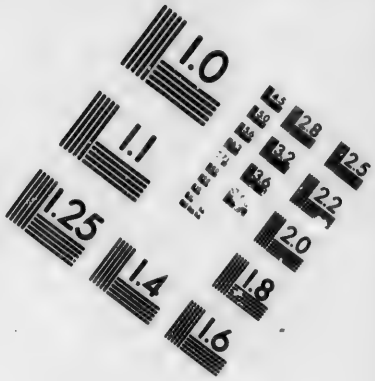
The next year, 1708, was, in Maine, a season of general paralysis. No industrial pursuits could be undertaken. The settlers kept carefully huddled together in the garrisons. Scouts and spy-boats were continually vigilant. The French made an effort to unite all the northern tribes to exterminate the English; but various obstacles thwarted their plans. Gov. Dudley also endeavored to organize another expedition against Port Royal; but it proved an entire failure.[1]

In February of 1709, Gov. Dudley sent a scout of one hundred and fifty men to visit all the old settlements of the Indians, and see that they were laid utterly desolate. He said that it was his object to teach the Indians that the French, whom they had so zealously served, were unable to protect them from the punishment they so richly merited, from the avenging hands of the English. "We shall never," the governor added, "be long at rest, until Canada and Nova Scotia constitute a part of the British empire."

In the summer of this year, the Indians of the Kennebec sent a flag of truce to Boston to sue for peace. But it is quite evident that the English were not in favor of peace with France, until, at least, Nova Scotia should be wrested from the French crown. The sufferings of a few hundred poor emigrants in Maine they deemed too trivial to be thought of in these great national issues.

[1] Massachusetts Records, vol. vii. p. 426.





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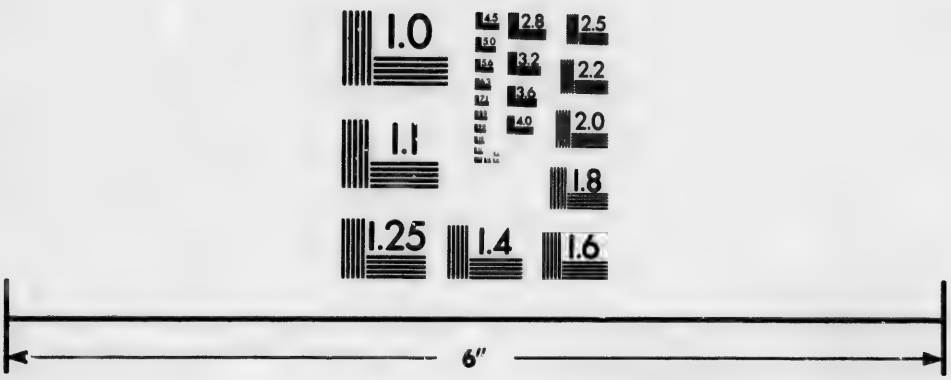

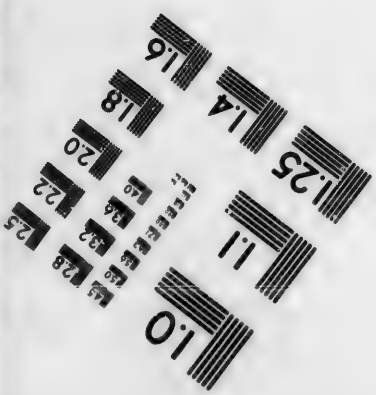

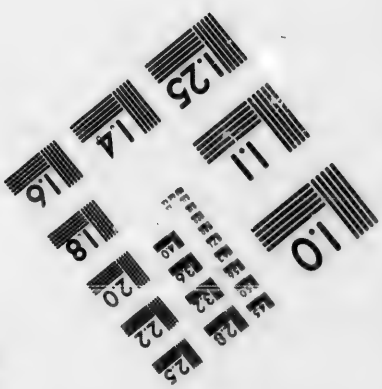

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In 1710 a new effort was made for the conquest of Port Royal, in which the British Government took an active part. A fleet of thirty-six sail, warships and transports, conveyed a formidable armament and twelve hundred men to the Bay of Annapolis. The troops were landed safely on the 24th of September, excepting one transport, containing twenty-six men, which was wrecked, and all were drowned.

The French governor, Subercase, had but two hundred and sixty men in garrison. The assailing batteries were soon raised, and a heavy cannonading commenced. The next day Subercase found himself compelled to capitulate. The fortress and all its stores were surrendered to the crown of England. All the inhabitants within a league of the fort, four hundred and eighty-one in number, were to be protected, upon condition of their taking the oath of allegiance to the British Government. The soldiers taken in the garrison were to be sent to France, or to be permitted to remove to Canada.[1]

In honor of Queen Anne, the name of the place was changed from Port Royal to Annapolis Royal. Thus Nova Scotia passed into the hands of the English. Col. Samuel Vetch was appointed governor of the conquered Province; and a garrison of four hundred and fifty men was left under his command.

Major Levingston and young Castine were sent as English commissioners to Gov. Vaudreuil, in Canada, to inform him that Acadia, as they termed it, had fallen into the hands of the English; that, consequently, all the French inhabitants of that region, excepting those who had taken the oath of allegiance, were prisoners-of-war; and that any barbarities practised by savages under the control of the French would be followed by severe reprisals upon the French inhabitants of Nova Scotia.

It was nearly midwinter when the commissioners set out on their arduous journey through the wilderness, to Quebec. They crossed the Bay of Fundy to the Penobscot, and remained several days at Castine's beautiful residence at Biguyduce (Castine). Here Mr. Levingston received from the attractive family of his host the most hospitable and warm-hearted attentions.

[1] Penhallow's Indian Wars; Hutchinson's History, vol. ii. p. 167; Halliburton's Nova Scotia, vol. i. p. 88.

On the 1st of November, they took a canoe, and, with three Indian guides, paddled up the Penobscot River. About eight miles above the present city of Bangor, they came to an island called Lett. Here, probably where the village of Oldtown now stands, they found a cluster of Indian wigwams, containing about one hundred inhabitants, with fifty canoes upturned upon the greensward.

The Indians were not disposed to let them go any farther. They detained them for several days. Mr. Levingston would undoubtedly have lost his life, but for the interposition of Mr. Castine, whom the savages regarded as an adopted Indian, the child of the daughter of one of their most illustrious chiefs, and their friend.

The journey was resumed on the 4th of November; the commissioners, with several Indian guides, still ascending the river in two canoes. On the second day Levingston's canoe was overset, an Indian guide was drowned; and he lost his gun and all his personal effects. The ice was making fast. The other canoe soon became torn and leaky, so that it had to be abandoned.

For forty days these hardy men travelled through the wilderness on foot, guided by the compass alone. The weather was so stormy, or they were enveloped in such dense fogs, that, for nineteen days, they did not see the sun. They waded through snow, knee deep, crossed as they could unbridged and icy torrents, forced their way through swamps encumbered with almost impenetrable entanglements of spruces, cedars, and underbrush. A week before the reached any human habitations, they had consumed all their food. They then lived upon the rinds of trees, and such dried and withered berries as the wintry gales had not yet torn from the branches.

They reached Quebec on the 16th of December, where they remained about two months, accomplishing but little. Indeed, their mission seemed to be one rather to utter threats than to propose terms of peace. The governor of Canada, in response to the menacing letter sent him by the English authorities, replied, —

"Never have the French, and seldom have the Indians, treated their English captives with inhumanity. The French are, in no event, accountable for the behavior of the Indians. A truce, and even a neutrality, might long ago have terminated all these miseries of war, had the English been willing to accept such neutrality. If the English adopt any retaliatory measures, they will be amply avenged by the French."

The conquest of Nova Scotia settled many disputed questions as to boundaries. Though the ravages of war were slackened, there still was no confirmed peace. More than a year before, the sagamores had sent a flag of truce to Boston, supplicating peace. But the English, intent upon seizing Nova Scotia, and perhaps still hoping to gain Canada, were certainly not eager to accept the olive-branch: consequently, a desultory warfare was kept up; marauding bands of savages inflicting occasional deeds of awful individual suffering, while nothing of victorious result was accomplished. In August a man and woman were shot in the vicinity of York, and two men were carried away captive. In Saco three persons were killed, and six captured. There were two cases of barbarity, which should be recorded. One was on the part of the Indians. They wantonly skinned one of the English, whom they had killed, and cut up his skin into belts.

The other was on the part of the English. Col. Walton, with one hundred and seventy men on a reconnoitring tour, had reached Sagadahoc. By a decoy he seized a sagamore, with his wife, and several other Indians. Because the sagamore was not, as he thought, sufficiently communicative in betraying his friends, Col. Walton allowed the savages, who were of his own party, to amuse themselves in cutting him to pieces with their tomahawks.

Soon after this, Walton captured, at one time three, and again five prisoners. It is not known whether he killed them, or carried them away as captives. On the other hand, the Indians, having captured a man by the name of Ayres, treated him kindly, and sent him, with a flag of truce, to Fort Mary, again soliciting that peace which had so long been denied them.[1]

While Nova Scotia was in the hands of the French, they

[1] Williamson, vol. ii. p. 62.

claimed possession as far west as the Kennebec, and actually held the country as far as the Penobscot. This dispute, as to boundaries, being now settled, the English were intensely desirous of extending their conquest over the whole of Canada. In this design, the men in power were not to be thwarted by the moans ascending from a few log-cabins in the wilderness of Maine: consequently the appeals, both of the Canadian French and the Indians, for peace, were alike unheeded.

Col. Nicholson, returning to Boston triumphant from the conquest of Nova Scotia, repaired to England to solicit the efficient aid of the government for the new enterprise. He took with him five Mohawk sagamores. These plumed and painted warriors, the bloodhounds of the human race, were allies of the English. They were ready to fight on any side which would pay them the highest wages.

In England these barbaric chieftains, in their gorgeous apparel, attracted great attention. Immense crowds followed them whenever they appeared in the streets of London. The highest of the nobility called upon these their brother aristocrats. Queen Anne's husband, Prince George, had recently died; and the court was in mourning. At the royal charge, the Indian chiefs were all richly clad in robes of black broadcloth, with scarlet cloaks edged with gold fringe.

Thus prepared for presentation to royalty, they were conducted to the palace of St. James, in two regal coaches, with all the emblazonry of courtly splendor. The lord-chamberlain introduced them to her Majesty the queen. One of the sagamores, addressing Anne, and speaking in behalf of his companions, said, —

"Should you capture the Canada country, and put the French under your feet, it would give us great advantage in hunting and in war. Let your princely face shine upon us. We are your allies. We will never turn our backs. We will all stand firm. Nothing shall move us."

CHAPTER XVI.

BRITISH AND INDIAN DIPLOMACY.

Enthusiasm of the British Government — The Fleet for the Conquest of Canada — Utter Failure of the Enterprise — Daily Perils — The Bridal Party — Treaty of Utrecht — The Ravages of War — Character of the Younger Castine — State of the Ministry — The Pejepscot Purchase — Ancient Dominions — Rearing the Forts — The Council at Arrowsic — Gloomy Prospects — Character of Father Rasle.

THE English Government, cheered by the conquest of Nova Scotia, and animated by the presence of the Mohawk chiefs, who, it was said, could bring a large number of warriors into the field, engaged with enthusiasm in fitting out an expedition for the conquest of Canada. A fleet was speedily equipped, consisting of fifteen ships-of-war, forty-three transports, and six store-ships. Seven veteran regiments of the Duke of Marlborough's army were placed on board, with a fine train of heavy artillery. Admiral Walker, an officer of established reputation, was intrusted with the command. When this powerful armament arrived in Boston, six hundred and fifty provincial troops were added to the force.

On the 30th of July, 1711, the fleet sailed from Boston for the capture of Quebec. But God seemed to frown upon the enterprise. In entering the mouth of the St. Lawrence, eight transports were wrecked, and a thousand men sank beneath the waves. It was an awful spectacle as viewed from the other vessels of the fleet. The loss was so terrible, both of men and the munitions of war, that the energies of officers and crew seemed alike paralyzed. Overwhelmed with disappointment and chagrin, they, with one accord, abandoned the enterprise. Returning to Boston, they were greeted only with condemnation and obloquy.

Expeditions were still sent out from the Massachusetts colonies, to cruise along the shores of Maine in pursuit of Indians; but the savages were on their guard, and could not be found. Prowling bands of Indians succeeded in shooting a few of the English who had here and there ventured into the fields. During the next summer (that of 1712), twenty-six of the English settlers were killed or captured in the vicinity of York, Kittery, and Wells. The settlers were completely disheartened. They could not move without danger of assassination. A child could not play upon a doorsill without being exposed to seizure by some burly savage, and dragged screaming, before the eyes of its agonized parents, into the forest. The Indians became increasingly bold in these petty acts of warfare.

Still England, intent upon the conquest of Canada, did not wish for peace. And, while there was war between France and England, it could not but be that the savages would be enlisted on the one side or the other. The Indians, though invisible, seemed to be everywhere. Not a movement escaped their notice. A scouting-party was marching from the garrison at York towards Cape Neddock. It was on the 14th of May, 1712. Suddenly, from the silent wilderness, a band of thirty savages sprang up, and poured in upon them a deadly fire. One, the leader, Sergeant Nalton, was instantly killed: seven others, probably struck down and crippled by wounds, were captured. The survivors fled precipitately, and, with the utmost difficulty, succeeded in regaining the fort. Mr. Pickernel, at Spruce Creek, alarmed by the rumor of the vicinity of the Indians, was leaving his door, with his family, to take refuge in the garrison, when a bullet from a concealed savage struck him dead. His wife was also wounded, and his little child scalped. The poor child, left for dead, recovered from the dreadful wound. There were several similar individual acts of suffering and death.

A very exciting event took place at Wells, on the 16th of September. There was a large bridal party held at the garrison. Elisha Plaisted, a young man of Portsmouth, was to be married to Hannah Wheelwright, a beautiful girl of eighteen, a daughter of one of the first families. The family connection was large, and the acquaintance extensive. Prominent guests

were invited from Portsmouth and other adjacent settlements. Some came by water; others, in well-armed bands, on horseback. Plaisted was accompanied by quite an escort of his young friends from Portsmouth.

A band of nearly two hundred Indians came uninvited to the wedding. Threading their way in the dark, with the stealthy tread of the tiger, through the obscurities of the forest, they placed themselves in ambush to cut off all the divisions of the bridal party, by whatever paths they might set out on their return to their homes. It was evident that they were not only perfectly familiar with all the region, but that, in some way, they had gained an acquaintance with the number of the guests, and with the general arrangements for the occasion.

The nuptials were celebrated; and in feasting and frolic the hour of midnight had passed, and it is probable that the morning had dawned. Some of the friends were preparing to leave, when it was found that two of the horses were missing. Three young men — Joshua Downing, Isaac Cole, and Sergeant Tucker — went out to find them, apparently without any thought of Indians. They had not proceeded far, when, from the perfect silence and solitude of the forest, a volley of musketry assailed them. Two fell dead. Tucker, severely wounded, was captured by the ambushed savages.

The report of the guns instantly conveyed the terrible tidings to the garrison. The most able and the bravest men of the region were there, and nearly all with military titles. Totally unaware of the number of their foes, with singular imprudence, but with chivalric bravery, they rushed out to grapple with them. They sprang upon their horses, and, in small bands, rode in different directions to cut off the retreat of the Indians.

But the wily savages had placed themselves in ambush on each of these paths, and were quietly awaiting the approach of their victims. The bridegroom, a very heroic young man, led one of these parties of seven or eight men on horseback. Soon they fell into an ambush. At one discharge, every horse was shot down; one man was killed; and young Plaisted, in his bridal attire, was seized by the savages leaping from their concealment: the others, in the darkness, escaped.

The savages seemed to understand perfectly the enterprise in which they were engaged. Plaisted was, in their view, the son of a rich father. They wished, if possible, to capture him, that they might extort a heavy ransom. It was this desire which probably led them to shoot down the horses, instead of the men. In their great eagerness to secure him, the others were allowed to escape.

The Indians, having accomplished their purpose, rapidly fled. A party of seventy soldiers was immediately mustered to pursue them. They came up with the foe in a forest, where every Indian could take his station behind a tree. The English soon found that they were outnumbered by the Indians more than two to one. After a brief skirmish, in which one only was killed on each side, the English ceased firing, and sent forward Lieut. Banks, with a flag of truce, to ascertain on what terms young Plaisted could be ransomed. Six Indian chiefs met the flag. Among them was the noted Bomaseen, of whom we have before spoken.[1]

The chiefs were not prepared to make an immediate arrangement. They wished for more time to consider the matter. They promised to bring their captives, in five days, to Richman's Island, where they would be ready to settle the question. Notwithstanding the large force at the Indians' disposal, they attempted no further raids, but immediately retired. Plaisted was finally redeemed; his father being compelled to pay a ransom estimated in value at three hundred pounds, equivalent to about fifteen hundred dollars.[2]

On the 30th of March, 1713, the celebrated Treaty of Utrecht was signed. There was now peace between France and England. Nova Scotia, the ancient Acadia, was formally surrendered to the English. Thus this dreadful and wicked war was ended. The Indians had long desired peace. Great was their

[1] It will be remembered that Bomaseen was one of the Norridgewock sachems. Upon visiting Pemaquid with a flag of truce, he had been treacherously seized by the English, and carried a captive to Boston. The savage could now have easily retaliated; but he did not.

[2] Collections of Massachusetts Historical Society, vol. iii. p. 140; see, also, the account of this affair as given by Williamson, vol. ii. p. 66, and also by Bourne, in his History of Kennebunk and Wells, p. 280.

joy. Promptly they sent envoys to Casco to establish friendly relations. The English were haughty, and domineering in their exactions. They demanded of the Indians a humiliating confession of their offences, compelled them to take the oath of allegiance to the British crown, to promise to sign whatever articles the governor and council might dictate, to give hostages for the faithful performance of these stipulations, and to maintain these hostages at their own expense.

For the ratification of these severe terms, a council was held at Portsmouth on the 11th of July. Eight sagamores from the Rivers St. John, Penobscot, and Kennebec, met the governor with twenty councillors and a large number of attendant gentlemen. The Indians were crushed in spirit, and pliant to the will of their conquerors.[1]

The war had lasted ten years. During that time, more than a fourth part of the inhabitants of Maine had been either killed or captured. Hutchinson, in his History of Massachusetts, estimates, that, in the thirty-eight years between 1675 and 1713, six thousand of the youth of New England had perished from the casualties of war.[2] Many families had become extinct. Nearly all mourned some members lost. In Maine, the desolation was awful. The log-cabins were crumbling to decay. The fields, long uncultivated, presented a revolting aspect of briers and thorns, and all wild shrubs.

The fur-trade had become entirely extinct. Lumbering and fishing were at an end. Maine was in a state of impoverishment scarcely conceivable. Fathers and sons, mothers and daughters, who had been captured, were far away in the wilds of Canada; and no one knew whether they were living or dead. There were no facilities for travelling, in those days, or for communicating intelligence. Nearly a year passed before a ship was sent to Quebec to bring home the captives; and then they were found so widely dispersed, that it required four months to collect them. Many were lost, and never were heard from.

During this ten-years' war, it is estimated that one-third of

[1] The articles of this treaty are given entire in the Collections of the New Hampshire Historical Society, vol. i. pp. 82–86.

[2] Hutchinson's History, vol ii. p. 183.

the Indian warriors of Maine perished, and probably as many more of their women and children, from the bullet, exposure, and starvation. Several tribes had become so enfeebled as to have lost their individual character. The terms of the treaty which the English exacted were so abasing, that the Indians never would have accepted them, had they not been compelled to do so by poverty, suffering, and helplessness.

Castine the Younger, the son of Baron Castine, and whose mother was the honored daughter of one of the most illustrious and powerful of the sagamores, was, by universal admission, a very extraordinary man. The blood of two lines of nobles flowed through his veins. From his father, he inherited the courteous manners of the French noblesse; and he became a man of intelligence and culture. From his excellent mother, he inherited sympathy for her race, and was ever heroically disposed to cast in his lot with that much injured people. His intelligence taught him that the Indians were gaining nothing, and losing every thing, by the wars; and he was the most zealous of all the chieftains in urging peace. Mr. Williamson pays the following well-merited and beautiful tribute to the memory of this excellent man:—

"He appeared to be entirely free from the bigoted malevolence of the French, and the barbarous, revengeful spirit of the savages. He was a chief sagamore of the Tarratine tribe; and he also held a commission from the French king. By his sweetness of temper, magnanimity, and other valuable properties, he was held in high estimation by both people. Nor were the English insensible of his uncommon merit. He had an elegant French uniform which he sometimes wore; yet, on all occasions, he preferred to appear in the habit of his tribe. It was in him both policy and pleasure to promote peace with the English. And, in several instances where they had treated him with abuse, he gave proofs of forbearance worthy of a philosopher's or Christian's imitation." [1]

The perfect confidence which the English reposed in his honor was manifested in their trusting him, as a friend and companion, to conduct Major Levingston through the wilderness from Port Royal to Quebec.

[1] Williamson, vol. ii. p. 70. For further particulars of this remarkable man see Universal History, vol. xl. p. 180.

A new era of peace and prosperity, it was hoped, was now about to dawn upon Maine. A stable government began slowly to be organized. Institutions for education and religion began to arise. Earnest endeavors were made to promote purity of morals.

For thirty-eight years, the inhabitants of Maine had been engaged in an almost incessant conflict with the Indians. But for the wickedness of man, these might have been happy years, in which beautiful villages would have been reared, and gardens would have bloomed, and parents and children would have lived happily together, with ever-increasing prosperity. But they were years of general impoverishment and woe. The war had suspended all the meetings of the Superior Court of Maine. In answer to petitions from Maine, the General Court of Massachusetts, on the 5th of June, 1711, ordered the Superior Court to hold an annual session at Kittery.

On the 9th of June, 1713, the town of Berwick was incorporated. This was the ninth town in the State. The other towns were Kittery, York, Wells, Cape Porpoise, Saco, Scarborough, Falmouth, and North Yarmouth. The village rapidly increased; for the soil was good, and the original settlers highly respectable. It speaks well for this people, that, as early as 1702, a church was organized there. John Wade was its first pastor. He was succeeded by Rev. Jeremiah Wise, a man eminent for his scholarship and his piety. For forty-eight years the community was blessed with his ministrations.

Kittery was divided into two parishes. The new one was called Eliot. Rev. John Rogers was settled here in 1715. The stable character of the people may be inferred from the fact that he continued to fill the pulpit for fifty-eight years. In the old parish at Kittery, the people, as early as 1669, built a parsonage, and supported a faithful pastor for fifteen years. In the year 1714, there was a church there of forty-three members. Rev. John Newmarch, a scholarly man, and a graduate from Harvard University, was the faithful preacher to an affectionate people for thirty-five years. In York, Rev. Samuel Moody ministered, with untiring fidelity, for forty-seven years. He was a man of many eccentricities, but highly esteemed for his accomplished scholarship and his many virtues.

The eastern provinces of the State presented, at the close of the war, truly a melancholy aspect. More than a hundred miles of coast, along which had been scattered the comfortable dwellings of the settlers with their cultivated fields, were laid utterly desolate. Not a dwelling remained. Title-deeds and records were all lost. In re-settling the region, it was deemed expedient that the people should gather in small villages of twenty or thirty families, with home lots of but four or five acres. For the sake of the fisheries, these little settlements were generally on the seacoast.

Emigrants began slowly to return to the demolished towns of Saco, Scarborough, Falmouth, and North Yarmouth. In the year 1714 there were about twenty families in Falmouth; and these families, notwithstanding their great impoverishment, at once commenced building a meeting-house. North Yarmouth was one of the last of the dilapidated towns which was re-settled.

Upon the death of Richard Wharton, the proprietor of the Pejepscot purchase, the whole immense territory included in that purchase was sold to a company for one hundred pounds. The boundary line, it will be remembered, as then understood, ran from five miles above the Upper Falls,[1] in a north-east direction, to the Kennebec River. Four miles west of the falls, it took a strip of land, four miles wide, to Maquoit Bay; and thence down the Kennebec, and through Merrymeeting Bay, to the mouth of the Sagadahoc. Such, in general, were the boundaries of this purchase.

The proprietors laid out three townships; those of Brunswick, Topsham, and Harpswell. The two first were six miles square; one on the north or east side of the river, the other on the southern side. The third town, Harpswell, included a peninsula running down into the bay, and two islands. Fort George was built near the falls at Brunswick. Settlers came very slowly to these towns. In the year 1718 there was not a single dwelling in Brunswick excepting the fort at the falls, and a

[1] "At Lewiston, twenty miles above Brunswick, the cataract is called the Upper Falls of Pejepscot, where the water tumbles over massy rocks, and rushes through narrow passes about one hundred feet perpendicular from the surface above to the bed below." — *Williamson's History of Maine*, vol. i. p. 45.

block-house at Maquoit Bay. Three families had settled in Topsham. It was not until about 1720 that any families entered Harpswell.[1]

Gradually families began to return to the utter desolation which reigned at the mouth of the Sagadahoc. A Boston gentleman erected at Arrowsic Island[2] a large brick dwelling, which remained there for more than half a century. In the year 1715 there were twenty-six residents on the island. In answer to a petition from the inhabitants, it was incorporated, together with Parker's Island,[3] in the year 1716, by the name of Georgetown. Fifteen new settlers immediately repaired to the place; and the governor of Massachusetts sent a sergeant's guard of twenty men to protect the inhabitants for six months.

This was then the most remote settlement on our eastern frontier. The Sagadahoc plantations have been appropriately called the "Ancient Dominions" of Maine. In the early history of the State, this region had more celebrity than any other, with perhaps the exception of York and Falmouth. Here a colony was established as early as 1607, thirteen years before the commencement of the Plymouth Colony. In 1623, but three years after the landing of the Pilgrims, there were eighty-four families residing in this region; and quite a fleet of fishermen annually visited those waters.

There were two patents, which embraced all the land in this vicinity. The one was the Pejepscot, to which we have just referred. The other was called the Plymouth or Kennebec patent. The proprietors of each of these territories offered such families as would remove there, one hundred acres of good land, and promised to pay the expenses of their removal. As an additional inducement they offered to contribute liberally

[1] Williamson, vol. ii. p. 89. See also Collections of Massachusetts Historical Society, p. 141.

[2] Arrowsic Island is about five miles long with a mean breadth of about one mile. It contains, according to Williamson, four thousand acres of land. Coolidge and Mansfield say twenty thousand acres. There is much marsh land and many ledges, which in the estimate of acres, perhaps the one writer discards and the others reckon. — *Williamson*, vol. i. p. 53; *Coolidge and Mansfield*, p. 34.

[3] "Parker's Island lies north-easterly of Arrowsic, and is separated from it by Back River. It is nine miles long, and on an average a mile and a half in width, containing about ten thousand acres." — *Williamson*, vol. i. p. 53.

towards the support of a minister of the gospel. Soon a strong stone fort was built at Augusta, then called Cushnoc or Cushenoc. It was the strongest fortress in the eastern country, and was for some time maintained at the public expense. In reference to the encouragement given to emigrants, Penhallow writes, "Several towns, as of Brunswick, Topsham, Georgetown, and Cushenoc began to be settled. A great many fine buildings, with saw-mills, were erected. Husbandry began to thrive, and great stocks of cattle were raised." [1]

The sturgeon-fishery was then deemed a very important branch of industry. In some seasons more than twenty vessels were engaged in this employment. All sorts of timber were also sent to Boston, and even to foreign ports. During the winter of 1716, the fort of Pemaquid was repaired, and a garrison was established there. The Indians were alarmed in view of the strong forts which the English were raising at important points. Again there were rumors of another war between France and England. It is said that the French endeavored to fan the flames of Indian jealousy, by pointing to the encroachments of the English, as evidence that the English claimed all their lands, and intended to take possession of the whole country. The Catholic missionaries, by identifying themselves with the Indians, and becoming incorporated into their tribes, had obtained a wonderful ascendancy over them. The Indians had ceased to regard them as foreigners, and looked upon them as the wisest and best of their own people.

The English authorities had tried in vain to drive the French missionaries from Norridgewock. They now decided to make the endeavor to supplant their influence by establishing English missions among the tribes.[2] By previous appointment the governor and his council met a large number of the Indian chiefs at Arrowsic. It was in August, 1717. The governor was a haughty man, and was not inclined to be conciliatory in speech or manner. He presented the sachems with the Bible,[3]

[1] Penhallow's Indian Wars was printed in the year 1726.

[2] The General Court offered to pay any minister one hundred and fifty pounds annually who would reside at Fort George (Pemaquid), learn the dialect of the tribe, and become their instructor. — *Williamson*, vol. ii. p. 92.

[3] In the year 1683, the second edition of the Indian Bible, by Mr. Eliot, was completed. — *Drake's Book of the Indians*, book ii. p. 57.

in the Indian language, and said to them, "This book contains the true religion. Mr. Baxter, who has accompanied us, will remain with you, and teach you its principles."

One of the sagamores promptly replied, "All people have their own religious teachers. Your Bible we do not care to keep. God has given us teachers. Should we abandon them, we should offend God."[1]

The chiefs then turned to the political questions which were creating trouble; and, in the conference which ensued, they showed themselves to be men of remarkable strength of mind, and good common-sense. Their principal speaker said, "We admit that the land west of the Kennebec River, the English have a claim to regard as theirs; but certainly no sale has ever been made to them, of the country east of that river."

The governor, with dogmatism and discourtesy which those dignified chieftains keenly felt, instead of arguing the point at all, exclaimed, "You may be assured that we will never part with one inch of our lands in that quarter."

There was for a moment silence; and then these chieftains simultaneously rose, and, without uttering a word, left the council, repaired to their canoes, and paddled to another island.

[1] According to the account given in the "Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses écrites des Missions Etrangères," one of the chiefs gave the following answer to the proposition that they should dismiss their missionary, and take an Englishman in his stead:—

"You astonish me by the proposition you make. When you first came here you saw me a long time before I saw the French; but neither you nor your ministers spoke to me of prayer, or of the Great Spirit. They saw my furs, my skins of beaver and elk. Of these only they thought. These they sought with the greatest eagerness. I was not able to furnish them enough. When I carried them a large quantity, I was their great friend, but no farther.

"One day, my canoe having missed its route, I lost my way. After wandering a long time I landed near Quebec. Scarcely had I arrived when one of the *Black Robes* came to see me. I was loaded with furs; but the French *Black Robe* scarcely deigned to look at them. He spoke to me at once of the Great Spirit, of heaven, of hell, and of prayer which is the only way to reach heaven.

"I heard him with pleasure, and remained a long time in the village to listen to him. I demanded baptism, and received it. At last I returned to my country, and related what had happened to me. My friends envied my happiness, and wished to participate. They departed to find the *Black Robe*, and demand of him baptism. It is thus that the French have acted towards me. Thus I tell you that I hold to the prayer of the French. I shall be faithful to it until the world is burned up."

They had brought with them to the council an English flag, as indicative that they were the friends and allies of the English. This flag they left behind them, the silent token of their displeasure.

The English claimed the land belonging to the *Indians*, eastward of the Kennebec River, on the ground that the *king of France* had ceded those lands to them by the Treaty of Utrecht. The sagamores, as usual, appealed to their revered friend and advocate, Father Rasle, for advice.[1] He immediately wrote to the governor of Massachusetts, that the king of France had never conceded to the English, lands which belonged to the Indians. He had merely withdrawn the French flag from those lands where he had been the protector of the Indians, and had surrendered to the English the right of purchasing and colonizing their lands. And the king of France, he said, would feel bound to protect those Indians, should the king of England assume that France had given England authority to seize upon their territory.

Armed with this letter, the sagamores, probably on the evening of the next day, returned to Arrowsic.[2] The conference was renewed. The governor did not conceal his indignation at what he pronounced to be "the insolent interference of the Jesuit." Knowing full well that the Indians had suffered so severely, that they would submit to almost any indignity, rather than consent to the renewal of the war, he assumed a menacing attitude, and threatened again to draw the sword. This brought the sagamores almost to their knees. They said, through their principal speaker, —

"It is our desire to live in peace. We wish to open friendly trade at fair prices. And we are willing to relinquish, for the present, all talk about boundary lines; and we give our consent that the English should settle unmolested wherever their fathers had settlements. But we are very much disturbed in seeing so many forts going up."

[1] The name of this man, according to our English authors, was Ralle; but according to his own historian, Charlevoix, it was Rasle.

[2] Mr. Williamson says, on the evening of the same day. But it was impossible for the chiefs, in that time, to have sent to Norridgewock, and have obtained a return. It is, however, not impossible that Father Rasle may have accompanied the sagamores to their encampment on a neighboring island; but we have no intimation to that effect.

The governor had conquered. New articles of agreement were entered into, such as he dictated. The humiliated sagamores returned to their homes, feeling that the English were their enemies, and that the French were their friends.[1]

Energetic efforts were made to extend the settlements eastward of the Kennebec River. Several families reared their log cabins on the Damariscotta.[2] It is said that at that time there was not a house between Georgetown and Annapolis, with the exception of a single fisherman's hut on Damariscotta Island. A strong and capacious fort, much to the annoyance of the Indians, was built on the easterly bank of St. George's River, near where Thomaston now stands. At a short distance from that, a block-house was erected. The large area between was enclosed by palisades. This fortress, which could bid defiance to all Indian assailments, afforded ample accommodation for a garrison of two hundred and fifty men. Another strong fortress was built on the east side of the Kennebec River, opposite Swan Island. It was called Fort Richmond.[3]

The spring of 1721 opened gloomily. The Indians were much dissatisfied in view of the encroachments of the English. The strong forts they were building indicated that the English were determined to hold possession of the country. In these views the Indians unquestionably had the sympathy of Father Rasle.[4]

[1] Hutchinson's History of Massachusetts, vol. ii. p. 199; Collections of New Hampshire Historical Society, vol. ii. p. 89.

[2] "The Damariscotta River issues from the Damariscotta fresh ponds, which are in Jefferson and Nobleborough, and which are three or four leagues in length from north to south. The river is navigable for ships of any burthen, about four leagues from the sea to the lower falls, and is, on an average, half a mile in width." — *Williamson*, vol. i. p. 56.

[3] "The site of Richmond Fort was not far from the margin of the river, on ground twelve or fifteen feet above the water; from which the land gradually ascends. There was thereabouts, in 1820, a hamlet of fifteen or twenty houses, a few stores, and two or three wharves." — *Williamson*, vol. ii. p. 98.

[4] Father Rasle, in one of his official communications found in the "Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses," writes, —

"At the time that the war was about to be rekindled between the European powers, the English governor (Dudley), who had lately arrived at Boston, requested a conference with our Indians by the seashore, on an island which he designated. They consented, and begged me to accompany them thither, that they might consult me with regard to any artful propositions which might be made to them, so that they could be assured their answers would contain nothing

At the eastern extremity of Nova Scotia there is a narrow strait called Canseau, which separates the peninsula of Nova Scotia from the island of Cape Breton. This large island, embracing an area of four thousand square miles, the English asserted, was included in the surrender of Nova Scotia. This claim the French denied, and prepared to make it the depot for their future fisheries. The English also, in maintenance of their claim, established a post on the southern extremity of the island. The Indians of that region attacked the English post, and plundered it of its fish and merchandise. The Indians of Maine had nothing to do with this remote transaction.

But the Legislature of Massachusetts assumed that Father Rasle had instigated the movement, and that he was endeavoring to inspire the Indians to enter upon a new war with religious fanaticism. A vote was passed that a detachment of a hundred and fifty soldiers should be sent to Norridgewock, with a reward of five hundred pounds offered, if the body of Rasle were brought to Boston dead or alive. The council, however, did not agree, as it was thought that two hundred pounds was a sufficient reward to offer.

In this gloomy state of affairs there was a general apprehension that another war was about to open its horrors. Many of the settlers in Maine began to abandon their homes.[1] The governor was angry, and issued a decree forbidding it. But the fathers of young families had more fear of the tomahawk of the Indians than of the displeasure of the government of Massachusetts. The chiefs frequently visited the forts, and always with sincere protestations of their desire for peace. At the same time they made no attempt to disguise their sense of the wrongs which were inflicted upon them. In addition to the encroachments constantly made, the English were grossly violating the terms of the treaty which they themselves had dictated.

The Indians had pledged themselves not to purchase any

contrary to their religion or the interests of the king's service. I therefore followed them, with the intention of merely remaining in their quarters to aid their councils without appearing before the governor."

[1] Hutchinson's History of Massachusetts, vol. ii. p. 236.

goods excepting at established trading-houses. But no trading-houses had been established; consequently they could have no trade. The Indians had been dependent upon the French for the repairing of their arms and tools. The English, depriving them of this, had promised to send smiths and armorers among them; but none had been sent. Private adventurers, prowling around, had grossly defrauded them; and there was no redress.

There were, at this time, two French Catholic missions in Maine, the one at Norridgewock and another on the Penobscot. It would seem that these missionaries had succeeded in winning, to a very extraordinary degree, the love of the Indians. They very naturally associated the Catholic religion with French protection, and the Protestant religion with British encroachments. There had been some individual acts of outrage on the part of vagabond young Indians, which the sachems deplored, but which they could not prevent.

There was a large meeting of the sachems at Norridgewock, in the year 1721, to choose a new chief in the place of one who had died. These veterans in the miseries of war were so anxious to prevent a renewal of hostilities, that they sent an envoy to Boston with a present of two hundred beaver-skins as a pledge of their desire for peace. The messenger was also instructed to offer them four hostages for the future good behavior of their young men, and to promise that ample reparation should be made for all the damage they had caused.

When the governor of Canada was informed of this, it is said that he felt that the sachems had humiliated themselves, and that he wrote as follows to Father Rasle: —

"The faint hearts of your Indians, in giving hostages for damages done those who would drive them from their native country, have convinced me that the present is a crisis in which a moment is not to be lost. Therefore I have applied to the villages of St. Francois and Beaucourt, and prevailed upon them to support with vigor their brethren at Norridgewock, and to send a deputation to the place appointed, for negotiating the proposed treaty, who dare let the English know they will have to deal with other tribes than the one at Norridgewock if they continue their encroachments."[1]

[1] I give this important letter upon the authority of Mr. Williamson, though he does not state the source from which he derives it. He is generally very accurate, though perhaps not ready to make full acknowledgment of that British intolerance which goaded the savages into war.

According to Mr. Williamson, the governor of Canada invited the Indian sagamores and sachems, from the Kennebec and the Penobscot, to meet on Padeshal's Island, near Arrowsic, for a general council. On the 1st of August, 1721, ninety birch canoes bore to that island two hundred Indians. Father Rasle accompanied the Kennebec Indians, and young Castine accompanied those from the Penobscot. We are not informed as to the results of this council. According to Mr. Williamson, a letter was sent to Capt. Penhallow, who commanded the garrison at Arrowsic, stating that, if the English settlers did not remove from that region within three weeks, the Indians would come and kill them all, and burn their houses, and kill their cattle. It is hardly possible that such a menacing letter could have been sent by the sachems there convened. It is universally admitted that the sagamores were very anxious to avoid the renewal of hostilities. The Kennebec Indians convened at Norridgewock, where the influence of Father Rasle was paramount, had just sent to Boston proposals for peace, couched in the most humble and imploring terms. It is universally known that young Castine, by far the most potent chief among the Penobscots, was the constant advocate of peace; and, moreover, the three weeks passed away, and there was no hostile movement whatever among the Indians. Not an Englishman was killed, not a house was burned, not an act of plunder took place.

The general feeling of the British towards Father Rasle was that of the most intense hostility. Mr. Williamson undoubtedly expresses the popular feeling, when he writes of this Catholic missionary, —

"So often had his malignity, pride, and officious interference awakened among the Indians new complaints, that the people of the province, for good reasons, ranked him among the most infamous villains, and would have given more for his head than for a hundred scalps of the natives."[1]

[1] In reference to these events, Charlevoix, the French historian, writes, "Après plusieurs tentatives d'abord pour engager ces sauvages, par les offres et les promesses les plus séduisantes, à le livrer aux Anglais, ou du moins à la renvoyer à Quebec, et à prendre en sa place un de leurs ministres; ensuite pour le surprendre et pour l'enlever, les Anglais résolut de s'en defaire, quoiqu'il leur en dut couter, mirent sa tête à pris, et promirent mille livres sterling à celui qui l. leur porterait." — *Charlevoix*, t. ii. p. 380.

We think the statement of Messrs. Coolidge and Mansfield, in their admirable "Description of New England," far more in accordance with the facts. They write, —

"In all the ulterior designs of the English upon the Indians, whether in wresting their territory from them, or in cheating them in trade, they were held in check by their dread of this tribe (the Norridgewocks). Under these circumstances only one remedy remained, which was the destruction of the village, and the murder of Rasle and his Indians."

The following additional passage, from their candid and accurate history, explains truthfully the reason why the French had so much more influence over the Indians than the English had: —

"It may seem strange to some, that the Indians were always found on amicable terms with the French, while they were ever making inroads upon the settlements of the English. But the means used by the two nations were entirely opposite. While the French, with their social fascination and flexibility of character, used every method of conciliation towards them, giving them warlike implements, accompanying them on their hunting excursions, and becoming intimately identified with them by marriage, the English looked upon them with detestation and horror, taking every opportunity for their extermination, and using every means to annoy and exasperate them." [1]

The threatening aspect of affairs greatly alarmed the Indians. They had no opportunity of purchasing those arms and that ammunition which had now become indispensable to them in hunting, unless, in violation of the treaty, they repaired to their French friends in Canada. On the other hand, they saw strong garrisons rising on territory which they deemed their own, and crowded with soldiers who could set all their efforts to reclaim the lands at defiance.

The Indian hostages, who had voluntarily surrendered themselves, were rather loosely guarded on an island in Boston Harbor. They made their escape. This was considered by the English a very hostile act. Expresses were sent immediately to all the fortresses on the eastern frontiers of Maine, ordering all to be ready for war, and to arrest any Indian huntsmen they

[1] History and Description of New England, by Messrs. Coolidge and Mansfield, vol. i. p. 233

could find, and hold them in custody until the hostages were surrendered. A special meeting of the General Court was convened at Boston, on the 23d of August, 1721; and it was decided to pursue and punish the Indians for the crime of *Rebellion* against the English government.

Three hundred soldiers were enlisted to prosecute the war. A proclamation was issued, demanding of the Indians that they should deliver up to the English Father Rasle and every other French missionary. They were also required to make ample reparation for all past injuries. If these terms were not promptly complied with, the soldiers were commanded to seize the Indians wherever found, and send them captives to Boston.

It is not to be supposed that these stern measures were adopted without opposition. Many good men remonstrated against them. They declared that the stipulations made in the treaty of Arrowsic had never been fulfilled, that the Indians had been atrociously wronged without having any opportunity to obtain redress, and that they had been guilty of nothing which warranted a resort to such measures of violence. These loud remonstrances, together with the recapture of the hostages, caused a slight relaxation of the war movement, but no relaxation in the uncompromising spirit of those in power.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE VICISSITUDES OF WAR.

The War Renewed — Resolve of the British — Westbrook's Attempt on an Indian Village — An Indian Fort — Expedition to Oldtown — Attempt upon Norridgewock — Beauty of the Village — Savage Depredations — Father Rasle and his Chapel — His Letters — Murder of Bomaseen — Slaughter at Norridgewock — Death of Rasle — Tribute to His Memory — Capt. Lovewell's Achievement — Drake's Narrative.

THE English had seized many peaceable Indians, who were guilty of no crime and charged with no act of hostility, and were holding them as hostages for the good behavior of the tribes. On the 18th of June two parties of Indians, the one from the Androscoggin and the other from the Kennebec, met at Merrymeeting Bay. There were twenty canoes in all, containing sixty men. By way of reprisal they seized nine families. All were treated humanely. They soon liberated the women and children, and all the men excepting four. These they held as indemnities for the safety of the four Indian hostages in the hands of the English.

It was now again war, mad, deadly, ruinous war. Each party struck blows as fast and heavy as possible. The Indians endeavored to surprise Fort George, near Thomaston. They burned a sloop, and killed several prisoners, but they were compelled to retire before obtaining a surrender. The attack was soon renewed, but with equal want of success. The British lost five men, and the Indians, according to the English account, lost twenty. This fortress was built by the individual proprietors of what was called the Waldo Patent. The government adopted it as a public garrison, sent to it a re-enforcement of forty-five men, with a sufficient supply of ammunition. Col.

Thomas Westbrook was placed in command. Two or three Englishmen were captured from a boat which landed from a vessel in Passamaquoddy Bay. One Englishman was killed at Casco, and several Indians were pursued and shot down.

Capt. John Harman ascended the Kennebec in pursuit of Indians. His boats conveyed thirty-five well-armed men. He saw the gleam of camp-fires in the woods. Silently he landed his troops, and, in the darkness, crept through the forest. They reached the encampment. The Indians were asleep without any guard. Deliberate aim was taken. There was one deadly volley. There remained only the corpses of fifteen Indians. We know not that one escaped. The victors gathered up the guns, the ammunition, and the blankets of the Indians, and returned triumphantly to their boats.

In July, 1722, the governor and council proclaimed that the Indians were "traitors and robbers," and declared war against them as the king's enemies.[1]

The Indians were feeble. They could no longer inflict any extensive injury. They could not wander far. All that they could accomplish was occasionally to shoot an Englishman, capture a boat, and burn a cabin, tomahawking or capturing the inmates. The British prepared to prosecute the war with great vigor, being apparently resolved to exterminate the race. Several armed vessels were employed, with a fleet of whaleboats, sufficient to cruise along all the coasts, and penetrate all the rivers where Indian villages could be found. An army of a thousand well-armed men was employed upon the various expeditions now undertaken. A hundred soldiers were stationed at York, thirty at Falmouth, twenty at North Yarmouth, ten at Maquoit, twenty-five at Arrowsic, and twenty-five at Fort Richmond.

A detachment of three hundred men was sent to the Penob-

[1] "Both in and out of the legislature there were men who doubted whether a war upon the natives would be justifiable. 'We have been,' they said, 'derelict both as to moral and stipulated duties. We have not performed our engagements towards the Indians in the establishment of trading-houses, and the prevention of frauds and extortions, according to treaty promises. The measures of strong drink dealt to them are a scandal to our religion, and reproach to our country.'" — *Williamson*, vol. ii. p. 117.

scot, with orders utterly to destroy every thing there belonging to the Indians. Four hundred sailors and soldiers were despatched to ravage the coast between the Kennebec River and the Penobscot, and sweep away every vestige of Indian habitation. We blush to add that a bounty was offered of fifteen pounds for the scalp of every Indian boy of twelve years of age. Soon after, the government encouraged the adoption of a sort of land-privateering in pursuit of scalps. To all volunteers who, without pay or rations, would embark, at their own expense, in the search for scalps, a bounty of a hundred pounds was offered for each one taken.[1]

A sloop of war was sent to Nova Scotia against the Canseau Indians; thus the Canadian, the Nova Scotian, and the Maine Indians were all involved. A large party of Indians made an attack upon the flourishing settlement at Arrowsic, which, it will be remembered, was then called Georgetown. It was early in the morning of the 10th of September, 1722. The inhabitants all took refuge in the garrison, after having killed one of the Indians and wounded three others.

The Indians attacked the fort; but, finding that they could make no impression upon it, they killed fifty head of cattle, and laid twenty-six houses in ashes. One Englishman only was shot, through a porthole. The Indians ascended the Kennebec as far as Fort Richmond; but, finding these works also too strong for them to carry, they retired up the river.

On the 11th of February, 1722, Col. Thomas Westbrook embarked from the mouth of the Kennebec River, with a detachment of two hundred and thirty men, to ravage the coast as far as the Penobscot. He had several small vessels well armed, and a good supply of whale-boats. They apparently found nothing to employ them until they reached Mt. Desert, where they made a short stop. They then ascended the river, and cast anchor, as is supposed in Marsh Bay.[2]

There they left their vessel and boats, and commenced a march

[1] Williamson, vol. ii. p. 118.

[2] Marsh Bay is an expansion of the Penobscot River a few miles above Bucksport. Here the majestic stream is more than a mile wide. The pleasant village of Frankfort is situated on the western banks of this bay, at the head of winter navigation. See Williamson, vol. i. p. 69; Coolidge and Mansfield, p. 127.

through the forest, still ascending the river in search of an important village and fort of the Indians which were known to have been in that region. At length they reached a spot which is supposed to have been the lower Stillwater in Orono, about six miles above Kenduskeag River.[1] Here Col. Westbrook left a guard of a hundred men to protect the provisions and tents, while he selected fifty veterans in Indian warfare to go in search of the fort. It was soon found, without the scouts being discovered by the Indians.

Forty men were left on guard on the west side of the river. The whole of the remaining force was then ferried across in canoes hastily prepared. Rapidly traversing the trails on the eastern bank, they reached a point opposite the fort and village, about six o'clock in the evening of the same day. It was about the 10th or 11th of March. It was dark. The fort was on an island. The winter had been remarkably open, and the stream was not frozen over; still immense blocks of ice were swept along by the black current.

But not a camp-fire was burning; not a torch glimmered through the darkness; not a sound was heard to disturb the wintry silence of the drear scene. The morning light revealed only desolate and abandoned habitations. The wary Indians, apprehending such a visit, had in the previous autumn retired, taking with them every thing of the least value. The English, after their long voyage and painful march, found nothing, not even a poor scalp to reward them.

The Indians had probably received instruction from French engineers in building the fort. It was quite scientifically arranged, being seventy yards in length and fifty in breadth. The stockades were of heavy timber firmly planted, and fourteen feet in height. Within the stockades there were twenty-three comfortable, well-built houses, regularly arranged. On the south side of this little fortified village, there was the largest and finest structure in the place. It was the chapel which the

[1] "Bangor is on one of the noblest rivers in the Northern States, the product of an almost countless number of tributary streams. The city is seated upon both sides of the Kenduskeag River, and is the mart of one of the most extensive and one of the richest alluvial basins east of the Ohio Valley." — *Coolidge and Mansfield*, p. 47.

missionaries had reared, and it was handsomely finished both within and without. This edifice, consecrated to Christian worship, was sixty feet in length and thirty in breadth. Just south of the chapel was the parsonage, a large and commodious dwelling-house.

The English applied the torch to fort, dwellings, chapel, and parsonage. Having seen all reduced to ashes, they returned to their tents, marched down to their transports, and on the 20th of the month cast anchor at Fort George.[1]

Another winter campaign was attempted, which proved even more futile. An expedition was sent to destroy the village at Norridgewock, and to kill Father Rasle. On the 6th of February the troops reached the falls at Brunswick. The storms of winter were beating upon them, and its drifting snows encumbered their path. It surely was not wisdom which dictated such an enterprise at that season of the year. Painfully they toiled up the banks of the Androscoggin until they reached a remarkable bend of the river, in the region of the present town of Jay. By crossing the country from this place in a northerly direction, a few miles would take them to the Sandy River, where the beautiful town of Farmington now adorns the landscape. By following down the valley of the Sandy River, they could reach Norridgewock by a totally unexpected route. Thus they hoped to strike the Indians entirely by surprise.

But just then occurred that remarkable phenomenon known in Maine as the January thaw. A warm rain, followed by the rays of almost a summer's sun, melted the deep snows. Every little rill was swollen to a torrent. All the fields were covered more than knee deep with that melting snow appropriately called *slosh*. The icy moisture penetrated leather as though it were brown paper. The discomfort was so extreme that further journeying became impracticable. The soldiers, dividing into small parties, returned, not having caught sight of a single Indian.

[1] Mr. Williamson, in reply to the question, "Where was the site of this important fortress and village?" after discussing various suppositions, says, "The alternative, then, is, that the site must have been Oldtown, or the ancient Lett mentioned by Levingston." — *Williamson*, vol. ii. p. 121, note.

During the year 1723, the Indians could boast but little more success in this petty and miserable warfare than had attended the English. Prowling about in small bands, they succeeded in killing or capturing between twenty and thirty of the inhabitants of Maine. One man fell dead, struck by eleven bullets. Mr. Sullivan speaks of another who died of fifteen shot-wounds. Roger Deering and his wife, in Scarborough, were shot. Their three little children, who were out picking berries, were seized and carried into captivity.

The government of Massachusetts made strenuous efforts to induce the Mohawks to enlist in the war against the Indians of Maine. This ferocious tribe, in the month of August, 1723, sent sixty-three of their most renowned warriors to confer with the government at Boston. They were received with the greatest hospitality, loaded with presents, and feasted with a fat ox in their own style, with songs and dances. Yet for some unexplained reason they persistently refused to take up arms against their brethren in Maine, unless they themselves were molested. They, however, consented that any of their young men who wished to do so, might enlist in the service of the English.

Only two of the Mohawks enlisted. They were lawless men. Soon getting sick of the bargain, where no plunder was to be obtained, and still less renown, they abandoned the service, and returned to Boston. The Indians in the eastern part of the State, while eluding all pursuit, were very vigilant. Exposed dwellings were sure to be burned, and unguarded boats or unwary individuals were certain to be captured or shot. There was no safety but within the garrison-houses. A boat's crew was landing at Mount Desert. A band of Indians who had been watching them sprang from ambush, and captured all.

It is remarkable that, exasperated as were the Indians at this period of the war, they generally treated their prisoners very humanely. As we have before mentioned, the children, even of good families, often became so much attached to their captors that they were quite unwilling to return to civilized life. At Vaughan's Island a man was shot, and another near by. On

Kennebunk River two families were attacked. Some were killed, and others carried into captivity.[1]

On the 25th of December, a very determined band of about sixty warriors made a desperate attack upon the fort at St. George's River.[2] For thirty days they continued the siege, with a degree of persistence which they had never before manifested. The defence was heroic. At length re-enforcements arrived, and the Indians retired, taking with them one captive.[3]

For the protection of the frontiers during the winter months, three ranging parties were organized of fifty men each, who were to be continually on the move in search of Indian bands. There were, at that time, fifteen forts or garrison-houses, all of which were strengthened, re-enforced, and fully supplied.[4] But the Indians, as the snows fell heavily in the forests, and the icy winds swept the plains, undertook no campaign, but gathered around the fires in their far-distant wigwams.

The desire to capture Father Rasle continued unabated. A thousand livres were offered for his head.[5] In mid-winter Capt. Moulton was sent with an armed force up the Kennebec River to Norridgewock, to kill or to capture him. But the vigilant eye of the Indians had detected the movement. They all fled, taking their missionary with them. Capt. Moulton was a humane man. The little Indian village at Norridgewock seemed to be emerging from barbarism to civilization. He therefore, hoping that his example of forbearance might exert a salutary influence upon the minds of the Indians, ordered his soldiers to inflict no wanton injury. The men returned from their fruitless expedition, leaving all things as they had found them.

[1] Sullivan's History of Maine, p. 230.

[2] St. George's River rises in Montville. After running south twenty-five miles, affording a variety of mill privileges, it meets the tide in Warren, twenty miles from its mouth. The old fort was on the east side of the river, about sixteen miles above its mouth. The residence of Gen. Knox was subsequently built near its ruins. — *Williamson*, vol. i. p. 50.

[3] Hutchinson's History, vol. ii. p. 276.

[4] These were at St. George, Arrowsic, Richmond, North Yarmouth, Saco, Arundel, Kennebunk, Wells, York, Kittery, and Berwick. — *Records, Resolves, and Journals of Massachusetts Government*, vol. ii. p. 198.

[5] Collections of Massachusetts Historical Society, vol. viii. p. 266. A livre was a French coin valued at about eighteen and three-quarters cents. It is now superseded by the franc.

The Kennebec was famous for its rich fishery. Sturgeon and salmon were in abundance. Water-fowl crowded its shores. Its fertile meadows, free from forest, afforded the Indians inviting fields for their corn. To prevent them from fishing, fowling, or planting, and thus to distress them with famine, thirty men were sent early in the spring to range the river in boats.

Early in March of 1724, the Indians recommenced their depredations. More than thirty people in Maine were either killed, wounded, or carried into captivity, in the course of three months. Like wolves they came rushing from the forest, and no one could anticipate their point of attack. One man was shot upon his door-sill. Mr. Mitchell, with his two little boys, was at work in his field, when unseen savages, skulking behind stumps and trees, shot him down, and carried away his boys as captives. At Kennebunk the savages captured a sloop, after killing all of the crew. Near by, three men, at work in a saw-mill, were killed. At Berwick Mr. Thompson was shot, one of his children tomahawked, and the other left for dead, bleeding, gasping, and scalped. Such was the character of this wretched warfare.

There was another tragic adventure which merits more special notice. A boat's company of sixteen well-armed men left the fort on St. George's River on a fishing excursion. It was the 30th of April, 1724. They embarked in two strong whale-boats, led by Capt. Josiah Winslow, who was commandant of the garrison. The boats passed down the river, and sailed along the coast to the east, until they reached the Green Islands in Penobscot Bay. It seems that the Indians caught sight of them, and nearly a hundred warriors gathered in ambush on the banks of the St. George, to cut them off on their return. They hid in the thick underbrush at a narrow point of the stream, on both banks. They had thirty canoes carefully concealed. The Indians waited until one boat had passed by, and then poured a deadly volley of bullets into the other. Nearly every man was killed or wounded. The savages then leaped into their canoes, and, outnumbering their foes more than ten to one, ventured upon an open attack, completely surrounding the boats.

The English, seeing their destruction to be inevitable, resolved to sell their lives as dearly as possible. They fought desperately until all were shot down. How many warriors the savages lost in the bloody fray, was never known. It appears that there were three friendly Indians in the boats, and these the savages allowed to escape. The death of Capt. Winslow was deeply felt. He was a young man of great worth, a recent graduate from Harvard College, and a member of one of the most illustrious families of Massachusetts.

The savages succeeded, during the summer, in capturing twenty-two fishing vessels. They made a fleet of fifty canoes. These light birch-bark structures they could carry through the forest paths almost as easily as they could carry a musket. Each canoe was generally sufficient for three warriors. Launching them at any designated point, they would push out with great rapidity, and entirely surround a small vessel, whose crew ordinarily consisted of but from five to eight men. The capture was then easy. Any one who exposed himself upon the deck was sure to be shot down.

In these encounters twenty-two men were killed, and twenty-three carried into captivity.[1] The triumphant Indians, having destroyed sixteen of the garrison of the fort in the whale-boats, now paddled up the river, hoping to capture the fort itself, and seize all its valuable contents.[2]

This fortification bade defiance to all their efforts. It was built of hewn timber, twenty inches square. It was quadrangular in form, each side being a hundred feet in length and sixteen feet high. Within the enclosure there was a good supply of comfortable barracks and a good well of water. From the southern wall there was a covered way, constructed of logs, leading to a large, strong block-house upon the bank of the

[1] Hutchinson's History of Massachusetts, vol. ii. p. 278; Penhallow's Indian Wars.

[2] "The English asserted that the Indians had sold the land to Gov. Phips, the deed having been signed by one of their chiefs, Madockawando. In reply to this, the Indians maintained that the Madockawando and Sheepscot John, who signed the deed, were not Penobscot Indians, one belonging to Machias and the other in the vicinity of Boston; consequently these chiefs had disposed of what did not rightfully belong to them, and the deed was therefore null and void." — *History of New England, by Coolidge and Mansfield*, vol. i. p. 324.

river, where several pieces of cannon commanded the stream. The Indians, finding that they could make but little impression upon these strong works, retired, and soon made their appearance again at Arrowsic. They succeeded in capturing three of the inhabitants, and in killing many cattle.

About the middle of July a band of twenty-seven made an attack upon a house near the garrison at Spurwink. They shot Mr. Solomon Jordan as he was incautiously leaving the gate of the garrison. They were driven off, and a heroic band from the fort pursued them. The Indians, taken by surprise in their encampment, fled, leaving behind them twenty-five packs, twelve blankets, a gun, and several other articles. The Indians generally carried away their dead. One only was found killed. Him the English scalped, and for the revolting trophy received a bounty of a hundred pounds in Boston.[1]

There was no village of the Indians which presented more attractions than Old Point, where the pleasant little hamlet of Norridgewock stood. The Kennebec here makes a large bend, forming a beautiful and rich intervale of about a hundred acres. The village was regularly built on the land as it gently rose above the intervale. The huts were erected on one street or path, about eight feet wide. The church, surmounted by the cross, was by far the most imposing building in the place. It stood a little back from the street, at the lower end of the village, and was neatly constructed of hewn timber. A spring of delicious water gushed from the bank, affording to all an ample supply.[2]

[1] History of Portland, by William Willis, p. 349.

[2] Francis, in his Life of Father Rasle, writes, "Whoever has visited the pleasant town of Norridgewock as it now is must have heard of Indian Old Point, as the people call the place where Rasle's village stood; and perhaps curiosity may have carried him thither. If so, he has found a lovely sequestered spot, in the depths of nature's stillness, on a point around which the waters of the Kennebec, not far from their confluence with those of the Sandy River, sweep on in their beautiful course, as if to the music of the rapids above; a spot over which the sad memory of the past, without its passions, will throw a charm, and on which he will believe the ceaseless worship of nature might blend itself with the aspirations of Christian devotion.

"And he will turn from the place with the feeling that the hatefulness of the mad spirit of war is aggravated by such a connection with nature's sweet retirement."

The rich intervale, entirely free from forest or brush, afforded an admirable cornfield; and, under the careful culture of the women, an ample harvest of the golden grain was generally gathered. About two miles above the village there were some falls where salmon, shad, and alewives were taken in great abundance. The poet Whittier, in his poem of "Mog Megone," gives a very graphic description of the charming scenery of this spot. Alluding to the log-built chapel, he writes, —

"Yet the traveller knows it a house of prayer,
For the sign of the holy cross is there;
And should he chance at that place to be,
Of a sabbath morn, or some hallowed day,
When prayers are made and masses are said,
Some for the living and some for the dead, —
Well might that traveller start to see
The tall dark forms that take their way,
From the birch canoe on the river shore,
And the forest paths, to that chapel door;
Marvel to mark the naked knees,
And the dusky foreheads bending there,
While in coarse white vesture, over these,
In blessing or in prayer,
Stretching abroad his thin pale hands,
Like a shrouded ghost the Jesuit stands."

The church was well adapted to make a deep impression upon the minds of the Indians. It was quite richly decorated with paintings of the crucifixion, and of other momentous events in biblical history. Silver plate was provided for sacramental services. Father Rasle, with apostolic self-denial and zeal, had been laboring amidst the solitudes of that remote wilderness for thirty-five years. He had made many converts, and had won, to an extraordinary degree, the love of the whole tribe.

The converts were put on probation for a time; and after suitable instruction, when Father Rasle became convinced of their sincerity, they were baptized, and admitted to full communion. About forty young Indians were trained to form a choir, and in other ways to assist the pastor in his religious exercises. They were clad in surplices and other clerical robes, intended to impress the people with a sense of the solemnity of their service.

Morning and evening the Indians were assembled in the

chapel for prayer and singing. Living generally a listless life, with but little to do and but little to occupy their minds, the households gathered eagerly in the chapel to enjoy these observances. In one of his letters he testifies to the sweetness with which the young Indians sang, and to the unvarying propriety and devoutness with which they performed their religious duties.

We have before mentioned that Father Rasle was by birth a gentleman of illustrious family, and that he had received an accomplished education; yet we can never detect in his letters a murmur in view of the hardships of his lot. To his nephew in France he writes, —

"Here I am, in a cabin in the woods, in which I find both crosses and religious observances among the Indians. At the dawn of the morning I say mass in the chapel, made of the branches of the fir-tree. The residue of the day I spend in visiting and consoling the savages. It is a severe affliction to see so many famished persons, without being able to relieve their hunger."

Many years ago thirty-four volumes of "Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses," written from distant missionary stations, were published in France. The following extract from one of Father Rasle's letters will be read with interest. It was dated at Narantsouk, which is the Indian name for Norridgewock, Oct. 15, 1722, only about two years before his death: —

"None of my converts fail to repair twice each day to the church, — in the morning to hear mass, and in the evening to assist at the prayers which I offer at sunset. As it is necessary to fix the imagination of these Indians, which is too easily distracted, I have composed some appropriate prayers for them to make, to enable them to enter into the spirit of the august sacrifice of our altars. Besides the sermons which I deliver before them on Sundays and festival days, I scarcely pass a week-day without making a short exhortation to inspire them with a horror of those vices to which they are most addicted, or to strengthen them in the practice of some virtue.

"After mass I teach the catechism to the children and young persons, while a large number of aged people who are present assist, and answer with perfect docility the questions which I put to them. The rest of the morning, even to mid-day, is set apart for seeing those who wish to speak with me. They come to me in crowds to make me a participator in their

pains and inquietudes, or to communicate to me causes of complaint against their countrymen, or to consult me on their marriages and other affairs of importance.

"It is therefore necessary for me to instruct some, to console others, to re-establish peace in families at variance, to calm troubled consciences, to correct others by reprimands mingled with softness and charity; in fine, as far as possible to render them all contented.

"After mid-day I visit the sick, and go around among the cabins of those who require more particular instructions. If they hold a council, which is often the case with these Indians, they depute one of their principal men to ask me to assist in their deliberations. I accordingly repair to the place where their council is held. If I think they are pursuing a wise course, I approve of it. If, on the contrary, I have any thing to say in opposition to their decision, I declare my sentiments, supporting them by weighty reasons. My advice always fixes their resolutions.

"In the midst of such occupations, you cannot imagine with what rapidity the days pass by. When the Indians repair to the seashore, where they pass some months in hunting ducks and other birds which are found there in large numbers, they build on an island a church, which they cover with bark, and near it they erect a little cabin for my residence. I take care to transport thither a part of our ornaments, and the service is performed with the same decency and the same crowds of people as at the village.

"You see, then, my dear nephew, what are my occupations. For that which relates to me personally, I will say to you that I neither see, nor hear, nor speak to any but the Indians. My food is very simple and light. I have never been able to conform my taste to the meat or smoked fish of the savages. My nourishment is composed only of corn which they pound, and of which I make, each day, a kind of hominy, which I boil in water. The only luxury in which I indulge is a little sugar, which I mix with it to correct its insipidity. This is now wanting in the forest. In the spring the maple-trees contain a liquor very similar to that which is found in the sugar-canes of the southern islands. The women employ themselves in collecting this in vessels of bark as it is distilled from the trees. They then boil it, and draw off from it a very good sugar."

On the 19th of August, 1724, a party of two hundred and eight men, accompanied by three Mohawk Indians, left Richmond Fort, opposite Swan Island, for an attack upon Norridgewock. The troops ascended the river in seventeen whale-boats. The next day they reached Teconnet, now Winslow, where they landed. Forty men were left to guard the boats; the remainder of the party commenced a rapid march, on the morning of the 21st, through the woods, to strike the foe by surprise.

The party was led by Capts. Harmon[1] and Moulton. Towards the evening of that day they overtook the noted chief Bomaseen, with his wife and daughter. The chief and his child were both shot; the wife was taken captive.[2]

It was a little after noon of the 22d when the soldiers came in sight of the village. The party was divided into three bands of nearly equal numbers, so as to encircle the village, and cut off all escape. Two of these were placed in ambush, while the remainder were marshalled for an impetuous charge. There is considerable diversity in the details of the narratives which are given of the massacre which ensued. After examining several different accounts, the writer thinks the following as impartial as any which can now be given: —

The thickets which surrounded the village were so dense that the assailants were not discovered until they poured in a volley of bullets upon the wigwams and their inmates. Immediately, with loud shouts, the English rushed upon their victims. The consternation was terrible. The only thing thought of was escape by flight. There were but about fifty men in the village. It is evident that nothing like a defence was attempted, since the Indians were skilled marksmen, and yet not an Englishman was shot.

The savages endeavored only to save their aged men, their wives, and their children. In a tumultuous mass, the women and children shrieking, they rushed towards the river. The encircling foe cut off escape in every other direction. Though the water was low, in the channel it was six feet deep, which precluded the possibility of wading across. The husbands and fathers endeavored, by swimming, to aid the helpless. A dreadful slaughter took place. Those placed in ambush rose, and all rushed forward, hurling a storm of bullets upon the crowded assemblage of men, women, and children struggling in the water.

The deed was soon accomplished. Many were drowned, and

[1] Sullivan, p. 175, probably by mistake, calls the senior officer *Hammond*.

[2] They fell in with Bomaseen about Taconnet, where they shot him as he was escaping through the river. His wife and daughter were in a barbarous manner fired upon; the daughter killed and the mother taken. — *Drake's Book of the Indians*, book iii. p. 111

many pierced by bullets were swept down by the stream to their watery graves. It was estimated that about eighty were slain. This seems a small number when we reflect that nearly two hundred practised soldiers were discharging their guns as rapidly as possible upon them, taking deliberate aim. The awful deed of slaughter was soon accomplished. The pursuers returned to the village, where they found Father Rasle in the parsonage. As he came forward to meet them, a shower of bullets pierced his body, and he fell dead.[1]

The slain, such as could be found, including Father Rasle, were scalped, and the soldiers retired. Gradually the Indians who had escaped returned to their utterly desolated homes. Even the stoicism of the savage was overcome, as he gazed upon the smouldering ruins, and the gory bodies of his relatives and friends, men, women, and children, which were strewed around. Their first care was to search for the remains of their beloved missionary. These they washed, and with prayers and loud lamentations buried below the altar, where he had so often ministered to them in sacred things. Over the remains they reared a rude cross. Their chief Bomaseen, and the others of the dead, they also buried with such solemnities as they had been taught to exercise.[2]

The tribe was destroyed. The few woe-stricken survivors, having completed their mournful task, turned sadly from the homes endeared to them by all the associations of childhood, and which their ancestors had occupied through countless generations, and sought refuge with the Penobscots. The name of the Norridgewocks was blotted forever from the register of Indian tribes.

The reader will be interested in reading the account which the French historian, Père de Charlevoix, gives of this tragic

[1] "Great brutality and ferocity are chargeable to the English in this affair, according to their own account; such as killing women and children, and scalping and mangling the body of Father Rasle." — *Drake's Book of the Indians*, book iii. p. 119.

[2] For further particulars see Belknap's History of New Hampshire, vol. ii. p. 50; Hutchinson's History of Massachusetts, vol. ii. p. 279; Penhallow's Indian Wars. It will be perceived that there are considerable discrepancies in the details.

event in his "Histoire et Discoverie Générale de la Nouvelle France." We give a literal translation from the French: —

"There were then but fifty warriors in the village. They seized their arms, and ran tumultuously, not to defend the place against an enemy who had already entered it, but to aid the aged men, the women, and the children in their flight, and to give them time to gain the other side of the river. Father Rasle, apprised, by the clamor and the tumult, of the danger in which his converts were involved, presented himself unintimidated to his assailants, with the hope of drawing upon himself alone their attention, and thus to secure the safety of his flock at the peril of his own life.

"His hope was not in vain. Scarcely had he appeared when the English gave a great shout, which was followed by a shower of bullets, of which he fell dead near a cross which he had planted in the middle of the village. Seven Indians who had accompanied him, and who had wished to make for him a rampart of their own bodies, were killed at his side.

"Thus died this loving pastor, giving his life for his flock, after a laborious mission of thirty-seven years. Thrown into consternation by his death, the Indians fled. The English, finding that they had none left to resist them, fell first to pillaging and then to burning the wigwams. They spared the church so long as they thought proper to profane the image of the adorable Saviour and the sacred vessels, and then they set it on fire. At length they withdrew in so great precipitation that it was rather a flight. They seemed to be struck with a perfect panic.

"The Indians immediately returned to their village. It was their first care to weep over the body of their holy missionary, while the women were looking for plants and herbs to heal their wounded. They found him shot in a thousand places, scalped, his skull broke to pieces with the blows of the hatchets, his mouth and eyes full of mud, and the bones of his legs fractured, and all his members mangled in a hundred different ways. After his converts had raised up and oftentimes kissed the precious remains, so tenderly and so justly beloved by them, they buried him in the same place where he had, the evening before, celebrated the sacred mysteries; namely, where the altar stood before the church was burned.[1]

In the year 1833, Benedict Fenwick, bishop of Boston, repaired to the site of the little chapel of Rasle, in Norridgewock, and on the anniversary of its destruction, Aug. 23, erected a monument to the memory of the self-denying missionary.

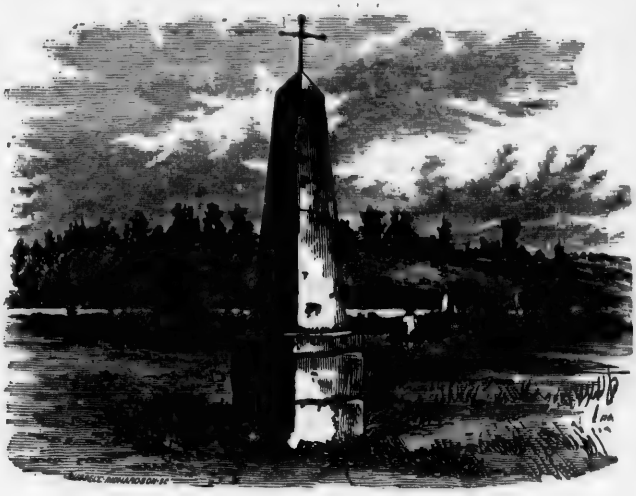
It was of granite, surmounted by an iron cross. From the foundation to the highest point of the cross is eighteen feet. A Latin inscription, of which the following is a literal translation, was cut into the stone: —

[1] Histoire Generale, t. ii. p. 332.

"Rev. Sebastian Rasle, a native of France, a missionary of the society of Jesuits, at first preaching for a few years to the Illinois and Hurons, afterwards for thirty-four years to the Abenaquis, in faith and charity a true apostle of Christ; undaunted by the danger of arms, often testifying that he was prepared to die for his flock; at length this best of pastors fell amidst arms at the destruction of the village of Norridgewock and the ruins of his own church, in this very place, on the twenty-third day of August, A.D. 1724.

"Benedict Fenwick, Bishop of Boston, has erected this monument, and dedicated it to him and his deceased children in Christ, on the 23d of August, A.D. 1833, to the greater glory of God."

About two years after, some mischievous individuals overturned the monument. To the credit of the inhabitants of Norridgewock this conduct was not approved by them, as was evinced by their immediately replacing it. The accompanying cut represents this tribute to the memory of Father Rasle.



MONUMENT OF RASLE, NORRIDGEWOCK.

On the 27th the victorious detachment returned to Port Richmond without the loss of a single man. This was considered the most brilliant exploit in the Indian wars since the death of King Philip. Capt. Harmon proceeded to Boston with

the scalps to obtain the rich reward. He was at once promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

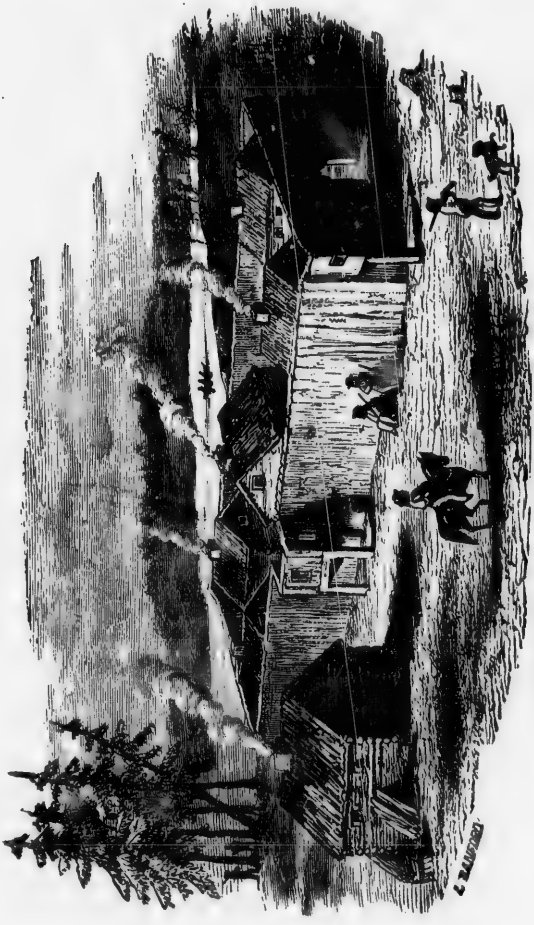
Still desperate Indian bands infested the frontiers. A regiment of three hundred men was raised to range the country from the Kennebec to the Penobscot. This region was the favorite resort of the Indians for fowling and fishing. But the Indians were watchful, and but few were caught. In December Capt. John Lovewell, or Lovel as his name is sometimes spelled, went on a military excursion, with thirty men, to Lake Winnipiscogee, in New Hampshire. They succeeded in killing and scalping one Indian, and in capturing an Indian boy. For these they received in Boston the reward promised by law.

Again in February, 1725, Capt. Lovewell, with forty men, was on the march upon the margin of a small lake, since called Lovewell's Pond, near the head of Salmon Falls River. They came suddenly upon a party of ten Indians, all soundly asleep around their camp-fires. The English silently took deliberate aim, and at a simultaneous discharge of their muskets killed nine, and sorely wounded the tenth. The wounded man sprang to his feet, and endeavored to escape; but a powerful dog which accompanied the English soon overtook him, and held him till he was despatched with hatchets. For these ten scalps the victors received in Boston universal applause, and the more substantial reward of a thousand pounds sterling.[1]

The savages still succeeded in occasionally shooting a man. Two very worthy farmers were killed in North Yarmouth. Several others were attacked, and one severely wounded at Cape Porpoise. At Maquoit two Indians captured a man by the name of Cochran. The first night they bound their captive securely; the second night he was more loosely confined, and

[1] Drake gives the following account of this adventure: "Lovewell, with forty men, came upon a small company of ten Indians who were asleep by their fires, and, by stationing his men advantageously, killed them all. After taking off their scalps these forty warriors marched to Boston in great triumph, with the ten scalps, extended upon hoops, for which they received a thousand pounds. This exploit was the more lauded, as it was supposed that these ten Indians were upon an expedition against the English upon the frontiers, having new guns, much ammunition, and spare blankets and moccasins to accommodate captives. This, however, was mere conjecture. Whether they had killed friends or enemies was not quite so certain as that they had killed *Indians*." — *Book* iii. p. 121.

the two Indians, weary with a long day's march, fell soundly asleep. Cochran succeeded in loosing his bonds, and, rising softly, with his hatchet killed them both. He took their scalps and their guns, the indisputable proofs of his achievement, and returned to the fort.



SERGEANT LARRABEE'S GARRISON, KENNEBUNK.—1724.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE PROGRESS AND TERMINATION OF LOVEWELL'S WAR.

Encampment at Great Ossipee — Serious Contest — Death of Lovewell — Of Frye — Fate of the English in Lovewell's War — Government Measures — Native Honor — Indian Distresses — Incorporation of Orono — Heath's Expedition — Attack upon Young Castine — The Dummer Treaty — Indian Letters — Cost of Indian Wars — Peace concluded.

ON the 15th of April, 1725, Capt. John Lovewell set out on another expedition against the Indians. He left Dunstable with forty-six volunteers, thoroughly equipped. They directed their march toward the Ossipee Ponds, near the upper waters of the Saco River. Three of the company gave out under the fatigues of the way, and returned.

When they reached the westerly side of the Great Ossipee Pond, in New Hampshire, about ten miles beyond the west line of Maine, they built a small stockade fort. This was intended as a place of retreat in case of disaster, and also as a hospital for eight of their number who were sick and unable to go any farther. They were then about one hundred miles from home. Here Capt. Lovewell left the sick men with a surgeon and a guard.

With but thirty-two men he resumed his march towards the north-westerly margin of Lovewell's Pond, a distance of about twenty-two miles. This sheet of water, situated in the town of Fryeburg, is about two miles long, and its average width is about half a mile. They moved with much caution, for about two miles west of them there was an Indian village called Pegwacket. Like most other Indian hamlets, it was delightfully situated in a fertile and romantic spot, commanding a charming view of land and water.

Here they noiselessly encamped for the night. They heard the confused murmur of distant voices, which they supposed proceeded from the Indians, but encountered no alarm. A chaplain accompanied the party. He was a very noble young man, a recent graduate of Harvard College, by the name of Jonathan Frye. It was their invariable custom to have morning prayers.

While engaged in their devotions they were startled by the report of a gun. Cautiously approaching the edge of the pond, they saw, across the water, at the distance of nearly a mile, a single Indian hunter, who had just discharged his gun at some game. His scalp was worth five hundred dollars. Immediately the party set out to capture him. They had not proceeded far, when they came to a small plain, smooth as a floor, covered with pine trees, and entirely free from underbrush. Such plains often present the most lovely spots in our forest landscapes.

To expedite their march, the soldiers threw off their packs, and left them in a pile together, without any guard. They could easily retrace their steps and find them. Hurrying on, the whole party soon disappeared amidst the thickening glooms of the forest. After travelling about a mile they came again in sight of the Indian. He was not in the least aware of his danger, and was sauntering along with a shot-gun upon his shoulder and a few birds in his hand. Several guns were immediately fired at him; but so hurriedly, and the distance was such, that they all missed their aim. The Indian sprang behind a tree, and saw, at a glance, that escape was impossible. Taking deliberate aim, he fired at Capt. Lovewell, inflicting a serious wound. Almost at the same moment Ensign Wyman fired, and the Indian fell dead, pierced by his bullet. They took his scalp, and returned for their packs.

In the mean time two renowned Indian chiefs, Paugus and Wahwa, returning from a scout down the Saco River, caught sight of the pile of knapsacks. They knew that the owners would soon return for them. By counting the packs they ascertained the number of the English. It was not difficult to trace the path upon which the English had advanced. There were

between seventy and eighty warriors in the Indian band.[1] They placed themselves in ambush, and awaited the return of their intended victims.

About ten o'clock in the morning of the 8th of May, the English were marching leisurely along, on their return, when they reached the ambush. The Indians, completely surrounding them, suddenly rose, and with presented guns and loud shouts rushed upon them. These Indians had frequented the western settlements of Maine, and were well acquainted with Capt. Lovewell[2] and most of his men. Mr. Drake, in his account of the battle, says that the savages were loath to kill these their former friends, and wished to take them captives. In attestation of this fact, he quotes Mr. Symmes's minute account of the conflict, published the same year in which it took place. It is certain that they did not fire from the ambush when they might so easily have shot down every man without being seen themselves.[3]

"They presented their guns," says Drake, "and threw away their first fire." This only encouraged the English. Facing their foes, they poured in upon them a deadly fire, and several Indians fell. This ushered in the unequal battle in hot earnest. The Indians, outnumbering the English more than two to one, immediately sprang, each man behind a tree, and, entirely surrounding their victims, commenced the awful slaughter. At the first volley of the Indians, Capt. Lovewell and eight of his men fell dead, and two more were wounded.

But these valiant men, torn by the bullets, fought their way to the pond, which was at the distance of but a few rods. There was here a sandy beach, with a bank rising five or six feet high. The Indians could no longer surround them. The bank presented a rampart to protect them from the bullets of the savages, and from behind which they could take deliberate aim at any foe who should venture to expose hand or head. Here, for eight dreadful hours, these men fought. They were

[1] Penhallow says that there were seventy; Hutchinson and Symmes, thirty; Belknap, forty-one; Williamson, sixty-three.

[2] Mr. Willis, in his History of Portland, spells Lovewell, *Lovell*, and calls the Indian village Pequakett, instead of Pegwacket, p. 260. Drake spells it Pigwoket.

[3] Drake's Book of the Indians, book iii. p. 123.

so outnumbered that flight was impossible. They had no food. Their knapsacks, with their spare ammunition, were seized by the savages. There was no chance of any re-enforcements. It would seem that their doom was sealed, and that by no possibility could one escape.

At times there was a brief lull in the battle. The Indians, retiring beyond gunshot, seemed to be holding a council. In one of the councils, or conferences, Ensign Wyman crept through the forest, and shot one of the chiefs. Still the Indians sent a bold warrior within hailing distance of the English, who shouted out, "Will you have quarter?" It is probable that the English felt assured, that, after they had killed so many of the Indians, no quarter would be granted, and that their inevitable doom would be death by torture. Their reply was, "We will have no quarter but at the muzzles of our guns."

The firing had become quite desultory. The combatants, upon each side, kept concealed as much as possible, and fired only when quite sure of striking their foe. About the middle of the afternoon, Chaplain Frye received a mortal wound. He lived for several hours, but was heard praying earnestly that God would preserve his surviving companions. There were among the Indians praying men. These also, doubtless, with expiring breath, pleaded with God in behalf of their countrymen. Both were unquestionably sincere. Alas for man! How strange must have been the meeting, in the spirit land, of these fellow Christians, who had killed each other!

During the engagement, the combatants often conversed with each other, from behind their ramparts, separated by but a few yards. They called each other by name, and talked in almost friendly terms. John Chamberlain was a very bold, magnanimous man, of large stature. His gun had become, by repeated firing, too foul for use. He stepped down to the water to wash it out. Just at that moment Paugus, the Pegwacket chief, who was also a man of herculean size, jumped down the bank to wash out his gun. They were at the distance of but a few yards from each other. They were well acquainted, and had formerly met as friends. Paugus could speak English.

The contest now was to see who would get his gun first in

order. As Paugus rammed down the bullet, he said to his old friend, "I shall now very quick kill you." — "Perhaps not," said Chamberlain, who had the advantage of a gun which, in charging, primed itself. There was an instantaneous flash, followed by a report, and the Indian chief fell dead.

The savages took great care to keep themselves concealed; and it is not probable that many of them were slain. At night the Indians withdrew, when it would seem that they must have known that the English were entirely at their mercy. Many of them had fired from twenty to thirty times, and their ammunition was nearly exhausted. It is, however, not improbable that the Indians had expended *all* theirs. They could only obtain supplies by tedious journeys through the forests to Canada.[1]

Both Messrs. Penhallow and Symmes, the two most authentic narrators of the battle, estimate that the Indians lost between forty and fifty of their warriors. This is apparently merely conjecture, and is quite incredible. As they were decidedly the victors, withdrawing of their own accord, not being driven from the field, it is scarcely possible that they could have lost more than half of their number.[2]

Solomon Keys received three bullet-wounds, and was apparently dying. To save his dead body from being mangled by the savages, he rolled himself down the beach to a canoe, which chanced to be there. Almost senseless he succeeded in creeping into it. A gentle breeze blew the canoe across the pond diagonally, and landed it but a short distance from the stockaded fort into which he contrived to creep.

[1] "In going to Quebec it is necessary to take more than a fortnight to reach there. They have to furnish themselves with provisions for the journey. They have different rivers to pass, and frequent portages to make. The Indians are aware of these inconveniences, and are by no means indifferent to their interests. But their faith is infinitely more dear to them. They believe, that, if they detach themselves from our alliance, they will shortly find themselves without a missionary, without a sacrifice, and in manifest danger of being plunged into their former heathenism. This is the bond which unites them to the French." — *Father Rasle's Letter, found in "Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses."*

[2] Penhallow, in his History of the Indian Wars, represents the number of Indians engaged in this conflict, at seventy. Of these he says that forty were killed outright, and eighteen were mortally wounded who soon died. This makes a total loss, in dead, of fifty-eight. Thus, according to this estimate, twelve only escaped with their lives. In every battle there are many wounded, who subsequently recover. Did these twelve escape wounds? or was every Indian either killed or wounded?

As the sun went down the moon rose, shedding its pale light over the gloomy forest. The savages had disappeared, leaving solitude and silence to reign over the dismal scene of slaughter. It is impossible to account for the fact that they left the dead bodies of Capt. Lovewell and his men unscalped. The survivors felt that not a moment was to be lost in the attempt to gain the fort. There were but twenty-two living. Two of these were mortally wounded. They could not be removed. They were left to die alone. There was no possible escape for them from this cruel fate. They had cause to fear that the savages would return and wreak vengeance upon them, in the most direful tortures. Eight others were wounded more or less severely; but still they were able to hobble along in the awful midnight retreat. There were but twelve unwounded. This heroic band had fought all day, without food; and, half famished, they commenced their painful march. Dreadful was the situation of the exhausted, bleeding troops, without food, tents, blankets, or any means for dressing a wound. The dead were left unburied, as these war-stricken men commenced their retreat.[1]

Chaplain Frye, a dying man, mortally wounded, as we have said, toiled along a mile or two, when he threw himself upon the ground saying, "I cannot take another step. Here I must die. Should you ever, through God's help, reach your homes, tell my father, that I expect in a few hours to be in eternity, but that I do not fear to die."[2]

All the night long the survivors toiled through the forest, expecting every moment to hear the war-whoop of the approaching savages, who had probably gone to their village for fresh supplies of ammunition. Perhaps they found none there; and this may account for their relinquishing the pursuit. In the

[1] Accuracy, in the *details* of these events, is impossible. The same annalist will often give contradictory statements. Williamson says, "Collecting together in the evening, they found that there were ten already dead, nine uninjured, one missing, and fourteen wounded."

Again he writes, "Twenty of them, leaving the fatal spot, directed their march towards the fort. Eight were lame or full of anguish from their wounds." — *Williamson*, vol. ii. p. 132.

[2] This noble young man, who had displayed great heroism, was the son of Capt. James Frye of Andover, Mass. His amiable and promising character had given him many friends; and he died greatly lamented. He had kept a journal of their march, which, unfortunately, was lost with him.

morning the fugitives divided into three bands, hoping thus to be able to conceal their trail. Nearly twenty men, walking in single file, would leave a track which the eagle-eyed Indian could easily discern.

At length sixteen of them reached the fort, where they had hoped to find refreshment and a reserved force. In a direct line it was distant from the battle-field but about twenty miles. Still by the circuitous route which they took, and encumbered by the wounded, several of whom soon died, three or four days were spent on the journey. To their bitter disappointment they found the fort deserted. It appeared afterwards, that when the savages first sprang from their ambush, deafening the ear with their hideous yells, one of the Englishmen succeeded in escaping. He saw the utter hopelessness of his companions surrounded by apparently three times their own number. Upon reaching the fort, he gave an account, no less true than frightful, of the condition of his comrades. Capt. Lovewell and several others were already killed. The rest were surrounded, and were selling their lives as dearly as possible.

The feeble band, for only the sick had been left behind, expecting every moment to hear the yells of the approaching savages, precipitately fled. Fortunately they left behind them some provisions. The starving fugitives, after a short rest, resumed their doleful march. Their sufferings from famine, pain, and weariness, cannot be adequately described. Fourteen finally reached their homes.[1] Such are the particulars, so far as can now be ascertained, of what has been called "Lovewell's Victory."[2] A provincial poet of those days commemorated the event in verses which "at the time obtained much renown, and which were pensively sung in many farmhouses. We give the three closing stanzas: —

"Ah! many a wife shall rend her hair,
And many a child cry 'Woe is me,'
When messengers the news shall bear
Of Lovewell's dear-bought victory.

[1] Drake's Book of the Indians, book iii. p. 125.

[2] Mr. Williamson writes, "The battle of Pegwacket broke the heart and spirit of the Sokosis natives. In a short time they withdrew, and resided no more in those pleasant and ancient dwelling-places, till peace. After this event the star of the tribe, pale and declining, gradually settled in darkness." — *Vol.* ii. p. 141.

"With footsteps slow shall travellers go
Where Lovewell's Pond shines clear and bright,
And mark the place where those are laid
Who fell in Lovewell's bloody fight.

"Old men shall shake their heads, and say,
'Sad was the hour, and terrible,
When Lovewell's brave 'gainst Paugus went,
With fifty men from Dunstable.'" [1]

The wretched state of the country induced the legislature to adopt more vigorous measures to bring the war promptly to a close. The Indians had greatly dwindled away. Poorly armed, and with but scant ammunition, they were much disheartened. The loss of a single warrior was, by them, very sensibly felt.

All the eastern garrisons were strengthened and replenished by the government. Liberal pay was offered to volunteers. A large number of friendly Indians, from Massachusetts, were employed as allies. The Indian hostages, detained in Boston, became exceedingly impatient of their restraint. It speaks well for them, that one of these hostages, together with a captive taken in war, was liberated with permission to visit their tribe upon their parole of honor to return; and they both faithfully came back, and surrendered themselves to imprisonment. They had been absent two months. They brought back with them the following report, so melancholy for them, so encouraging for the English:—

"The losses our tribes have met with, and the daily terror they experience, causes their lives to be miserable. They long for peace. The Indians on the Penobscot are about to propose a negotiation, that the war may be brought to a close."

Again they were permitted to go back to their friends, with the stipulation, that within twenty-three days they should return with a delegation of chiefs for a peace conference. It was supposed that they would aid in urging forward peace measures.

In a former chapter we have given a narrative of the destruction of the fort and pleasant little village of the Indians, at Old-town, far up the Penobscot. This was in February, 1723. Col. Thomas Westbrook led the expedition. In his official report to

[1] Farmer and Moore's Historical Collections, vol. iii.

Lieut-Gov. Dummer, he wrote, after describing the commodious structures which the French and Indians had reared, —

"We set fire to them all, and by sunrise the next morning they were all in ashes. We then returned to our nearest guard, thence to our tents. On our arrival at our transports we concluded we must have ascended the river about thirty-two miles." [1]

The Indians, after the retirement of the English, returned to the ruins of their former homes. Their losses and sufferings were terrible. The foe, against whom they were contending, was infinitely their superior. Game in the forests had become scarce. With difficulty could they obtain ammunition for hunting. It was necessary for them to rear their humble villages on the seashore or on the banks of rivers, that by clamming and fishing they might lengthen out their miserable existence. But here the English could easily come upon them in their ships and strong whale-boats. Even if they retired far back into the country, and planted their fields with corn, after waiting half-famished, weary weeks for the harvest, they knew, by bitter experience, that energetic English bands would, in all probability, pass through the trails of the forest, lay their village in ashes, and trample their harvest in the dust.

Their doom was dreadful. It was no wonder that they longed for peace. Sadly the returning fugitives wandered through the desolations of their former homes, with no heart to attempt to rebuild. Oldtown, the site of this Indian village, was upon an island of the same name, about twelve miles above where Bangor now stands. In the year 1806, the township of Orono, previously called Stillwater, was incorporated, including the region of Oldtown. It took its name from a celebrated Indian chief Orono, of the Tarratine tribe. He was a warm friend of the Americans in the war of the Revolution. In the year 1840, Oldtown was incorporated as a separate town. Orono was the one hundred and sixty-second town incorporated in the State, and contained then about three hundred inhabitants.

The unhappy, despoiled, half-famished savages wandered down the western banks of the river, until they came to the spot where Bangor now stands. The region was then an un-

[1] Collections of Massachusetts Historical Society, vol. viii. p. 264, 2d ser.; Hutchinson's History of Massachusetts, vol. ii. p. 273.

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broken wilderness, through which the Kenduskeag River flowed silently into the Penobscot. Here they rebuilt their village. It is probable that six or seven French families were with them; for seven houses were found with cellars and chimneys. There were about fifty Indian huts, indicating, in their structure, a people slowly emerging from barbarism.

Capt. Joseph Heath commanded the garrison at Richmond. He heard of this Indian village, situated but about one hundred miles north-east from him, through the trails of the lonely, uninhabited forest. In the month of May, 1725, Capt. Heath took a company of men, and marched across the country, from the Kennebec to the Penobscot. The Indians heard of his approach; and the whole population, men, women, and children, fled into the forest. They could take with them only such articles as they carried upon their backs. It is difficult to conceive how they could have escaped utter starvation. Probably many of them did perish of hunger.

Finding the village deserted, Capt. Heath burned all the dwellings, including a commodious church, and destroyed the cornfields. His party then returned to Richmond, not having caught sight of a single Indian. It was thought by many that this was a very injudicious expedition, considering that the Indians had already made proposals for a peace conference. The village destroyed was situated on what has since been called Fort Hill. The Indians never attempted to rebuild upon this spot. They subsequently returned to Oldtown, where they re-established themselves near the graves of their fathers.

There was another deed perpetrated by the English, of so atrocious a character that no English historian has been willing to dwell upon its details. The Indian village on the Penobscot was destroyed in May. On the 20th of June a few Indian chiefs, with a flag of truce, were approaching Fort St. George, at Thomaston, to sue for peace. A detachment from the fort attacked them, killing one and severely wounding another.[1]

There was still a third adventure, which, as a descendant from the English, one blushes to record. Young Castine, of whom we have before spoken, who was ever the friend of peace, and

[1] Williamson's History of Maine, vol. ii. p. 144.

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who had often attested his magnanimous spirit toward the English, was in a small sail-boat, at anchor just off the south-east point of the present town of Sedgwick, which was then called Naskeag Point. He had on board his boat a lad supposed to have been his son, the child of his wife, who was a chieftain's daughter, and another boy by the name of Samuel Trask, a captive from Salem, whom he had humanely redeemed from the Indians.

He saw an English sloop approaching; but there was no war then between France and England, and Castine had no thought of any danger. They were probably fishing. As soon as the sloop came within musket-shot the crew opened fire upon him. Fortunately none were struck by the bullets. Castine and his companions speedily took shelter upon the land. The captain of the sloop then raised the white flag, and shouted out to Castine, upon the shore, that the firing was a mistake.

The guileless young man, incapable of treachery himself, immediately, with his companions, rowed out to the sloop. As soon as they stepped on board the Englishman seized young Trask, and turning to Castine said, "Your bark and all it contains are lawful prize. You yourself are justly my prisoner. You may think yourself well off to escape without further molestation."

Castine and his son returned to the shore. Some of the crew accompanied them. One of them then seized the lad with a firm grasp, apparently intending to kidnap him. Castine, finding it impossible to extricate the boy, shot the miscreant dead, and with his son escaped into the woods. Mr. Williamson writes,[1] "The conduct of these mariners was a great reproach to them, and in every respect the height of impolicy; for the Indians were now entertaining thoughts of peace, and Castine, who still possessed great influence among them, had more than once attested his magnanimity by instances of friendship and a forbearing spirit towards the English."

Notwithstanding these occurrences so calculated to exasperate the Indians, they still persevered in their endeavors to obtain

[1] Penhallow's Indian War. Collections of New Hampshire Historical Society, vol. i. p. 120.

peace. Thirteen chiefs met two commissioners from Boston, at Fort St. George. The commissioners, John Stoddard and John Wainwright, were not disposed to be courteous.

"Why," they demanded, "did you make war upon the settlers?" One of the chiefs, speaking in behalf of the rest, replied, "Because you have taken possession of our lands, even as far as Cape Newagen.[1] You also, at that place, seized two Indians, and beat them to death."

"We did not seize your lands," was the reply: "we bought them. We have the deeds which were given us, and can show them. If our men did kill yours it was wrong. But why did you not, according to the treaty, appeal to our government? Why did you take the hatchet?"

To this the chief replied, "We come for peace. We wish to recall all our young men from the war."

The result was that a general council was appointed to meet in Boston at the end of forty days. Still there was no peace; only a prospect of peace. Distant war parties, on both sides, unaware that negotiations were opening, continued their cruel ravages. Early in November four of the most distinguished sagamores of the Kennebec, Penobscot, and other eastern Indians, repaired to Boston. The discussion which ensued lasted for more than a month. The Indians felt very deeply that their hunting-grounds were encroached upon, and that they were defrauded of their territory by pretended purchases from Indians, who, having become intoxicated, were ready to sign any contracts which their betrayers might present to them.

At length the Indians were compelled to relinquish all their demands. Hostilities ceased. Professed friendship was established. The English were left in undisputed possession of all the land which they claimed as their own. The government of Massachusetts was authorized to arrange all the trade and

[1] Boothbay, Lincoln County, is a peninsula situated between the mouths of the Sheepscot and the Damariscotta Rivers, and is what was formerly known as Cape Newagen. It is supposed to have been settled as early as 1630. Williamson speaks of the island of Cape Newagen, about four and a half miles long, and of an average width of one mile, separated from Boothbay by a narrow channel called Townsend Gut. See Coolidge and Mansfield's Description of New England, vol. i. p. 59, and Williamson's History of Maine, vol. i. p. 55.

intercourse between the two parties. If any Indians declined to ratify the treaty, the chiefs in council pledged their tribes to join the English, and compel the opposers to submission.

It was, in fact, an unconditional surrender on the part of the Indians. Dire necessity compelled them to yield to the humiliating terms.[1] This celebrated document, since known in history as the "Dummer Treaty," was signed on the 15th of December, 1725. It continued in force for many years. The Indians were too feeble in strength and too broken in spirits to venture to violate its terms.

The General Court immediately established quite extensive trading-houses at Fort Richmond, on the Kennebec, and on the far away banks of St. George's River, where the flourishing village of Thomaston now stands, but which was then almost an unbroken wilderness. Goods for Indian traffic were deposited there to the amount of three thousand five hundred dollars.

There were but four sagamores present to sign this treaty. It was deemed important that there should be a fuller representation of the chiefs of all the tribes. Another meeting was appointed. It was held at Falmouth, on the 30th of July, 1726. Forty chiefs attended. They represented nearly all the Maine, Nova Scotia, and the Canada tribes. Many of these Indians had become Christians. They declined doing business on the sabbath day. There were several vessels in the harbor, and there were taverns on the shore.

A large number of Indians had accompanied their chiefs. The lieutenant-governors of Massachusetts and New Hampshire were also attended by quite a brilliant retinue of soldierly young men. All were much impressed by the intelligence and high moral qualities manifested by many of these chiefs. They most earnestly requested of the English authorities, that they would prohibit the sale of any intoxicating liquors to their young men. Lieut.-Gov. Dummer assured them that positive orders should be given to that effect.

After deliberately examining and explaining the treaty in the meeting-house, it was signed, on the part of the English, by

[1] Records, Resolves, and Journals of Massachusetts Government, vol. xii. p. 88.

Lieut.-Gov. Dummer and a number of his councillors; and, on the part of the Indians, by Wenemovet, a chief sagamore, and twenty-six of his associates. It is said that this treaty may still be seen in the government archives at Boston, with all the signatures or respective marks of the Indians.[1]

There is no power of law which can restrain individual acts of outrage. The most efficient government cannot prevent the perpetration of crime. In this respect the influence of the Indian chiefs was superior to that of the white man's laws. Still there were drunken and vagabond Indians who easily yielded to any temptation.

A fishing vessel from Plymouth entered a forest-encircled bay in Nova Scotia. A fellow by the name of John Baptiste (we know not whether he was a Frenchman or an Englishman), with his son and three Indians, whom he had inveigled into the service, endeavored to seize it. Instead of capturing, they were all captured. They were taken to Boston, tried for piracy, condemned, and all were hanged. There were a few other similar acts of outrage. But, when we reflect upon the character of the times, it seems surprising that there should have been so few. One of the chiefs, by the name of Wenunganet, who lived on the River St. George, wrote to Gov. Dummer, —

"We look upon such Indians as much our enemies as yours. We are in as much danger from them as any of your people are. We are resolved to punish them for the wrongs which they have done."

The English traders persisted in selling rum to the Indians. Under the influence of intoxication the young men became frenzied, and lost all self-control. One of the chiefs, by the name of Loron, who seems to have been a very noble man, wrote to Gov. Dummer, —

"Do not let the trading-houses deal in rum. It wastes the health of our young men. It makes them behave badly both to your people and to their own brethren. This is the opinion of all our chief men. I salute you, great governor, and am your good friend."

[1] Penhallow's Indian Wars. Collections of the New Hampshire Historical Society, vol. i. pp. 128–132.

Another sachem, Wivurna, wrote to the governor in the following elevated strain: —

"My brother, I am fully satisfied; for all the blood that before lay boiling in my breast has flowed away. I now labor for peace in our land. Should any stormy clouds arise, I will immediately inform you, that they may do us no harm. In three things you make my heart glad. My grandson, who was to me dead, is alive, and has returned to me safe. Canava, who was a captive, has come home alive and well. He is encouraged to do good service. I thank you for your kindness to me and to my people. I am now old and gray-headed. I have seen many good men, English, French, and Indians; but of all I have not found one like Gov. Dummer for steadfastness and justice. Were I a sagamore, and young, the first thing I should do would be to see you; but as I am old, and not able to travel, I heartily salute you, my good friend. Farewell. "WIVURNA."

Gov. William Dummer, who had become so prominent, was born in Boston, in the year 1677. He went to England, probably for his education. There he was appointed, by the crown, lieutenant-governor of Massachusetts. This was in 1716. His father-in-law, Gov. Joseph Dudley, had just retired from office, after a stormy administration of fourteen years.

Gov. Dummer was a man of irreproachable morals, and of firm religious faith. Without possessing any brilliant qualities of mind, he manifested sufficient ability for all the great emergencies which rose before him. His highly eulogistic funeral sermon was preached by the celebrated Rev. Mather Byles.[1]

It is thought that during this war one-third of the four Abenaquis tribes had perished.[2] The war, Penhallow estimates, had cost the government a hundred and seventy thousand pounds, in addition to the forts, which had been reared and repaired at a cost of not less than seventy-five thousand pounds. These wretched wars had impoverished the whole land. Every man forty years of age had seen twenty years of war. Every boy was trained to arms. The scenes of cruelty and blood everywhere witnessed hardened the heart and brutalized the charac-

[1] See the admirable biographical sketch of the Dummers in the Centennial Discourse delivered at Newbury, by N. Cleaveland, Esq.

[2] The Abenaquis inhabited the region between the Piscataqua River and the Penobscot. The nation formerly consisted of eleven allied tribes. See Drake's Book of the Indians, book iii. p. 91, and Williamson's History of Maine, vol. ii. p. 464.

ter. During this last war, about two hundred of the inhabitants of Maine were killed or carried into captivity. The anguish which was thus sent to many a humble cottage, no tongue can tell.

Some of the captives were put to death by all the demoniac inflictions of Indian torture; some perished from cold, exhaustion, and hunger; some were never heard of more, and what their fate was none can know.

The Indians were fickle as children. They could be gentle, confiding, affectionate, at one moment; and then, at some sudden exasperation, become cruel as fiends. And yet it was an extraordinary and inexplicable trait in their character, that they never thus transformed themselves from friends to enemies without what they supposed just cause; and they always gave notice of their hostility before striking a blow. The habit of giving this warning was invariable. The restoration of peace they hailed with undisguised and almost childish delight. We now speak of the majority of the Indians, the common people. The chiefs were truly the *aristoi*, the best of the land. They were almost invariably intelligent, serious, thoughtful men, whose minds were oppressed with the magnitude of the responsibilities thrown upon them, as they saw their tribes dwindling away, and their hunting-grounds passing to the ownership of strangers.

Upon the settlement of the terms of peace, they flocked to the villages of their former foes, with faces radiant with joy. In very many cases the Indians and the white families had been well acquainted with each other. They had often met in familiar intercourse, called each other by name, and had apparently cherished for each other sincere friendship.

The Indians now came rushing back, with smiles and cordial greetings, as if totally unconscious of the fiend-like deeds which, upon both sides, had been recently perpetrated.[1] There was one very noble Indian, by the name of Ambereuse, who lived on the banks of Mousom or Mousam River.[2] He was

[1] See some discriminating remarks upon this subject, by Mr. Edward E. Bourne, LL.D. in his excellent History of Wells and Kennebunk, pp. 327, 328.

[2] Mousom River, as Mr. Williamson spells the name, was formerly called Cape Porpoise River, or Maguncook. It issued from ponds in Shapleigh, twenty miles distant. It was but two and a half miles from Wells. — *Williamson*, vol. i. p. 27.

eminently a man of peace, a "praying Indian," and no persuasions could induce him to engage in the war on either side. Through all the bloody conflict he continued to visit the English, as if peace had never been disturbed. Mr. Sullivan, writing of him, says, —

"There came to Berwick an Indian named Ambereuse, with his wife. He said he hated war, and only wanted to live where he could make his brooms and his baskets, and live in peace. He remained there for several years, and then removed to the Kennebec."

There were more than two hundred Indians present at the conference in Falmouth, when the treaty of the former year was confirmed and ratified. Over forty gentlemen composed the retinue of the governor. The convention was held beneath a spacious tent on Munjoy's Hill. At the close of the conference, quite a splendid banquet for those times was given beneath the canvas of the tent, at the expense of the Massachusetts government. So large a concourse of people had never before been gathered in any of the settlements in Maine. Though vessels at anchor in the bay had brought supplies, there was such an entire consumption of the articles of food, that one of the annalists of that day wrote, "They left us quite bare; and nothing of the country's produce was left, only three bushels of corn and some small things."[1]

The three-years' war, thus terminated, was usually called Lovewell's War, from the important part he took in its campaigns. It was carried on by the Indians without any recognized assistance from the French. There was, at that time, settled peace between France and England. Undoubtedly the sympathies of the French in Canada were with their long-tried friends, the Indians. But they could not take any active part in favor of the savages, without violating solemn treaty obligations.

[1] History of Portland, by William Willis, p. 353.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE DOOM OF THE INDIAN.

French Influence — Governor Dummer — His Wise Policy — The Trading-Houses — Life at Falmouth — Governors Burnet and Belcher — Act against Duelling — Encroachments of the English — Conference at Falmouth — Gov. Shirley — Visit of Whitefield — Council at St. George — The Indians desire Peace — Indians refuse to fight their Brethren — The Capture of Louisburg — War Proclaimed against the Indians — Peace — Subsiding Billows — New Claims of the English — Fort at Teconnet.

A SACHEM was asked, "Why are you all so ardently attached to the French, from whom you can never receive so much benefit as you may receive from the English?"

The chief, after a moment's pause, gravely replied, "Because the French have taught us to pray unto God; which the English never did."

This question was often asked of the chiefs and of the common Indians. Invariably answers were returned essentially the same. I give a summary of those answers, made on different occasions, but here brought together: —

"The French are our friends; they advocate our rights, and become, as it were, one with us. They sell us whatever we want, and never take away our lands. They send the kind missionaries to teach us how to worship the Great Spirit; and, like brothers, they give us good advice when we are in trouble. When we trade with them, we have good articles, full weight, and free measure. They leave us our goodly rivers, where we catch fine salmon, and leave us unmolested to hunt the bear, the moose, and the beaver, where our fathers have hunted them. We love our own country, where our fathers were buried, and where we and our children were born. We have our rights, as well as the English; we also know, as well as they, what is just and what is unjust.

"When you English came, we received you with open arms. We thought you children of the sun; we fed you with our best meat. Never did a white man go hungry from our cabins. But you returned evil for good. You put the burning cup to our lips. It filled our veins with poison. When you had intoxicated us, you took the advantage, and cheated us in trade. You now tell us that our country is yours, that it has passed from us forever.

"You say that you have bought our lands from our sagamores. It is not true. Our chiefs love their tribes too well, and have too great souls, to turn their children from the homes of their fathers. Where can we go? We own no other land. There is no other land so dear to us. The forts which you have built on our territory are contrary to treaty; and they ought to be laid low."[1]

Such were the feelings of the Indians. They were sincere and unalterable; but the utterances were eventually silenced by hopeless defeat. Gov. Dummer was anxious to withdraw the Indians from their intercourse with the French. Had the spirit which animated him prevailed from the beginning, there need have been no war whatever with the Indians.

Gov. William Dummer, an American by birth, had been acquainted with the Indians from infancy. For some of them he had undoubtedly formed a strong attachment. Many of the natives were noble, warm-hearted men. Gov. Dummer knew how to sympathize with them in their wrongs. The course of conciliatory measures, upon which he energetically entered, seemed, for a time, almost to obliterate from the minds of the Indians the remembrance of their former grievances.

In addition to the trading-houses at Fort George and Fort William, he established a third at Fort Mary, near Winter Harbor. Men of established reputation for integrity and discretion were appointed to preside at these stations. The most valuable articles for Indian use were deposited in each of them, to the amount of four or five thousand dollars. The keepers of these stores were instructed to sell them at an advance only sufficient to cover the prime cost with the freight and waste. Full value was allowed for the furs and skins of the Indians. Those who,

[1] Williamson, vol. ii. p. 113.

by any calamity, were in want, were assisted by a generous charity.[1]

There was no longer any motive to induce the Indians to take long journeys to Canada for purposes of trade. Indeed, the Canada Indians resorted to the English trading-houses, finding that they could purchase commodities there better and cheaper than either at Quebec or Montreal.

York and Falmouth were now the principal towns in Maine. York was the shire-town, the political centre. Falmouth was the commercial emporium. It may be mentioned, in illustration of the luxuries in which our ancestors indulged, that the only house in town which contained a papered room was the parsonage; and the paper in that house was fastened upon the walls by nails, and not by paste.[2]

At one time, in the year 1727, there were thirty vessels riding at anchor in the harbor of Falmouth. There were then sixty-four families in the town. The number increased, in two years, to about two hundred. Rev. Thomas Smith was settled as pastor of the church. Brunswick was one of the first towns resettled after the desolations of these disastrous wars. Still this, like all other settlements, advanced slowly. In 1750 there were but twenty families in the place.

Soon after the accession of George II., he appointed William Burnet governor of Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Maine. He was a very handsome man of imposing stature, and of very popular manners. His scholarly tastes, his practical common-sense, and his remarkably cheerful disposition, rendered him very popular. In the year 1730, Burnet died. Jonathan Belcher was appointed by the crown to succeed him. He also was a native of Boston, a graduate of Harvard College, and the son of one of the most opulent merchants. Endowed naturally with fine powers of mind, he had travelled extensively abroad; and his naturally graceful manners were much improved by intimacy with the best European society.

One of the first acts which the governor signed was against

[1] Records, Resolves, and Journals of the Massachusetts Government, vol. xii pp. 88-512.

[2] History of Portland, by William Willis, p. 364.

duelling. By this it was enacted that whosoever should kill another in a duel should be hanged; and that his body, together with that of the one he had killed, should be buried without a coffin, and that a stake should be driven through them both. In the autumn of 1732, the governor made quite an extensive tour through the settlements of Maine. In his next address to the Massachusetts Legislature, he said, —

"It gave me surprising pleasure to see so large a part of this Province accommodated with fine rivers and harbors, islands and main, capable of many and great improvements. The three rivers, St. George's, Kennebec, and Saco, are bordered with fine lands full of timber. I cannot but think this country will, in time, be equal in every thing to any part of New England."

To induce emigration to Maine, several townships were surveyed, and farm lots of a hundred acres each marked out. One of these farms was offered to any man who would within three years settle upon it, erecting a house eighteen feet square, and who would clear from five to six acres for mowing and tillage.

In the year 1735, the population of Maine probably amounted to about nine thousand souls. There were nine towns, and several settlements called plantations. About fifteen hundred of these inhabitants were in the Sagadahoc region. There were about three hundred and seventy men there capable of bearing arms.[1] Commerce was reviving. The articles of export were fish, fur, and lumber. The forests of Maine were a great storehouse of wealth. Masts, boards, shingles, and timber were shipped in considerable quantities.

But again the Indians became alarmed. The increasing settlements were encroaching upon their territories, and the thoughtful men saw clearly that the time was fast approaching when they would be driven from all their possessions. The English were building new fortifications, and repairing the old ones. The sagamores sadly complained of this; while, at the same time, they stated that they were extremely anxious that peace should be perpetuated. The subject was referred to a

[1] Summary of British Settlements in North America, by William Douglass, vol. i. p. 304.

committee of the Massachusetts Legislature. After conferring with the chiefs, they made the following report, which we give slightly abbreviated: —

"The Indians have unquestionably possessory rights to the lands in the extensive wilderness where they dwell. This has often been recognized by the purchases which have been made. In the year 1694, Madockawando ceded to Sir William Phips lands on both sides of the St. George's River, as far as the upper falls, but no farther. The chiefs acknowledge that they have consented to have English settlements made as far as the falls; and they claim that the English have no right to take possession of the lands above the falls until they have fairly purchased them." [1]

The report was accepted. A present of five hundred pounds was sent from the government, by the hands of the chiefs, to the tribe, and they returned to their homes very happy. In the year 1737, Brunswick was incorporated, the eleventh town in the State. It was originally called Pegypscot,[2] and its first inhabitant was Thomas Purchas. In 1735 there were between thirty and forty men in the settlement. After the lapse of half a century it contained a population of thirteen hundred and eighty-seven.

The governor generally visited Maine every year. He had frequent and friendly interviews with the Indians. He was deeply impressed with the value of the harbor at Pemaquid, and repeatedly urged upon the legislature the importance of putting it in a better state of defence. He arranged for a conference with a large delegation of Indians, at Falmouth. The meeting took place in the month of July, 1732. The governor, with a large retinue of gentlemen, took passage from Boston to Falmouth in a man-of-war.[3]

Soon after the governor's arrival, about two hundred Indians

[1] Williamson, vol. ii. p. 191.

[2] Mr. Willis spells this name Pejepscot; it is also so spelled by Coolidge and Mansfield; but we follow here the orthography of Mr. Williamson, who seems to have taken it from the Journal of the House of Representatives, p. 26.

[3] Mr. Williamson gives the year 1739 as the date of this council. Mr. Willis thinks this a mistake. He writes, "The misa prehension of Mr. Freeman, in regard to the year, led Williamson into an error in his History of Maine, vol. ii. p. 201, in assigning to this year a treaty with the Indians at Falmouth. This took place in 1732, and there was no conference here or occasion for it in 1739." — *Journal of Rev. Thomas Smith*, p. 90.

came. They were all well clad, seemed friendly, and professed the most ardent wishes to perpetuate amicable relations. But they brought with them, floating at the head of their canoes, a French flag, which excited some suspicions of their sincerity. It is, however, not improbable, that as they had no flag of their own, and as the English always appeared under their flag, they considered this merely as an ornament, which they regarded as an accompaniment of their fringes and their plumes. If they had meditated treachery, they certainly had too much shrewdness to commence operations by flaunting an obnoxious banner in the eyes of those whom they wished to deceive.

The Indians encamped on Hog Island. Each morning they paddled, in their fleet of canoes, to Munjoy's Hill, where the council was held under an immense tent. The signal for the meeting was the firing of a gun from a man-of-war in the harbor, and the raising the royal Jack at the maintop. As the English objected to the display of the French flag, the Indians laid it aside, and raised an English banner at the head of their leading canoe. A renowned Penobscot chief, by the name of Loron, was the principal captain and speaker of the Indians. In accordance with their custom, they brought presents of furs as pledges of the sincerity of their speech. A chief by the name of Toxus spoke first. Addressing the governor, he said, —

"It is God who has the overruling power over all things. He has brought us here at this time. The reason of our coming is our hearty desire for love and friendship. As a token of our being glad to see your Excellency, I shake hands, and offer these furs as our money."

The governor urged them to dismiss their French religious teachers, and to accept English missionaries in their stead. Loron requested a little time to consider the matter. The next day, with diplomatic skill which would have honored Talleyrand, he replied, —

"Friend, we have been thinking of what your Excellency said to us yesterday. As to prayers, it was mentioned in the treaty, that there should be no dispute about religion. It would be trifling on our part to attempt to answer what you have said on that subject. We are too few to enter upon

this question, which is a weighty matter. There are other tribes to be consulted. When we have ascertained their minds, we shall be better able to answer you. We had the advice of the other tribes with regard to the peace: we therefore think it proper to seek their advice in this affair."[1]

The interview was in all respects cordial and friendly. The governor assured them of his good-will, and made them some valuable presents. At the close of the council they partook together of a public dinner in the tent.

Gov. Belcher, after a stormy administration of ten years, was succeeded as governor of Massachusetts and Maine, by William Shirley. About five years before this, in 1734, the town of Windham was laid out and settled mainly by a colony from Marblehead, Mass. The township consisted of twenty-five thousand five hundred acres on the eastern bank of the Presumpscot River. Each man had a farm of a hundred and twenty acres. There were also sixty-three compact ten-acre lots surveyed, that the settlers, for the advantage of protection, schools, and religious privileges, might dwell in something like a village.[2]

In the year 1741, the renowned George Whitefield visited Maine. He went to York, Wells, Biddeford, Scarborough, Falmouth, and North Yarmouth, preaching the gospel of salvation through faith in an atoning Saviour, with wonderful power. Large numbers were influenced to commence a new and better life. He was indefatigable in his labors, having been known to preach sixteen times, and to travel over those rough roads a hundred and seventy miles, in a single week.

Gov. Shirley was an Englishman by birth, and a lawyer by profession. He had resided in Maine six or seven years, and had thus become acquainted with the manners of the people. His ability and integrity had secured their confidence. England and Spain were then fighting each other. By the promise of large pay and a share in the booty, between five and six hundred men were recruited from the Province of Maine, for an

[1] Journal of Rev. Thomas Smith, p. 76. Mr. Smith was at that time the honored pastor of the church in Falmouth. For many years he kept a daily record of passing events.

[2] History of Windham, by Thomas Laurens Smith, p. 51.

expedition to Cuba. But few of them ever saw their homes again.[1]

During this conflict the British commenced *impressing* inhabitants of Maine, and forcing them on board their men-of-war. This infamous course, persisted in, led to the war of 1812. The continued encroachments of the settlements in Maine led many Indians of the diminishing tribes of the Saco, the Androscoggin, and the Kennebec, to withdraw to the unbroken forests of Canada, where they were sure of a cordial welcome from the French authorities.

This excited alarm in Boston. The governor, with a large escort from both legislative branches, repaired to St. George's, to hold a council with the sagamores of the Etechemin tribes. These Indians, as has been mentioned, occupied the country between the Penobscot and the St. John, both inclusive. The Indians were prompt in their attendance. They came in a large fleet of canoes, and entered the harbor, not with the French, but with the British flag at the head of their fleet. This would seem to indicate that the French flag, under which they had previously entered the harbor at Falmouth, was intended merely as an ornament, not as a menace. The meeting was harmonious. Both parties were exceedingly anxious for peace. But the English wanted, and felt that they must have, the lands of the Indians. On the other hand, the Indians clung tenaciously to the homes of their fathers; and yet they despairingly felt that influences, quite beyond their control, were each year driving them farther away from their ancient hunting grounds, and that, ere long, all their possessions would pass into the hands of strangers.

This was evident alike to both parties. Agitating questions which could lead to no good results were avoided. The time was passed in the interchange of courtesies; and the governor made valuable presents to the Indians, of powder and shot, and of other articles which had become to them necessaries of life. It was deemed very important to prevent their applying to the French for such purchases.

[1] Summary of British Settlements in North America, by William Douglass, vol. i. p. 554.

On this excursion the governor made a careful examination of the country. In his address to the legislature, on his return, he said.—

"The inexhaustible supplies of wood and lumber, and the several kinds and great quantities of naval stores which this region is capable of producing, no less than the navigable rivers, the numerous harbors, and good soil it possesses, render it highly deserving the encouragement and protection of government."

By the census of 1743, it appeared that there were in Maine eleven towns, and a probable population of twelve thousand inhabitants. The poor Indians were fast dwindling away by death and by emigration to Canada.

The Spanish war raging in Europe drew France into an alliance with Spain, against Great Britain.[1] This, of course, led to a conflict between the French and English colonists on these shores. Each party exerted its utmost endeavors to engage the Indians as allies. The French, as was to have been expected, were the more successful. Again horrid war recommenced its ravages of shrieks, misery, blood, and death. The war was commenced by an attack made by the French and Indians upon an English settlement at Canseau, in Nova Scotia. The French governor of Cape Breton sent several armed vessels, with about nine hundred men, and took possession of the island. Soon after, three hundred Indians, led, it is said, by a French missionary, M. Luttre, attacked Annapolis. They laid siege to the place; but, re-enforcements arriving from Boston, they were compelled to retire.

War is the most expensive of all earthly employments. New forts were reared, and the old ones strengthened. A hundred and twenty-one men were sent to be distributed to the garrisons at Fort George, Pemaquid, Richmond, Brunswick, and Saco. Three hundred men were organized into scouts, which parties, ever on the move, were generally led by friendly Indian guides.

[1] This famous war for the *Austrian succession*, commenced by Frederick II. of Prussia, not only drew all Europe into its vortex, but also led French Canadians and English colonists and savage Indians to cutting each other's throats, who had not the slightest idea of what they were fighting for.

Ninety-six barrels of gunpowder were sent to be distributed among the towns.

A delegation was appointed by the governor to visit St. George, and ascertain the feelings of the Penobscot Indians. They met many of the chiefs in council, and received from them the assurance of their continued desire for peace. It was decided to commence a vigorous war against the Indians of Nova Scotia. The tribes residing in Maine were forbidden, by the government of Massachusetts, from holding any intercourse with the tribes east of Passamaquoddy Bay. A hundred pounds was offered for the scalp of every male Indian over twelve years of age. Fifty pounds was offered for that of a child younger than twelve or for that of a woman.[1]

The Indians still continued peaceful. But a vagabond band of white men fell upon an unoffending band of Indians on the eastern side of St. George's River, killing one, and severely wounding others. The government did all in its power to atone for this crime. Forty pounds in money, a blanket, and many other articles were given to the widow. The wounded were furnished with medical aid, and were carefully conveyed to their homes on the Penobscot.

According to the Dummer treaty, the chiefs engaged to join fifty of their men to every band of a hundred and fifty of the English, raised to subdue any refractory Indians who might attempt to disturb the peace. To test the Indians, the English now demanded that the sagamores should furnish their quota of warriors to march against the tribes in Nova Scotia. This demand was made with the not very courteous menace, that, if it were not complied with within forty days, the government of Massachusetts would declare war against the Indians of Maine.

The sagamores were in great perplexity and distress. Several councils were held, and the subject was earnestly discussed. The result was, that in January they sent an express to Boston to inform the government that they found it impossible to induce their young men to take up arms against their brother Indians of the St. John.

[1] Summary, by Douglass, p. 320; Williamson, vol. ii. p. 218.

For carrying on the war against the French and their allied Indians, two regiments were raised in Maine. One, from the vicinity of Kittery, consisted of fifteen hundred and sixty-five men, under Col. William Pepperell; the other, of twelve hundred and ninety men, was formed from the towns adjoining Falmouth, and was commanded by Col. Samuel Waldo.

Louisburg, upon the island of Cape Breton, was one of the most important and best fortified of the posts of the French. With its ramparts, its ditches, its batteries, one of them mounting twenty-eight forty-two pounders, it was justly considered the Gibraltar of America. The labor of twenty-five years had been expended upon these fortifications, and they had cost the French crown thirty million livres.[1] It would seem that all the English colonies embarked with great enthusiasm in the enterprise of making the conquest of Louisburg.[2] Col. Pepperell, with the rank of lieutenant-general, was first in command. Though trained to war, he was a devout man. He applied to Rev. Mr. Whitefield, then preaching in Maine, for his opinion of the enterprise. He replied, —

"The scheme is not very full of encouragement. The eyes of all will be upon you. Should you not meet with success, the widows and orphans will utter complaints. Should you be successful, many will look upon you with envy, and endeavor to eclipse your glory. You ought, therefore, to go with a 'single eye;' then you will receive strength proportioned to your necessities."

Mr. Whitefield, at the earnest suggestion of Col. Pepperell, gave him a motto for his flag. It was "Nil desperandum, Christo duce."[3] An army of four thousand men was embarked in a fleet of thirteen vessels, besides transports and store-ships. The vessels carried two hundred guns. On the 24th of March, 1745, the squadron sailed. Before casting anchor in the waters of Louisburg, the fleet was joined by ten other British ships of war, mounting four hundred and ninety guns.

[1] Haliburton's History of Nova Scotia, vol. i. pp. 98–112.

[2] "All the talk is about the expedition to Louisburg. There is a marvellous zeal and concurrence through the whole country with respect to it. Such as the like was never seen in this part of the world." — *Smith's Journal*, p. 116; date Feb. 11, 1745.

[3] Nothing is to be despaired of, Christ being the leader.

Early in the morning of the 30th of April, the squadron appeared before the doomed city. The men, with the heavy guns and ammunition, were landed with scarcely any opposition. The assault and the defence were conducted with like bravery and skill. For forty-four days the battle raged, with scarcely a moment's intermission. We have no space here to enter into its details. On the 15th of June, the French capitulated, and Louisburg passed into the hands of the English. There were four thousand one hundred and thirty inhabitants within the defences. Of these, two thousand were able to bear arms. According to the terms of the capitulation, they were transported to France, where, in the extreme of impoverishment, they were left to struggle against life's dire adversities.

Nine thousand cannon-balls and six hundred bombs were thrown into the city before the surrender. During the conflict, the English lost a hundred and thirty men, and the French three hundred. It now seemed to be inevitable that there was to be a fifth Indian war. The refusal of the Indians of Maine to march against their brethren in Nova Scotia was considered, by the English, as indicative of hostile intentions, and almost equivalent to a declaration of hostilities.

No more trading-masters were appointed, and trade with the Indians ceased. Thus they were constrained to resort to the French for their supplies. The English made vigorous preparations for the conflict. Block-houses were built, ramparts were thrown up; parties were organized as scouts, to be continually perambulating the country; and almost every able-bodied man was converted into a soldier. The English were strong; the Indians were weak. The Indians had nothing to hope for from the war. The English, who could have no doubt of success in contending against so feeble a foe, could add to their territorial possessions vast regions of fertile lands which they greatly coveted.

On the 23d of August, 1745, the government of Massachusetts declared war against all the eastern tribes of Maine without exception. Large bounties were offered for captives or scalps.[1] It would seem that the Indians were entirely unpre-

[1] Williamson, p. 240; Smith's Journal, p. 120.

pared for this outbreak. In terror they abandoned their homes to seek the protection of the French. Rev. Mr. Smith, of Falmouth, in his valuable Journal, writes, under date of Oct. 2, 1745, that not an Indian had been seen or heard of on the eastern frontier, for nearly a month. He says, that, immediately upon the announcement of hostilities, they fled away to Canada.

It was a miserable war. There was no such thing as a battle betv. een the English and the Indians. There was no array of forces against each other. Scouting parties of the English ranged the woods, hunting Indians, as they would hunt wolves or bears. Prowling bands of savages killed cattle and swine, occasionally burned a house, and shot at the white men whenever they could get a chance to do so unseen. To describe these events would only be to repeat what has already been recorded. But terror reigned in every lonely farmhouse. Every few days the tidings would be heard of some man shot, or some family massacred. These reports were often greatly exaggerated. The great desire of the English was to capture Canada. Mr. Williamson writes, —

"In none of the Indian wars were the savages more subtle and inveterate, yet in none less cruel. They despaired of laying waste the country, and expelling the inhabitants. They rather sought to satiate their revenge upon particular individuals or families; to take captives and scalps, for the sake of the price or premium paid them therefor by the French, and to satisfy their wants by the plunder of houses or slaughter of cattle; a cow or an ox being frequently killed by them, and nothing taken but the tongue." [1]

The English trained furious dogs to chase the Indians, and to tear them down, women and children, with bloody fangs. Orders were issued for the organization of troops to drive all the Indians and the French settlers out of Nova Scotia.[2] Amidst these horrors, it is pleasant to record an occasional act of humanity. A few Indians, by stratagem, captured Capt. Jonathan Williamson, of Wiscasset. He was one of the most prominent men in the settlement. In his capture they were careful not to wound him. Two others, whom they might have killed, they allowed to escape. He inquired the reasons for this conduct.

[1] Williamson, vol. ii. p. 244. [2] Williamson, vol. ii. p. 247.

"We have been requested," they said, "by the governor of Quebec, to secure an intelligent prisoner, who is capable of giving information respecting the plans of the English."

In conducting him through the wilderness to Quebec, they treated him with the utmost kindness, liberally sharing with him all the provisions they could procure.[1] Winter came, with unusual severity, and great depth of snow. Military expeditions had engrossed the energies of the people. There was almost a famine. The whole civilized world was thrown into commotion by this miserable war, commenced by that scourge of humanity, Frederick of Prussia. Hundreds of thousands perished on the battle-field and in the gloomy hospital. More homes were desolated, and widows and orphans made, than can be numbered. There was misery everywhere, happiness nowhere; and all this merely to decide whether one individual or another should sit upon the throne of Austria. The imagination could scarcely create a more astonishing record of folly and of crime, than the history of the human race presents.

The treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, signed Oct. 7, 1748, gave peace to the world. Several of the chiefs of the Maine Indians met the governor in the council chamber at Boston, on the 23d of June, 1749. There was quite a numerous delegation, representing mainly the Kennebec and the Penobscot tribes. One of the chiefs, addressing the governor, said, —

"We speak from our hearts the words of sincerity and truth. We have brought with us other credentials than our own hearts. These brothers present know that the voice of peace makes the Indians everywhere smile and rejoice."[2]

A general council of the chiefs to meet the Massachusetts commissioners was appointed to assemble in Falmouth. The commissioners, five or six in number, were attended by a military guard of about fifty men. We know not how many Indians attended. Nineteen chiefs signed the treaty of peace. It was essentially the same as the "Dummer Treaty." It was called the "Submission and Agreement" of the tribes.

When such a storm has been raging over life's ocean, it takes

[1] Williamson, vol. ii. p. 253. [2] Williamson, vol. ii. p. 268.

some time for the billows to subside. Vagabond white men continued to shoot the Indians. In vain the natives appealed to the legal tribunals for redress. "Certain it is, that whenever a white person was tried for killing an Indian, even in times of profound peace, he was invariably acquitted, it being impossible to impanel a jury on which there were not some who had suffered by the Indians, either in their persons, families, or estates."[1]

Predatory bands of savages from Canada, accustomed to plunder, continued for a time their banditti excursions, killing, plundering, and burning. "But it was manifest that the instances of mischief were principally acts of mere revenge committed by stragglers and renegadoes, unencouraged probably by any tribe. The sagamores of Penobscot, and even of Norridgewock, declared that they had no share in the late rupture, and expressed strong desires of immediately renewing their former trade and connections with the English."[1]

The intelligent Indians could not look upon the continued encroachments of the English without anxiety. Though conscious that this could not be prevented by any force of arms which they could wield, they made frequent and earnest appeals to the government, in vindication of what they deemed their rights. Permanent and steadily increasing settlements were established at Woolwich, Edgecomb, Bath, Dresden, Bowdoinham, Topsham, and many other places. Strong fortifications were arising at many important points.

It is supposed that the whole population of Maine, in 1744, was from twelve to fifteen thousand.[2] Falmouth was the largest town in the Province. The hunting grounds and fishing sites of the natives were fast passing from them. Soon after this, the English claimed all the land from the Kennebec River east to the Sheepscot, and as far up the Kennebec as Norridgewock. They were taking possession of the territory, and strengthening themselves in it. Gov. Shirley, with several commissioners, met a number of the sagamores at Fort Richmond. There is something pitiable in the tone of the chief Indian speaker on this occasion. He said, —

[1] Williamson, vol. ii. p. 272. [2] Smith's Journal, p. 137.

"Here is a river which belongs to us. You have lately built a new garrison here. We now only ask that you will be contented to go no farther up the river than this fort. We live wholly by this land, and live but poorly. The Penobscot Indians hunt on one side of us, and the Canada Indians on the other. Therefore do not turn us off this land. We are willing that you should hold possession of all the lands from this fort downward to the sea."

The governor exhibited deeds, signed by Indian chiefs, in proof that the English had purchased the lands. *Ongewasgone* replied, and without doubt very truthfully, —

"I am an old man, and yet I never heard any of my ancestors say that these lands were sold. We do not think that these deeds are false; but we apprehend that you got the Indians drunk, and so took advantage of them, when you bought the lands."

At the close of this conference one of the chiefs said, "I would add one word more. Our young men are very apt to get drunk. We entreat you to give orders to Capt. Lithgow, not to let any one of them have any more rum than one quart in two days."[1]

The question as to the title to the lands, the English decided in their own favor, declaring that they had been deeded to them by the Indians. Of course the Indians felt deeply aggrieved. The first town incorporated, within what was called the territory of Sagadahoc, was Newcastle, so named from the Duke of Newcastle, who was secretary of the king, and was deemed friendly to the colonies.

There were increasing dissatisfaction and murmurs with individual Indians. It was also asserted that the French were endeavoring to incite them to renew hostilities. The most convenient route from Quebec to the eastern provinces of Maine, was to follow up the Chaudière about a hundred miles, then to cross the unbroken wilderness through an Indian trail, a distance of about fifty miles, to the Kennebec, near the mouth of Dead River. This point was about fifty miles above the Indian settlement at Norridgewock. It was apprehended that the Indians far away upon these upper waters of the river, gathering from Maine and Canada, and aided by the French, might

[1] Journal of the Rev. Thomas Smith, pp. 153, 154.

establish a general rendezvous, and make raids upon the lower settlements. No such attempt was, however, undertaken, and there is no evidence that such was ever contemplated. Subsequent events render it much more probable that the rumor was started by designing men, as an excuse for taking possession of the lands on the upper waters of the river, by erecting forts.

The governor ordered six companies to be organized ready to march at the shortest notice. He also issued the severe command, that, should any Indians of Norridgewock be guilty of any mischief, the troops should advance upon their village, utterly destroy it, and either kill or capture every member of the tribe.[1] The government ordered a very strong fort to be built at Teconnet, on the eastern bank of the Kennebec, at the junction between that river and the Sebasticook. This was making an advance from Fort Richmond, thirty-five miles up the river, into the territory which the Indians claimed as their own, and from which they had so earnestly entreated that they might not be driven. This fort was garrisoned by eight hundred men. In anticipation of another war with the French and Indians, an alliance was formed by the English with the Mohawks, the fiercest warriors on the continent.

The great and terrible struggle was approaching between the two most powerful kingdoms on the globe, France and England, for the possession of this continent. France was beginning to rear her forts from the Lakes to New Orleans, intending to hold control of the majestic valleys of the Ohio and the Mississippi, and to shut up the English upon the narrow border east of the Alleghanies. England was resolved to drive the French from Canada, and to take possession of the whole country. In the awful conflict which ensued, not only the poor Indians were doomed to be crushed, but thousands of humble European emigrants suffered woes the very recital of which tortures the soul.

[1] History of Maine, by William Williamson, vol. ii. p. 297.

CHAPTER XX.

THE OLD FRENCH WAR, AND THE WAR OF THE REVOLUTION COMMENCED.

The Upper Kennebec explored — New Forts built — War with the Indians Renewed — English Atrocities — War between France and England — Feebleness of the Indians — Incorporation of Towns — Efforts of England to Enslave America — The Stamp Act — The Tea Tax — Battle of Lexington — Patriotism of the People of Maine — Scenes in Falmouth — Visit of the British Sloop-of-War — Capture of Capt. Mowatt — His Threats.

FIVE hundred troops were sent up the Kennebec River to explore the carrying-places between that river and the Chaudière. It was ascertained that no fort had been attempted in that region, by either the French or the Indians. The site selected by the English for the new fort was beautiful. It was three-quarters of a mile below Teconnet Falls. It was built of solid timber, twenty feet in height, and sufficiently capacious to accommodate a garrison of four hundred men. The name given this structure was Fort Halifax.

Two other forts, quite similar in strength, were built farther down the river, each of them on the eastern side. One was at Cushnoc,[1] now Augusta, near the eastern end of the present bridge. They gave it the name of Fort Western. The other was about a mile above the northern end of Swan Island. It was called Fort Shirley.[2] From Fort Western to Fort Halifax was a distance of eighteen miles, through a pathless and uninhabited wilderness. The governor ordered a road to be cut through the forest suitable for wheel carriages. Arrangements

[1] This name is sometimes spelled Cushenoc.

[2] As this was situated in the plantation of Frankfort, it was sometimes called Fort Frankfort.

were also made, so that an express might be sent, by means of whale-boats and videttes, from Falmouth to Fort Halifax, in twenty-four hours.

On the 6th of November, 1754, couriers reached Falmouth with the tidings that a band of Indians had assailed some men from the garrison of Fort Halifax, who were cutting timber, and killed one man, and carried away four others as captives. Also a rumor had reached the fort, that five hundred French and Indians were about to march from Quebec to make an attack upon the fort. A re-enforcement of a hundred men was immediately sent to strengthen the garrison. Six companies of minute-men, in Maine, were ordered to be ready to march at the shortest notice.

It soon appeared that this hostile outbreak was perpetrated by the Canada Indians of St. François.[1] Public opinion was greatly aroused against these Indians. Many demanded that they should be utterly exterminated. A hundred pounds was offered by the General Court, for the scalp of any one of them, and ten pounds more for an Indian taken alive. There were mutual recriminations and retaliations by which France and England gradually drifted into the deplorable "French war," without war having been formally declared by either party. Awful tragedies ensued, which could scarcely have been exceeded in Pandemonium.

We have no space here to enter into the details of the conflict. We can only briefly allude to the events which transpired in Maine. The most awful scenes of distress were witnessed. The civilized combatants, in their rage, proved that savages could not exceed them in cruelty. Several months lapsed before there were any acts of violence in Maine. It is very evident

[1] It will be remembered that the governor of Canada had invited the fragments of tribes, broken by war, to settle on lands which he had assigned to them on the two small tributaries of the St. Lawrence, *Besancourt* and *St. François*. Here they were aided in building their houses. A church and a parsonage were erected, and a missionary and interpreter furnished them. They were called the *St. François Indians*, and were, of course, entirely devoted to the French, who had treated them with such brotherly kindness.—*Williamson*, vol. ii. p. 40; *Jeffrey's History of the French Dominions*, p. 9; *Topographical Description of Canada, by Joseph Bonchette*, p. 67.

that the Indians there were exceedingly reluctant to be drawn into the war. During the summer of 1755, five or six men, in different localities, were shot, several houses were burned, and eight men were carried in captivity to Canada. It is probable that all this was done by straggling bands from Canada; still on the 11th of June, 1754, the General Court, in retaliation for these acts, declared war against all the Indians in Maine, excepting those on the Penobscot. Two hundred pounds were offered to volunteers for every Indian scalp. It was known that the feeble and disheartened Indians could make no show of battle. They were to be hunted down like bears and wolves. The Indians were struck with dismay. "They retired back," writes Mr. Williamson; "and we hear, after this, of no more mischief perpetrated by them this season, on our frontiers."[1]

As a general rule, the English settlers hated the Indians, and were anxious to get entirely rid of them. They made but little distinction between friends and enemies. If a Canadian Indian engaged in any act of aggression, the English were prompt to take vengeance upon any Indians they might chance to meet, no matter how inoffensive in conduct or how friendly in heart.

Capt. James Cargill, of Newcastle, was commissioned to raise a scouting company. He chanced to meet a band of Indian hunters, peaceful men, who had no thought of any hostile act. He shot down twelve, and took their scalps. They were worth to him and his party two thousand four hundred pounds. Soon after they met a friendly Indian woman, Margaret; she was well known, and was returning from a visit to the garrison, with her babe in her arms. They shot her down. With dying breath she entreated them to protect her child. They killed the babe before its mother's eyes.[2]

Cargill was apprehended for murder: as usual, no verdict could be found against him, though there was no denial of the facts; but there were many good men whose hearts were filled with grief by such atrocities. The General Court offered all the Indians who would enlist in the public service, the same pay as other soldiers had. Nine of the chiefs were invited into

[1] Williamson, vol. ii. p. 312.
[2] Eaton's Narrative, pp. 12, 13, as quoted by Mr. Williamson, vol. ii. p. 315.

St. George's Fort to confer upon this matter. They were all seized as prisoners, and were assured that they would not be liberated until they enlisted. Dreadful was their embarrassment. The Canadian Indians were their friends and brethren. The French had ever treated them with the utmost kindness; and yet they were informed, that, unless they would enlist to fight these their friends, a war of extermination would be waged against them. On the 5th of November war was declared against this Penobscot tribe, and large premiums were offered for their scalps.[1]

It was not until June, 1756, that England published a declaration of war against France. Gov. Shirley, whose administration had lasted sixteen years, became very unpopular, and was withdrawn. Several months passed before a successor was appointed. The Indians, goaded to desperation, on the 24th of March, 1756, killed two men and wounded a third, near Fort George's. On the 3d of May one man was shot in Harpswell, and two escaped by flight. There were but three Indians, who, in ambush, attacked these three well-armed white men. They carried their captive to Canada, where, in about a year, he obtained his liberty. On the 14th of May two men, in Windham, were shot and scalped by a party of Indians in ambush. One Indian was shot and another wounded. At the head of Arrowsic Island, in Georgetown, Mr. Preble and his wife were killed, as they were planting corn, and their three children were carried to Canada.

The Indians treated these little orphans with great tenderness, carrying them upon their backs when they were fatigued, and sharing liberally their food with them. These children became so much attached to their Indian parents that they wept bitterly when, being ransomed, they were taken from them to be restored to civilized life. Their mother's father, Capt. Harnden, of Woolwich, went to Canada for them, and such is his testimony respecting their treatment. At Fort Halifax two men fishing were shot and mortally wounded.

Such was the character of this needless war. Though but

[1] Journal of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, vol. ix. p. 248.

few in Maine were killed, the alarm was universal. The lonely settlers did not dare to cultivate their fields. No one could move from his house without danger of being shot at. The Indians were despondent. Gloom was everywhere. There was famine in the land. To add to the woes, the small-pox broke out, and raged in garrison, cabin, and wigwam. The Penobscot Indians, who had been so ruthlessly assailed, appealed in piteous tones for peace, to Capt. Bradbury, who commanded the garrison at St. George's. Very truthfully does Mr. Williamson write, —

"No other eastern tribe had treated the English with so much forbearance and honor. And the good man's heart must be touched with sympathy for their melancholy condition, when he reflects, that, in the present war upon them, our own people were the first and principal aggressors." [1]

The Indians were deemed so powerless, that, during the year 1757, only two hundred and sixty men were employed to hunt them down, besides those in garrison. Early in June, Mrs. Hall, a lady of remarkable beauty and many accomplishments, was captured, with her children, after her husband had been killed. They were carried to Canada, where they were separated. Mrs. Hall was eventually ransomed. But this unhappy woman, notwithstanding her lifelong endeavors, could never obtain the least knowledge of the fate of her children.

It was difficult to find the Indians. They very generally abandoned the frontiers. In 1758 Harpswell was incorporated. Its atmosphere was even then deemed so salubrious that it was resorted to by the sick. There were, during this year, only two or three acts of violence, on the part of the Indians in Maine. In other portions of our extensive country, the struggle between France and England raged with great violence. In August an attempt was made by a party of French and Indians from Canada, upon Fort St. George's. It is estimated that the band consisted of about four hundred. Re-enforcements were promptly sent to the place, and the assailants were driven off after butchering about sixty cattle in the vicinity. Soon after an attack was

[1] Williamson, vol. ii. p. 324.

made upon Meduncook, now Friendship, where eight men were either killed or captured.

"These," writes Mr. Williamson, "so far as our knowledge extends, closed the scenes of massacre, plunder, and outrage by the Indians, during the present war and forever."[1]

During the next year, Quebec, Ticonderoga, Niagara, and Crown Point fell before the valor of British armies; and the banners of France, not long after this, were driven from this continent.[2] It was a great achievement; but it was accomplished through woes to humanity which no tongue can adequately tell.

The Indians were no longer to be feared. A military force was sent to Penobscot to take possession of that magnificent valley. A site was selected for a fort, about three leagues below Orphan Island, in the present town of Prospect. It was both fort and trading-house. Though the Indian tribes were greatly broken, and were crumbling to decay, there were still many thousand Indians in that region, eager to sell their furs for the commodities which the English offered in exchange. A gentleman who visited the fort soon after its erection, wrote, "I have seen one of its rooms as full as it could be well stowed, with the first quality of furs, beaver, otter, and sable."

The structure was called Fort Pownal. It cost five thousand pounds, and was garrisoned by a hundred men. The governor, in his message to the legislature, said that he had taken military possession of a large and fine country, which had long been a den for savages, and a lurking-place for renegado Frenchmen. In October, 1759, the plantation of Nequasset, sometimes called Nauseag, was erected into a town, by the name of Woolwich. The Indians were compelled to confess their rebellion, and that consequently *they had forfeited all their lands*, and to take the oath of allegiance to the king of England. The once powerful Penobscot tribe had dwindled to five chiefs, seventy-five warriors, and five hundred souls. The English granted the Indians permission to hunt through the unoccupied forests, and to rear their villages upon such spots as might be assigned to them.

[1] Williamson, vol. ii. p. 333.

[2] Quebec, the capital of New France, capitulated on the 5th of October, 1759. —*Smollett*, vol. iii. p. 475.

At this time nearly all the houses at St. George's River were of logs. They were very humble structures. Nine were built in one day. It was twenty miles to the nearest mill. There were no carts or cart-roads. Bears and wolves were numerous in the forests. Moose and deer were abundant. At one time, when the snow was deep and covered with a crust, seventy moose were taken in one winter.

On the 13th of February, 1760, Pownalborough was chartered as a township. It embraced the three present towns of Dresden, Wiscasset, and Alna, and also Swan Island. Two new counties, Cumberland and Lincoln, were also established.[1] Upon the retirement of Gov. Pownal this year, Thomas Hutchinson, a graduate of Harvard, was placed in the gubernatorial chair. From a valuation taken in the year 1761, it is estimated that the population of the State then amounted to about seventeen thousand five hundred souls.

Sir Francis Bernard was soon appointed governor by the crown. Maine was then regarded as a remote but important district of Massachusetts. The new governor was an Englishman by birth, a graduate of Oxford University, and a thorough aristocrat. In heart he was probably strongly opposed to the republican views prevailing in the colonies, and his great desire was to increase the ascendancy of the crown. He became unpopular from his evident efforts to curtail the influence of the people. The rich valley of the Penobscot was fast drawing settlers. The General Court made Gov. Bernard a present of the far-famed island Mount Desert. It is said that this gift was probably intended to secure his influence with the crown in obtaining its consent to the establishment of thirteen townships in the Penobscot region. These townships would send representatives to the General Court. This would increase the popular power. The governor had therefore opposed the measure.

There was still an immense amount of ungranted land in the eastern portion of the State. Commissioners were appointed to

[1] There were consequently, at this time, three counties. York contained eight towns, Cumberland seven, and Lincoln five. There were perhaps as many more small and scattered settlements, called plantations. The Neck, now Portland, contained a hundred and thirty-six dwelling-houses. — *Smith's Journal*, p. 74.

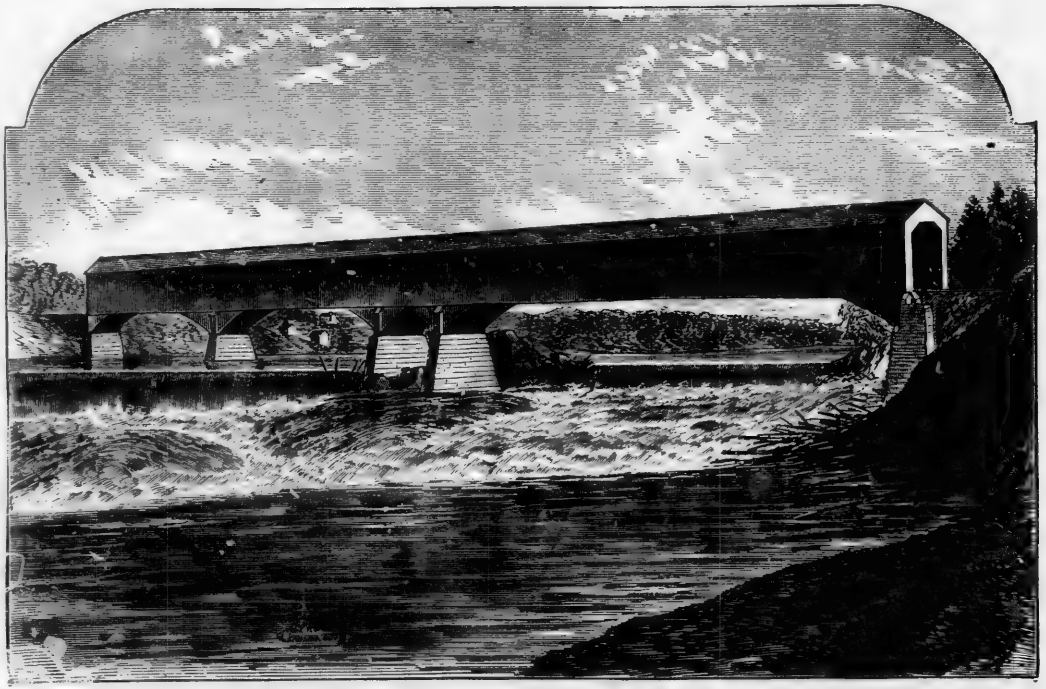
run the dividing line between Maine and Nova Scotia. In 1762 Windham, Buxton, and Bowdoinham were incorporated. This last town was named in honor of Dr. Peter Bowdoin, a Protestant, who had fled from France after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. On the 10th of February, 1763, a general treaty of peace was signed at Paris, between France and England. France renounced to Great Britain all her northern dominions in America. At this time there was not a settler in the valley of the Penobscot above Orphan Island.

The Indians were no more successful than the English in preventing acts of murder and robbery on the part of lawless vagabonds. An Indian was hunting and trapping near Fort Pownal. Four Englishmen killed him, and stole his traps and furs. The villany escaped unpunished, and the Indians attempted no revenge. There were several such cases which the Indians bore with wonderful forbearance.

This year the census was taken, but it is thought not very accurately. According to the report made, there remained but thirty warriors of the Norridgewock tribe, sixty of the Penobscot, and thirty of the Passamaquoddy Indians. The whole population of Maine amounted to about twenty-four thousand.

In the year 1764, three plantations of considerable note, Topsham, Gorham, and Boothbay, were incorporated. Topsham was named from a town in England; Gorham was so called in honor of Capt. John Gorham, a revered ancestor of one of the grantees. The first settler in that plantation was Capt. John Phinney, who reared his lonely cabin in that wilderness in the year 1734. Boothbay was the ancient Cape Newagen settlement. The plantation was settled in the year 1630, soon after the first adventurers landed at Pemaquid. A century of earth's crimes and woes had since passed away, and dreadful were the ravages those settlers had experienced during the Indian wars.

The next year two more towns were incorporated, Bristol and Cape Elizabeth. These were the twenty-second and twenty-third towns of the district of Maine. Bristol embraced the ancient and renowned Pemaquid. A settlement was commenced here as early as 1626. The name was given from the



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city of Bristol in England. Cape Elizabeth was taken from the old town of Falmouth. The first inhabitants settled upon a neck of land to which we often have had occasion to refer as Purpooduck Point. Nearly all the inhabitants of the place were, at one time, massacred by the Indians.

On the eastern side of Salmon Falls River, above Berwick, there had long been a plantation of considerable note, called by its Indian name, *Tow-woh*. In the year 1767, it was incorporated as a town, by the name of Lebanon. The tide of emigration was flowing rapidly towards the fertile and beautiful banks of the Kennebec. In the year 1771, four towns were incorporated upon that river, embracing an area of three hundred and twenty-five square miles. These were Hallowell, Vassalborough, Winslow, and Winthrop. They constituted the twenty-sixth, twenty-seventh, twenty-eighth, and twenty-ninth corporate towns of the State.

Hallowell was so called from a distinguished English family of that name. It embraced the present territory of Augusta. There had been occasional inhabitants in this region, which was called Cushnoc and the Hook for more than a hundred years. Vassalborough, which then included also Sidney, was named from the Hon. William Vassal, a prominent citizen of Massachusetts.

Winslow was also incorporated this year, including the present town of Waterville. Here was the famous Teconnet of the Indians; and it was at this point, on the neck of land formed by the union of the Sebasticook and the Kennebec, that Fort Halifax was reared. As early as 1754, eleven families built their cabins at this frontier fort in the wilderness.

Winthrop also was incorporated, embracing territory which was subsequently set apart as Readfield. The territorial plantation established here was called the Pond Town Plantation. There were forty-four lakes of rare beauty, within limits now comprising Winthrop, Readfield, and a part of Wayne. It is a beautiful region, commanding sites for villas, as the country shall increase in wealth and population, which perhaps no portion of our extensive domain can surpass. This beautiful chain of lakes was the great water-course over which the canoes of

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the Indians were paddled as they passed from the Kennebec to the Androscoggin.[1]

On the shores of these lakes, the Indians, with a high appreciation of landscape beauty, reared their villages. One of these lakes, Cobbosseconte, is twelve miles long and two wide. The outlet of these lovely sheets of water is into the Kennebec, at what is now Gardiner, by a stream which the Indians called Cobbossecontecook. All the names the Indians gave appear to have had some particular significance. It is said that *Cobbosse* meant sturgeon, *conte*, abundance of, and *cook*, place.[2]

In the year 1764, Timothy Foster, with his wife and ten children, wandered through the trails of the forest to the margin of Cobbosseconte Lake. Here he reared his log cabin, and obtained what he probably considered an abundant and luxurious livelihood, by hunting, fishing, trapping, and cultivating a small patch of corn. The farm granted him by the proprietors was a hundred rods on the shore of the lake, running back a mile. The conditions were simply that he should build a house twenty feet square and ten feet stud, should reside, himself or heirs, on the premises three years, and clear five acres of land fit for tillage.

The thirtieth town in the State, Pepperellborough, was incorporated in the year 1772. It was formed by cutting off a section from Biddeford, and was named in honor of William Pepperell.[3] After bearing that name for thirty-seven years, it

[1] "The late Dr. Benjamin Vaughan of Hallowell, an early settler there, formerly a member of the British Parliament, but obliged to flee from England because of his sympathy for and interest in the American colonies, was accustomed to take his distinguished visitors to Winthrop. He would come by the charming view of Cobbosseconte Lake at East Winthrop, over the old Meeting-House Hill, and return by the Narrows Pond; and he often said this ride gave him the most interesting scenery in New England." — *Historic Address by the Hon. S. P. Benson*, p. 35.

[2] Collections of Maine Historical Society, vol. iv. p. 113. For a more minute description of this lovely region and its early settlement, see the admirable historical discourse of the Hon. Samuel P. Benson, one of the most illustrious of the sons of Winthrop, given at the centennial celebration of the first town-meeting held in the place.

[3] "William Pepperell was, at this time (1739), colonel-commandant of the Yorkshire Regiment; a gentleman whose moral worth and military talents had already given him an elevated rank in the confidence of the public." — *Williamson*, vol. iv. p. 200.

was changed to Saco, which, by a gradual growth, has become one of the most important towns in the State.

Governor Hutchinson became a vigilant and unscrupulous advocate of unlimited prerogative in behalf of the crown of England. The colonies were now in peace and comparatively rich and prosperous. The great object of the English Government was to gather all the reins of power into its own hands, to tax the people in every adroit way in which it could be done without raising too loud a clamor, and to thwart the colonists in all their endeavors to secure popular rights. The tyrannical government claimed the right of appointing governors, of removing the judges at will, of framing the laws, and of imposing taxes at its pleasure; while, at the same time, the right was denied the Americans of being represented in parliament.

The detail of these encroachments, which gradually brought the Americans and the English into battle array against each other, belongs rather to the general history of the United States than to that of Maine. To overawe the people, a fleet of war-ships entered Boston Harbor on the 28th of September, 1768. Under cover of its guns, seven hundred British regulars were landed, and with loaded muskets and fixed bayonets, marched through the streets to an encampment on the common. Gen. Thomas Gage was placed in command, with orders to enforce, by bullet and bayonet if necessary, all the requisitions of the ministry.

The blood of the Bostonians, and of nearly all the American people, almost boiled with indignation. There were but little more than two millions of white people scattered along the coast for hundreds of leagues of this New World. The most powerful empire then upon the globe, and, if we consider the destructive enginery of war in their hands, we may say the most powerful empire that ever existed, was rousing all its energies of fleets and armies to crush out the liberties of these feeble colonies. For such an infant David to venture to engage in battle with such a gigantic Goliath, was the bravest, perhaps we should say the most reckless measure, ever undertaken on earth.

The king of England, by an act of parliament, "for the better regulation of the government of the province of Massachusetts Bay," appointed the governor. This governor, thus entirely at the disposal of the king, appointed the justices of the supreme court and the sheriffs. Jurors were no longer to be appointed by freeholders, but by the sheriffs. By this law the king was placed in absolute control.[1] In apprehension that the people might resist the soldiery, and be defended by the colonial courts, a law was passed that, if any one were indicted for capital offence, he might be sent to England for trial.

The people began to meet in conventions, pass resolutions of remonstrance, petition for redress, and to organize for resistance, should circumstances compel a resort to that dire extremity. There were here and there various acts of violence, but no serious conflict until the battle of Lexington roused the whole country to arms.

The little village of Lexington was situated about twelve miles north-west of Boston. A few straggling houses partially surrounded a small unfenced green, or common. Here the meeting-house and public tavern stood, forming, with a few other houses, one of the boundaries of the common. Near this green the road divides. The left branch, still bearing to the north-west, leads to the village of Concord, about six miles farther on. Here, about eighteen miles from Boston, the Americans had deposited some provisions and military stores.

Gen. Gage sent out a detachment of from eight hundred to a thousand regular soldiers, secretly and at midnight, to seize and destroy them. It was the night of the 18th of April, 1775, when the troops, in boats, crossed the Charles River, and, in the darkness, commenced a rapid march toward Concord. Every precaution had been adopted by Gen. Gage, to prevent any intelligence of the movement from spreading into the country. He hoped to take the place by surprise, to destroy the stores, and to return to Boston before any resistance could be organized.[2]

[1] Ancient Charters, p. 785.

[2] See account of the expedition, by Frederic Hudson, in Harper's Magazine, vol. i.; also History of the Battle at Lexington, by Elias Phinney.

In Boston there were stationed ten regiments of veteran British troops; and several men-of-war rode at anchor in the harbor. Notwithstanding all the efforts for secrecy, vigilant eyes watched every measure of the arrogant, insulting, detested soldiery. In addition to many other watchful ones, Paul Revere had arranged with a friend, to signal any important movement. He had a fleet horse on the other side of the river, with which he could speedily spread the alarm. Mr. Longfellow, our own poet, a native of Portland, Me., has given deathless renown to this midnight ride, in his own glowing verse, —

"Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April in seventy-five:
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembereth that day and year.
He said to his friend, 'If the British march,
By land or sea, from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light, —
One if by land, and two if by sea, —
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride, and spread the alarm,
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm.'"

The signal appeared. Revere mounted his horse, and galloped along the road to Lexington, shouting the alarm to every family as he passed. In almost every dwelling there were minute-men, with guns and ammunition, ready to rush forth at the first warning. Hancock and Adams were both at Lexington. One object of the British expedition was to capture them.

Revere reached Lexington. The village was roused. The alarm spread like wild-fire. A small group of men, with their guns in their hands, pallid not with fear, but with intensity of emotion, gathered in the gloom upon the green, to decide what to do in the terrible emergence. There were but between sixty and seventy present. The report was, that there were between twelve and fifteen hundred disciplined, thoroughly armed British regulars approaching under the command of experienced gen-

erals, who had obtained renown in the wars of Europe. Of course a forcible resistance was not to be thought of.[1]

In the mean time the alarm was spreading from farmhouse to farmhouse in all directions. The village church bells were rung, signal guns were fired, and there was mustering in "hot haste." The British troops marched rapidly, arresting any person they encountered by the way. A little before five o'clock, the solid column appeared but a few rods from Lexington Green, marching at double-quick time. Seeing dimly the unformed group of Americans upon the green, they halted for a moment, doubled their ranks, and then rushed on. Quietly and with no signs of resistance the Americans awaited the approach of the troops. No war had been declared. The Americans had been guilty of no act of violence. They *supposed* that the British were on the march to seize the stores in Concord. Still even this was uncertain, and they waited to learn what were the intentions and the will of the hostile band.

The troops came along upon the run. When within a few rods their commander, Lieut.-Col. Smith, shouted, "Lay down your arms and disperse, you damned rebels!" Then, turning to his men, he exclaimed, "Rush on, my boys! Fire!"

It was a mean and cowardly act, to order at least eight hundred soldiers to fire upon a confused group of farmers, amounting to not more than seventy at the most. Even the British troops recoiled from such shameful butchery, and withheld their fire. The infurate colonel discharged his pistol at the Americans, and, brandishing his sword like a maniac, again shouted, "Fire! God damn you, fire!" At this second summons the soldiers in the first platoon discharged their muskets, but took care to throw their bullets over the heads of those whom they seemed to be assailing.

[1] At the same time that Paul Revere commenced his midnight ride, Ebenezer Dorr rode over the Neck, disguised as a farmer, with a flapped hat and scantily filled saddle-bags. He bore the following despatch from Gen. Warren to Hancock and Adams:—

"A large body of the king's troops, supposed to be a brigade of about twelve hundred to fifteen hundred, were embarked in boats from Boston, and have gone over to land on Lechmere's Point, so called, in Cambridge; and it is suspected that they are ordered to seize and destroy the stores belonging to the colony deposited at Concord."

The Americans thought that this was done to frighten them, and that the muskets of the English were loaded only with powder. They therefore remained calmly at their post, neither running away in panic, nor returning the fire. The troops now discharged a volley in earnest. Eight of the Americans fell dead, and ten were wounded. A few guns were discharged at the English, as the panic-stricken Americans fled in all directions. John Parker fell wounded. He fired his gun at the foe, and was again loading it when a British soldier ran him through with the bayonet. Resistance was hopeless, but a few others discharged their guns as they fled, or lay wounded on the ground. The English continued to fire so long as a single retreating American could be seen within gun-shot.[1]

Thus was the dreadful war of the American Revolution ushered in. History records many atrocious crimes perpetrated by the government of Great Britain; but, among them all, perhaps there is no one more unnatural, cruel, and criminal than this endeavor to rivet the chains of despotism upon her own sons and daughters, who were struggling against the hardships of the wilderness, and who had come to these solitudes that they might enjoy civil and religious liberty. There were thousands of the noblest men in England who detested these infamous measures, and who remonstrated against them with the utmost vehemence. Lord Chatham on the floor of Parliament exclaimed, in words we have already quoted, "Were I an American, as I am an Englishman, I would never lay down my arms, — never, never, never!"

The English suffered but little from the few bullets which were thrown at them in return. One man was shot through the leg, and one was wounded in the hand. The verdict which the civilized world has pronounced upon this attack is, that it was a cold-blooded and cowardly massacre. In the dreadful struggle which ensued, our unhappy land was doomed to woes, inflicted by what was called the mother country, far exceeding any

[1] There is some diversity in the details which are given of this conflict; but the general facts, as given above, are beyond all dispute. There were probably on the green at Lexington fifty or sixty farmers with muskets, and thirty or forty unarmed spectators.

THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON, APRIL 19, 1775.

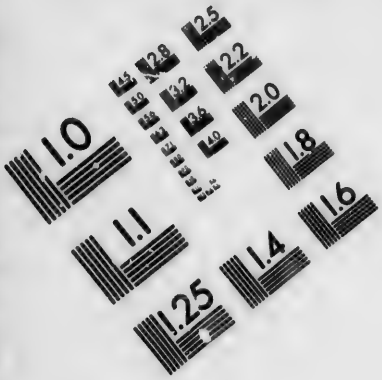
sufferings which had been endured in the warfare with savages.

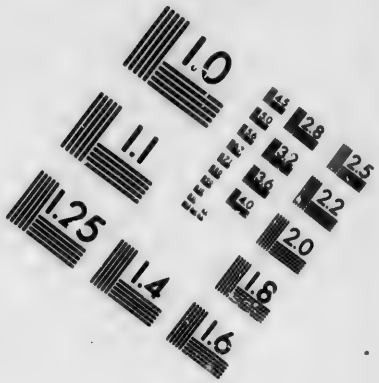
After a delay of but twenty or thirty minutes, the king's troops resumed their march six miles farther to Concord. They reached the place without opposition. Before leaving Lexington they drew up on the common, fired a triumphant salute, and gave three cheers in token of their great victory. Concord consisted then mainly of a little cluster of dwellings, scattered around in the vicinity of a large meeting-house. The regulars destroyed all the ammunition and stores they could find.[1] Becoming alarmed by the indications of a popular rising, and of the gathering of the farmers to assail them, they commenced a rapid retreat.

The troops marched into the village of Concord about seven o'clock. It was one of the most lovely of spring mornings. Nearly a hundred minute-men had assembled in the vicinity of the court-house, and re-enforcements from the neighboring villages were fast approaching. The retreat of the British soon became a precipitate flight. The Americans, rapidly increasing, pressed upon them with great bravery, firing into their ranks from every grove, and stone wall, and eminence where they could find a natural rampart. Hour after hour the fugitives were assailed by a galling and destructive fire, continually increasing in severity. It was with the utmost difficulty that the officers could preserve any order. All was confusion. It is said that the whole country was so aroused, that it seemed as if men came down from the clouds. The British retreated, as they advanced, with flanking parties, and with van and rear guards.

With the Americans there was no military order. "Every man was his own general." Not a shout was heard. Scarcely a word was spoken. The English thought only of escape. The Americans, exasperated by months of oppression, insolence, and insult, thought only of shooting down the haughty foe who had affected to regard them with the utmost contempt. At one or

[1] "While at Concord the enemy disabled two twenty-four pounders, destroying their carriages, wheels, and limbers; sixteen wheels for brass three-pounders; two carriages with wheels for two four-pounders; about five hundred weight of balls, which they threw into the river and wells; and stove about sixty barrels of flour." — *Gordon's Account.*





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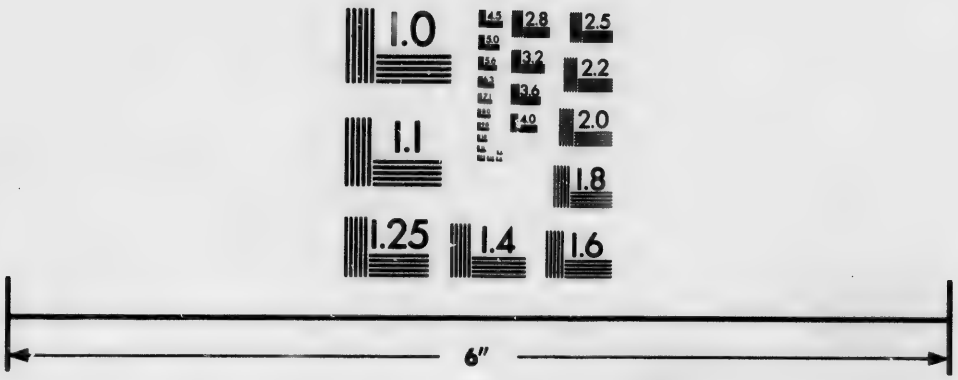

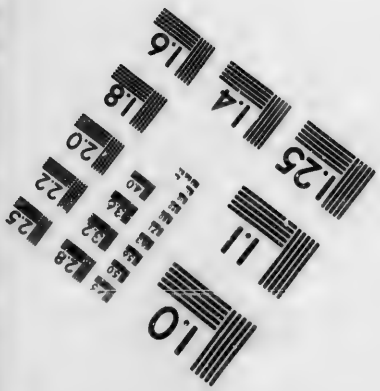

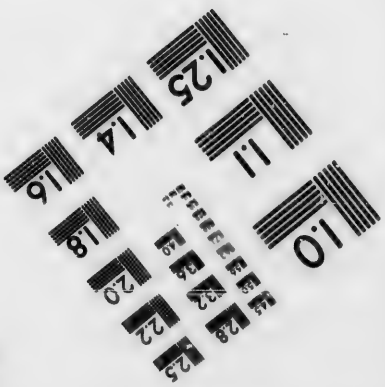

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two points the British made a brief stand, when something like a battle ensued, and several fell on each side. At length, however, the British were driven almost upon the full run before the Americans, in a race for life. Their sufferings from thirst, hunger, and exhaustion were dreadful. They would all have been inevitably killed or captured, had not a re-enforcement of eleven hundred troops, with two field-pieces, come from Boston to their relief.[1]

An eye-witness writes, "When the distressed troops reached the hollow square formed by the fresh troops for their reception, they were obliged to lie down upon the ground, their tongues hanging out of their mouths like those of dogs after a chase." This re-enforcement met the retreating British troops near Lexington, about two o'clock in the afternoon. For a short time the fire of the field-pieces seemed to stagger the Americans; but they soon became accustomed to the crashing of the balls through the forest, and resumed the pursuit. It was, however, necessary to practise increased caution in attacking a desperate foe so greatly augmented in strength.

The British were savage in their vengeance. Buildings were shattered and despoiled as far as possible. Many would have been laid in ashes had not the close pursuit of the Americans enabled them to extinguish the flames. Several of the aged and infirm, unable to flee, were bayoneted in their dwellings. Houses were set on fire where women were helpless in bed with new-born babes. No alternative was left them but to be consumed by the flames, or, with the infants on their bosoms, to rush into the streets.

At seven o'clock in the evening, the exhausted, bleeding, breathless troops reached Charlestown. They took refuge on Bunker Hill. Here they were protected by the guns of vessels of war in the harbor. According to the best estimate which can be made, the casualties on each side were as follows: —

Americans killed, 49;	wounded, 36;	missing, 5.	
British " 73	" 172	" 26.[2]	

[1] See the minute and admirable account, by Mr. Frederick Hudson, in Harper's Magazine, vol. 1.

[2] Harper's Magazine, No. 300, p. 804.

The battle of Lexington sounded the tocsin of alarm through out all the colonies. The news reached York in the evening of the same day. The next morning a company of sixty men, with arms, ammunition, and knapsacks full of provisions, set out on their march for Boston. This was the first company organized in Maine for the war of the Revolution. On the 21st of April, Falmouth sent a strong company; soon after, Col. James Scammon, of Biddeford, led a full regiment to Cambridge, where the American troops were being rendezvoused.[1] The little town of New Gloucester raised twenty men. In a few days, more than fifteen thousand patriotic Americans had left for the battlefield their homes and their farms, in seedtime, the most important season of the year. Every man was apparently ready to pledge his life, his fortune, and his sacred honor, in defence of the liberties of America.

Falmouth was the seat of justice for Cumberland County. Here there was established the most remote custom-house in New England. There was an Episcopal church here, under the pastoral care of Rev. Mr. Wiswall.[2] This church became the nucleus of a party of crown officers and their political friends, who were hostile to popular government, and warmly advocated the claims of the British crown.

But many of the prominent citizens, together with the overwhelming majority of the people, were earnestly patriotic. Many conventions had been held, where strong resolutions were passed condemning the encroachments of the crown. A very bitter feeling sprang up between the people and the royalist office-holders. These advocates of the crown denounced Fal-

[1] "Col. Scammon was well fitted to shine in the military profession; possessing vigor of mind and body, and a gayety of temper which secured the good will and attachment of all such as were under his command." — *History of Saco and Biddeford, by George Folsom*, p. 283.

[2] Rev. Mr. Wiswall graduated at Harvard College, and in 1756 settled in the ministry as a Congregationalist, over the Casco parish in Falmouth. In 1764 he changed his religious sentiments, went to England to receive ordination, and returning became pastor of an Episcopal church, which had just been organized on the Neck. On the breaking out of the Revolution, he joined the royalist party, took refuge on board the British fleet, and sailed for England. At the close of the war he returned to Nova Scotia, and took charge of a parish in Cornwallis, where he remained until he died. — *History of Portland, by William Willis*, p. 370.

mouth to the British authorities, as second only to Boston in its rebellious spirit.

When the odious Stamp Act was passed, in 1765, an English vessel brought packages of the hated stamps to Falmouth, and they were deposited in the custom-house. The people assembled, marched to the custom-house, seized the stamps, carried them in solemn procession through the streets, and burned them.

When the tax was imposed upon tea, a popular assemblage expressed their hostility to the despotic act in the following terms: "Resolved, that we will not buy nor sell any India tea whatever after this third day of February, until the act that lays a duty on it is repealed."

When the English Government closed the port of Boston, in 1774, the bell of Falmouth meeting-house was muffled, and tolled funereally from sunrise to sunset. By vote of the town, a county convention was held to deliberate upon the alarming state of affairs. Thirty-three delegates met, from nine towns, in "Mrs. Greele's little one-story tavern." Among other important measures, one was that each member pledged himself not to accept any commission under the late acts of parliament.

There was a wealthy man in the place, Capt. Samuel Coulson, who had rendered himself very obnoxious to the people by his violent opposition to the popular sentiment, and his support of the measures of the crown. He had built a large ship. In May, 1775, a vessel arrived from England, bringing sails, rigging, and stores for the ship.

As England was laying a heavy duty upon all her products, an "American Association" had been formed in the several colonies to thwart the British monopoly of manufactures and trade. The committee in Falmouth met, and decided that the packages should be sent back to England unopened. Capt. Coulson sent to Boston, and secured the aid of a sloop of war, the "Canseau," under Capt. Mowatt, to enable him to land the goods. The excitement among the citizens was such that Mowatt hesitated in resorting to violent measures.

While affairs were in this menacing posture, Col. Samuel Thompson, a bold, reckless man, came from Brunswick, with fifty picked men, resolved to seize the sloop of war. They

came in boats, and secretly encamped in a thick grove on Munjoy's Hill. It so happened that the day of their arrival Capt. Mowatt and his surgeon, accompanied by Rev. Mr. Wiswall, were taking a walk upon this commanding eminence. The captain and his surgeon were seized and held as prisoners. The rash measure excited general consternation. The houses were entirely at the mercy of the guns of the sloop. The second officer in command threatened, that, if the prisoners were not released before six o'clock, he would open fire upon the town.[1]

Some of the prominent citizens called upon Col. Thompson, and entreated him to liberate the captives. The colonel refused, declaring that relentless war was now raging between the two countries; but, finding the whole town against him, he, at nine o'clock, released them for the night, upon their giving their parole that at nine o'clock the next morning they would return to his encampment. Two citizens of Falmouth, Messrs. Preble and Freeman, pledged themselves as sureties of the prisoners.

Nine o'clock came, but Mowatt did not appear. Col. Thompson angrily arrested the two sureties, and held them all day without food. In the afternoon he sent to the sloop-of-war to inquire why Mowatt[2] did not keep his parole. He replied that his washerwoman had overheard threats to shoot him as soon as he appeared on shore.

The intelligence of the peril of Falmouth spread rapidly. Five or six hundred militia-men from the small settlements around, were in a few hours marching into the place. They were intensely excited. A sort of court-martial was established, to examine suspected citizens, that they might learn who could be relied upon as patriotic, and who were in sympathy with the enemy. Rev. Mr. Wiswall was summoned before this revolutionary tribunal. He declared, on oath, that he abhorred the

[1] "Our women were, I believe, every one of them in tears, or praying or screaming; precipitately leaving their houses, especially those whose husbands were not at home, and widows; hurrying their goods into countrymen's carts, never asking their names, though strangers, and carrying their children either out of town or to the south end." — *History of Portland, by William Willis*, note, p. 509.

[2] Mr. Williamson spells these names Mowett and Wiswell; Mr. Willis spells them Mowatt and Wiswall, as also Wiswell. I follow the spelling, and in the main the narrative, of Mr. William Goold, in his minute and graphic description of the "Burning of Falmouth."

doctrine of passive obedience and non-resistance. He was released. Several others were questioned, but none were condemned.

Capt. Coulson's house was entered, and his wine freely drank. An intoxicated soldier fired two bullets which penetrated the hull of the "Canseau." A musket was discharged in return, but no harm was done. Gen. Preble and Col. Freeman were still held as captives, and treated with severity.

It was Tuesday, the 9th of May, when Mowatt was arrested. On Wednesday afternoon, the 10th, the militia marched into Falmouth. Thursday, the 11th, was observed as a day of fasting and prayer for God's interposition. It was a day of fearful excitement. The soldiers succeeded in capturing one of Mowatt's boats. He threatened to lay the town in ashes unless the boat were returned. On Friday, the soldiers left the town and returned to their homes. Thompson's men took with them the captured boat. On Monday, the 16th, Mowatt, still breathing threatenings and slaughter, raised his anchors, and sailed for Portsmouth. He took with him Coulson and his new ship. But the end was not yet.

LAST BLOCK HOUSE OF FORT HALIFAX.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE WAR OF THE REVOLUTION: FALMOUTH IN ASHES.

The British Fleet — The Doom announced — The Conference — The Bombardment — The Expedition to Quebec — The Repulse — Friendliness of the Indians — New Towns incorporated — The British repulsed at Machias — Anecdote of John Adams — Arrival of the French Fleet — The Foe established at Biguyduce — Terrible Naval Disaster of the Americans — Barbarism of the English — The Capture of Gen. Wadsworth — His Brave Defence — His Escape.

THE storm of British vengeance was rapidly gathering, which was to doom unhappy Falmouth to destruction. On the 8th of June the "Senegal," a war vessel of sixteen guns, arrived, and cast anchor in the harbor. Four days after, the Tory Coulson came with his new ship, and anchored by the side of the "Senegal." Coulson hoped, under the menace of such a force, to obtain masts for his ship. But as he was a declared enemy of the town, and the Provincial Congress had passed a resolve to prevent Tories from conveying their property out of the country, the people would not allow him to take the masts.

Again both vessels departed, and nothing of special interest occurred until the 16th of October. That morning quite a fleet was seen entering the harbor. Capt. Mowatt led the way in the "Canseau." He was followed by a ship-of-war, the "Cat," two armed schooners, and a bomb-sloop. These five vessels anchored abreast of the town, bringing their broadsides to bear upon it. In consequence of strong head-winds, this was not accomplished until the next day.

Late in the afternoon a flag of truce was sent on shore, with a letter to the town authorities. The officer bearing the letter landed at the foot of what was then called King Street. An

immense throng of the excited people met him, and followed him, without noise or violence, to the Town House, where he delivered the letter. It was a document ludicrous for its bad grammar, but clear in its terrible announcement. In brief it was as follows: —

"You have long experienced Britain's forbearance in withholding the rod of correction. You have been guilty of the most unpardonable rebellion. I am ordered to execute just punishment on the town of Falmouth. I give you two hours in which you can remove the sick and the infirm. I shall then open fire, and lay the town in ashes." [1]

Terrible was the consternation which this letter created. For a moment there was perfect silence. All seemed stupefied. There was scarcely a moment's time for deliberation. Three gentlemen were chosen to visit Mowatt, and see if it were not possible to avert the threatened calamity. But Mowatt was inflexible. He said that his orders were peremptory, and that he had risked the loss of his commission by allowing his humanity so far to influence him as to give them any warning whatever; that he was ordered to anchor "opposite the town with all possible expedition, and then burn, sink, and destroy." [2]

It is worthy of remark that the three gentlemen of the committee were all Episcopalians, and members of Rev. Mr. Wiswall's parish, and thus supposed friends of the English. It was late in the afternoon. A long, cold October night was at hand. Mothers and babes, the sick and the dying, were to be driven out into the bleak fields shelterless; there, with tears of agony, to see their homes, their furniture, their clothing, their provisions, all consumed by the cruel flames. A more barbarous order was never issued by a band of Mohawk savages.[3]

The committee expostulated with Mowatt upon the cruelty of his order. They were his friends. They had treated him

[1] See this letter in full, in Willis's History of Portland, p. 517.

[2] Burning of Falmouth, by William Gould, p. 12.

[3] "The vessels came here directly from Boston; and no doubt can be entertained that the order for the destruction of the town proceeded from Admiral Graves, who then commanded in this station." — *History of Portland, by William Willis*, p. 518.

with great hospitality on his previous visit. There were several Tory families in the place who had already suffered much from their adherence to the British Government. Their homes must be consumed with the rest. The flames would make no discrimination. Mowatt was confused and perplexed, and manifested some shame in view of the barbarous order he was called upon to execute.

At length he consented to delay the bombardment until nine o'clock the next morning, if the people would consent to the humiliation of entirely disarming themselves, by delivering to him all the cannon, small arms, and ammunition in the place. If eight small arms were sent before eight o'clock that evening, he would postpone the destruction of the town until he had sent an express to Boston, and received further instructions.

The committee told him frankly that they did not think that the citizens would accept those terms. They returned to the town, and communicated them to the authorities. An anxious multitude was assembled at the Town House to learn the result of the conference. As with one voice the heroic people rejected the humiliating proposal. They however, in order to gain time for the removal of the women, the children, the sick, and as many of their effects as possible, sent the eight small arms, with a message to Mowatt, that they would summon a town meeting at an early hour in the morning, and give him a definite reply before eight o'clock.

In the morning the meeting was held. The citizens, with heroism worthy of Sparta in her brightest days, resolved that they would not surrender their arms to save their property. This answer was sent back at eight o'clock the next morning by the same committee. The members were allowed half an hour to row ashore and escape beyond the reach of the bombardment.

Promptly at nine o'clock, the signal of attack was run up to the mast-head of the flag-ship, and at the same moment the blood-red pennant of British vengeance was unfurled from all the other vessels.[1] It was a beautiful autumnal morning, with

[1] The Burning of Falmouth, by William Gould, p. 14.

a cloudless sky, a gentle breeze, and an invigorating atmosphere. The whole lovely expanse of bay and island and continent seemed to repose in the smiles of a loving God. Falmouth was charmingly situated, on the southern slope of a gentle eminence facing the bay. It was the largest and richest town in the State. There were about four hundred dwelling-houses, quite compactly built, though each had its garden. Some of these dwellings were quite elegant in their structure. There were also capacious churches, a library, and several public buildings of importance, together with many barns and store-houses.

Such was the town which was destroyed, and such the day on which this atrocious act of crime and inhumanity was perpetrated. The bombardment was terrific. From nine o'clock in the morning until six in the evening an incessant storm of cannon-balls, bombs, carcasses, shells, grape-shot, and bullets, fell upon the doomed town. In the mean time one hundred men were landed in boats to apply the torch to the buildings which might be out of the range of shot and shell.[1]

No resistance could be of any avail. The inhabitants ran great risks in their endeavors to save their furniture, while this tempest of war was raging around them. The town soon presented a roaring volcanic sheet of flame. Most of the buildings were of wood, which had been thoroughly dried in the summer sun. Dreadful was the spectacle which the evening of that awful day presented. Two hundred and seventy-eight dwelling-houses were in ashes, in addition to other public and private buildings, which brought the whole number destroyed up to four hundred and fourteen. We cannot here enter into the details of individual misery. Many cases were truly heart-rending.

Edmund Burke says that to speak of atrocious crime in mild language is treason to virtue. There can be no language too strong in which to denounce this fiend-like outrage.[2] A very

[1] History of Portland, by William Willis, p. 519.

[2] We are in cordial sympathy with the spirit manifested by the Rev. Samuel Deane, D.D., who was then pastor of the Congregational church in Portland, and who witnessed the bombardment. He wrote, —

"That execrable scoundrel and monster of ingratitude, Capt. H. Mowatt of Scotland, who had been treated with extraordinary kindness a few months before

careful estimate was made of the amount of the losses experienced. They reached the enormous sum, in those days, of fifty-four thousand five hundred and twenty-seven pounds, thirteen shillings. This was lawful money, which was then equivalent to two hundred and twenty-nine thousand six hundred and thirty-nine dollars in silver.[1]

Soon after this the General Court commenced rearing some fortifications at Falmouth, and sent four hundred soldiers to aid in guarding the coast of Maine. Gen. Washington projected an expedition against Quebec. The force consisted of about eleven hundred men, mainly infantry. Col. Benedict Arnold, whose gallantry was established, and whose patriotism was then unsullied, was placed in command. The troops rendezvoused at Newburyport, Mass., and sailed thence, in ten transports, for Fort Weston, which, it will be remembered, was at the head of tide-water on the Kennebec River. They ascended the river still farther in boats, and marched along the pathless banks, encountering the most exhausting difficulties, until they reached a point about thirty miles above Norridgewock. It was then about the 12th of October.

Here a small fort was built, and a small division left in garrison. A series of terrible disasters ensued. There were gales of almost wintry wind, floods of rain, swollen torrents, swamps, rugged hills, tangled forests, and failing provisions. There was reason to fear that the whole army would actually perish of hunger in the wilderness. Many barrels of food were lost, with

by the town of Falmouth, obtained an order from Graves, one of King George's admirals lying at Boston, to burn and destroy the said town.

"He came before it on the 17th of October, 1775, and near sunset made known his infernal errand, by a flag, with a letter full of bad English and worse spelling; at the same time proposing to spare the town, and endeavor to get the order reversed, if the cannon and arms, with some persons as hostages, were delivered into his hands. The inhabitants assembled, and voted by no means to submit to this infamous proposal. Therefore he spent the next day in cannonading, bombarding, and throwing an immense quantity of carcasses and shells into the defenceless town, and kindling some fires with torches, whereby more than three-quarters of the buildings were reduced to ashes, and the remaining ones greatly torn and damaged; by which horrible devastation many hundred persons were reduced to extreme distress.

"If you do not like the words *execrable scoundrel*, you may substitute *infamous incendiary*, or what you please." — *Diary of Rev. Samuel Deane*, p. 241.

[1] History of Portland, by William Willis, p. 524.

silver, clothes, guns, and ammunition. Upon reaching the mouth of Dead River, far away in the savage wilderness, Col. Enos, in command of the rear guard, and having the sick under his care, abandoned the enterprise, and returned. He had with him about one-fourth of the army. For this movement he was at first severely denounced; but a court-martial decided that he had not acted unwisely in so doing.

Arnold, with his small force, pressed on across the country, a distance of about one hundred miles, toward the Chaudière. He had to force his way through wilds never before trodden but by Indians and the beasts of the forest. On the 30th of October he reached, through toils and sufferings which cannot be adequately described, the northern end of Lake Megantic, where the River Chaudière flows from that vast sheet of water. Their distress was then so great, and their remaining provisions so small, that Arnold divided all the supplies among the companies, and directed them to press on, regardless of military order, in search of the Canadian villages.

For a month they toiled along without seeing a house, or any human being save their own disheartened and emaciated companions. Every morsel of food was consumed before they had arrived within thirty miles of the first Canadian village. They killed their dogs, and devoured them. They boiled, and then broiled upon the fire and ate, their breeches, moccasins, and bayonet-belts, which were made of tanned moose-hide. On the 4th of November they reached the mouth of De Loup River. In that northern latitude it was cold, dreary, and stormy. Quebec, on the St. Lawrence, was still ninety miles north of them. Many died of fatigue and hunger. Often a man would drop down in such utter misery, that in less than five minutes he would be dead.

The situation of the army was awful. To retreat was impossible; for there was nothing but certain starvation before them in the wilderness. To stop where they were, was inevitable death. To march forward was almost hopeless. They were in utter destitution. The men tottered along so feebly that they could scarcely shoulder a gun. Washington, with his characteristic humanity, had instructed these troops to abstain from every act of violence upon the people of Canada.

"I charge you," he wrote, "that you consider yourselves as marching, not through an enemy's country, but that of your friends and brethren; for such the inhabitants of Canada and the Indian nations have approved themselves in this unhappy contest between Great Britain and America."

Col. Arnold had been furnished with money, in specie, to the mount of about four thousand dollars. His troops now began to reach thriving Canadian and Indian villages. With great cheerfulness the inhabitants supplied him with food. With recruited energies the army pressed on, hoping to find Quebec undefended and without a garrison. On the 8th of November they reached Point Levi, on the southern bank of the river opposite Quebec. The appearance of the American troops, emerging from the vast and dreary wilderness, was as unexpected as if they had descended from the clouds. It is said, that, could they have immediately crossed the river, Quebec might have been taken.

But the men were greatly exhausted. There was a high, piercing wintry wind, roughening the wide surface of the stream. Boats could not readily be procured. Thus the golden opportunity was lost. The British authorities fortified the city. Arnold had about seven hundred men at Point Levi, fifty of whom were friendly Indians. On the first of December, Gen. Montgomery arrived with three armed schooners, six hundred men, and a supply of food, clothing, and ammunition. They made a united attack upon Quebec, on the 31st of December. The assailants were repelled, Montgomery fell, and the Americans evacuated Canada.

The General Court, that winter, organized Maine into a military division. A brigadier-general was appointed over the militia in each county. All able-bodied males, between sixteen and sixty, were enrolled to do military duty, with the exception of settled ministers of the gospel, Quakers, colored men, and Indians.

The awful war of the Revolution was raging south of Maine, while a small garrison was stationed at Falmouth with a battery of six cannon. The cruelties perpetrated by the British Government were so great that every hour the resentment of the

Americans, against the unnatural mother country, was increasing. On the 4th of July, 1776, the Continental Congress declared these colonies to be free, sovereign, and independent.

The Indians of Maine had, thus far, remained quiet. Trading-houses had been established at Fort Pownal, near where Bangor now stands, and at Machias. The Penobscot and Passamaquoddy Indians were cordially friendly to the Americans. Ten of the chiefs of the tribes still farther east repaired to Massachusetts, and entered into a treaty of alliance with the government, engaging to send six hundred men to join the army of Gen. Washington. The small settlements of Camden and Machias raised two hundred men for the defence of the country. Thirty men, ten of whom were Indians, were stationed at Fort Pownal for the defence of the valley of the Penobscot.

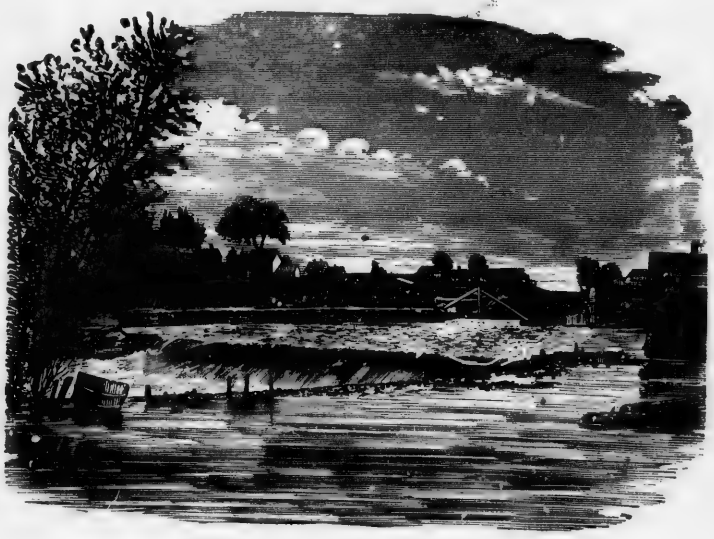
On the 7th of November, 1776, the town of Warren was incorporated. It was named in honor of Gen. Warren who fell at Bunker Hill. This was the thirty-fifth town of the State, and was the first one which had been incorporated on St. George's River, though that valley had been settled for about forty years. There were for many years two settlements in this region, — one at Warren, and one at Thomaston.[1] St. George's Fort was their common resort in times of peril. They were called the "Upper and Lower Towns." In the year 1753, seventy emigrants from Sterling, in Scotland, settled in a cluster in this vicinity. Subsequently their village took the name of the city which they had left.

England found that her colonies developed unexpected energies. Our cruisers were remarkably successful. During the war they captured prizes to the amount of about seven million dollars. Amidst many reverses and many woes, the victory at Trenton filled the country with exultation. Our ally France, in the spring of 1777, sent to the colonies a large amount of arms and military stores. For the defence of the coast of Maine, companies were raised and stationed at Falmouth, Cape Eliza-

[1] Warren contains twenty-seven thousand acres. The river is navigable to Andrews Pond, for vessels of one hundred tons. Shad and alewives were formerly taken in immense quantities in the river. The natives marked a tree, near the first falls, above which they forbade the English to fish. — *MS. Narrative of Warren by Cyrus Eaton, as quoted by Williamson*, vol. ii. p. 456.

beth, and Boothbay. At the latter place there was a battery of five cannon, the largest of which was a twelve-pounder. They were supplied with fifty rounds of cartridges.[1]

Machias became a very important place. It was raised to a continental establishment. There was an important mill privilege here which attracted settlers. Three hundred volunteer soldiers were placed there in garrison. Ample stores for trade with the Indians were shipped to that place, that their continued



LOWER FALLS, EAST MACHIAS, ME.

friendship might be secured. The Indians remained friendly, and many of them enlisted in the service of the Americans.

On the 11th of January, 1777, the flourishing plantation of Fryeburg was incorporated. The place had renown as the former seat of a large village belonging to the tribe of Sokokis Indians. It was also the theatre of Lovewell's disastrous fight in the year 1725. The Indians called the place Pegwacket.[2]

[1] Bradford's Mass., vol. ii. p. 133. [2] Williamson, vol. ii. p. 459.

On the 20th of March, Thomaston was incorporated. This made the thirty-seventh town in the State. Its Indian name was Georgeekeag. Thomaston received its name from a brave officer of Massachusetts, Major-Gen. John Thomas, who had died the preceding May, in the service of his country. The fort in this place gave it celebrity above any other town in the valley of the St. George. In 1750 the fort was so crowded, in consequence of the Indian war, that about twenty families built two rows of block-houses, one hundred rods from the fort, and surrounded them with palisades ten feet high. All the men served alternately as guards and sentinels, ever ready to muster to repel an attack.

The British sent four war-vessels, to batter down Machias. They anchored about a mile below the junction of East and West Machias Rivers. They burned two dwelling-houses, and several other buildings. The barges then, in a dead calm, towed two of the vessels, a brig and a sloop, to the mouth of Middle River, about half a mile below the falls. The garrison, aided by the Indians, opened a deadly fire from each shore upon the barges, and drove the sailors from their boats on board the brig. The current swept her ashore. The men were driven by the bullets, from the deck into the hold. The rising tide soon floated the brig; but the fire from the north shore was kept up so briskly that the men could not work her, and she soon grounded again.

It was indeed a wonderful scene which was then and there witnessed. There were fifty Passamaquoddy Indians engaged in the attack upon the vessels. It was congenial work for them. They could run along the shore, hide behind the trees, stumps, and logs, and take deliberate aim at their foes, without endangering themselves. Every man in the place, capable of bearing arms, rushed to the conflict. The Indians kept up an incessant, shrill war-whoop. The white people re-echoed the shout. These yells, from foes who were scarcely visible, echoing through the forest, led the English to suppose that the shores were lined with thousands of savages.

A breeze arose. Aided by this the two vessels effected a retreat to the other two vessels which were at anchor. The

officers, surprised at the vigor of the resistance which they had encountered, after the delay of a few days abandoned the enterprise. The Indians merited and received the gratitude of the Americans for their faithful adherence to their cause. Had they listened to the appeals of the English, they might easily, with their aid, have destroyed all the eastern settlements.[1]

In the year 1777, Burgoyne's surrender caused nine thousand of our enemies to lay down their arms.[2] There was no longer any fear of the invasion of Maine from Canada. During the progress of the war Maine gained much celebrity from the hardy and skilled seamen she furnished our infant navy. In addition to their almost perfect seamanship, they were generally young men of good character and habits. Commodore Samuel Tucker, one of the bravest of the brave, who conveyed in a Continental frigate Hon. John Adams as American envoy to France, was a native of Bristol, Me. Hon. Mr. Sprague, in his eulogy of Adams and Jefferson, relates the following well-authenticated anecdote of an event which occurred on the passage: —

On the 14th of March, a vessel hove in sight. Capt. Tucker soon came up with it, and found it to be an armed British cruiser. After a hotly contested battle it was captured. In the midst of the tumult and the carnage, Capt. Tucker, much to his surprise, saw his illustrious passenger on deck, musket in hand, fighting like a common sailor. The captain, who was a very powerful man, rushed up to Mr. Adams, and in excited accents exclaimed, "You here, sir! You have no business here, sir! I am commanded to carry you safely to Europe; and, God helping me, I will do it." So saying, he seized Mr. Adams in his arms, and carried him, as though he were a child, down into the cabin.[3]

In the year 1778, two new towns were incorporated. The first was Coxhall, subsequently Lyman, named probably in honor of Theodore Lyman of Boston. A few settlers had

[1] "Great credit is due to the Indians for their rigid adherence to our cause; although, at times, the commissary's department was destitute of sufficient provisions and clothing for them." — *Judge Jones.*

[2] The British force surrendered was 6,280; Burgoyne's other losses amounted to 2,933. Total, 9,213. — *Holmes's American Annals*, vol. ii. p. 391.

[3] Life of John Adams. Lives of The Presidents, p. 74.

penetrated the wilderness at this place, about ten years before. The other town was Gray, so named from one of its proprietors. Nearly thirty years before, an attempt had been made to establish a settlement here; but, during the French war, the plantation had been laid waste. In all these new towns the inhabitants were ardent friends of liberty. The Tories resided in the more opulent towns, where officers, under the British Government, exerted a powerful influence over the aristocratic circles of society. This year a law was passed confiscating the estates of three hundred and ten of the Tories, who had resided in the State, but who had many of them fled, taking refuge on board the British fleet. They generally deemed it impossible that the Americans could resist the power of Great Britain, and doubted not that they would soon be returned in triumph to their homes.

The battle of Monmouth, on the 28th of June, 1778, gave new hopes to the Americans; which hopes received another impulse from the arrival of a French fleet of twelve ships of the line and six frigates, to aid them in their struggle against their gigantic foe. The territory of Massachusetts, which included Maine, was at this time divided into three districts, the Northern, Middle, and Southern. The counties of York, Cumberland, and Lincoln received the distinctive name of the "District of Maine." Timothy Langdon, Esq., an eminent lawyer of Wiscasset, was appointed judge.

In 1779 Pittston was incorporated. It was the fortieth town in the State, and the last which was incorporated by the General Court under the royal charter. A settlement had been commenced there about eighteen years before. In May of this year, the British sent a fleet of seven or eight war-ships, to plunder and burn the settlements on the Penobscot. Nearly a thousand men embarked in this fleet at Halifax. They landed on the 12th, at Biguyduce,[1] now Castine, and commenced building a strong fort that they might command the whole of the valley. The detested Mowatt was assigned to this station, with three sloops of war.

This movement created much alarm. The General Court of

[1] This name, taken from a French gentleman, Major Biguyduce, who formerly resided there, was pronounced Bageduce.

Massachusetts, with the approval of the Colonial Government, promptly fitted out for the capture of the port, a fleet of nineteen armed vessels and twenty-four transports. The fleet carried three hundred and forty-four guns, and was amply supplied with material of war. The command of the expedition was intrusted to Commodore Saltonstall, of New Haven, Conn. He was undoubtedly a patriot and a brave man; but he was sadly deficient in military skill. The enterprise proved a total failure, followed by an awful loss of life and property. It is very clear that the fort could have been taken had proper measures been adopted. Gens. Lovell and Wadsworth, who commanded the land force, conducted with great bravery, but they were not supported by the commodore. The assaults which were made were so feeble that the garrison was enabled to strengthen its works, and to send to Halifax for aid.

On the 14th of August, a formidable British fleet of seven vessels entered the harbor. The result was that the American fleet was annihilated. Some of the vessels were captured by the English. Some were run ashore and burned. Nearly all were abandoned. The sailors and marines commenced a retreat through the vast wilderness, to the Kennebec. After great suffering, most of them reached the forts on the river. This utter defeat was extremely humiliating. The General Court, after a thorough investigation of the affair, pronounced sentence incapacitating Commodore Saltonstall from ever after holding a commission in the service of the State, and honorably acquitting Gens. Lovell and Wadsworth.

The British now seemed to be securely established at the mouth of the Penobscot. The American settlers, on the banks and the island, were exposed to constant insults and injuries. After the repulse of the fleet, the British sent a party up the river to Bucksport, where they burned five dwelling-houses and all the out-buildings, and returned to the fort with the plunder. The people of the struggling little settlement in Belfast were plundered, and so outrageously abused that they were forced to abandon their homes and all their possessions, and in destitution and tears to seek refuge where they could. It seems difficult to account for the fact that British officers, who had wives and

children, and who were generally gentlemen by birth, could be guilty of such inhumanity as to burn the log cabins of poor settlers, rob them of their little all, and drive out mothers, babes, and maidens to perish of hunger and exposure in the wilderness.

There was a poor man by the name of John Gilky, living upon an island. He was absent, and only his wife and children remained in the lonely cabin. A boat's crew of Englishmen landed. They plundered his house, and shot his five cows, though the mother, with tears and on her knees, implored them to spare her at least one for her children. These men, sent on this diabolical mission from an English ship, then retired, leaving the family in the depths of woe.

An English soldier fled from one of these ships. It is probable that he was in favor of American liberty, and did not like the employment he was in. Faint and hungry he came to the house of Shubael Williams. The kind-hearted American, poor as he was, gave him a seat by his cabin-fire, and fed him. Williams was seized by the British, and was charged with encouraging the man to desert. These English officers, who called themselves civilized and even Christian men, sentenced the poor man to receive five hundred lashes at the whipping-post.[1] The writer regrets to record such deeds, but history is unfaithful to its trust if atrocious acts are not held up to public execration. Many Tories from Massachusetts fled to this region, to be under the protection of the English. All the eastern towns were now in great peril from a foe more to be dreaded than the Indians. The General Court sent three hundred men to Falmouth, two hundred to Camden, and a hundred to Machias. The command of this eastern department was assigned to Gen. Wadsworth. His headquarters were at Thomaston.

The island of Mount Desert suffered severely from the ravages of the enemy. Boats' crews were often landing, shooting the cattle, and plundering the helpless inhabitants. Bath, the forty-first town in the State, was incorporated in the year 1781. It had previously been considered the second parish of George-

[1] Williamson's History of Maine, vol. ii. p. 430.

town. The first settlement here was in about the year 1670. The land was purchased of two sagamores, Elderunkin and Nenement.

Bath has become one of the most important commercial towns in Maine. It is admirably located on the western bank of Kennebec River, twelve miles from its mouth. The largest ships can float in its secure harbor, which is never impeded by ice. Capt. George Weymouth, as we have mentioned in the early part of this history, ascended the river to this point, in the summer of 1605. He landed, with a boat's crew, and wrote, —

"We passed over very good ground, pleasant and fertile, and fit for pasture, having but little wood, and that oak, like that standing in our pastures in England, good and great, fit timber for any use. There were also some small birch, hazel, and brake, which could easily be cleared away, and made good arable land." [1]

Ship-building has been its principal business. In the year 1847 it received a city charter, and in 1854 became the shire-town of Sagadahoc County.

During the vicissitudes of the war, Gen. Wadsworth was residing in a secluded habitation, on the banks of a small rill in Thomaston. His family consisted of Mrs. Wadsworth, an infant daughter, a son five years of age, and a young lady, Miss Fenno, a friend of Mrs. Wadsworth. Six soldiers were on guard. The English at Biguyduce heard of his defenceless condition, and sent a party of twenty-five men, under Lieut. Stockton, to capture him. It was the 18th of February. The ground was covered with snow, and it was intensely cold.

At midnight the party approached the house. The sentinel, outside at the door, seeing such a band approach, rushed into the kitchen, which was used as a guard-room. The English discharged a volley of bullets through the open door. The house was immediately surrounded, the windows dashed in, and volleys discharged into the sleeping apartments of the general and of Miss Fenno. The general, armed with a brace of pistols, a fusee, and a blunderbuss, fought with great intrepidity, driving the foe from before his window and from the door. The attack

[1] Maine Historical Collection, vol. v. Address by John McKeen, Esq.

was renewed through the entry. The general defended himself with a bayonet until a bullet passed through his arm, rendering him helpless. He then surrendered. He would have been shot down in cold blood had not an officer pushed aside the gun of the assassin.

Awful was the spectacle then witnessed. The general and nearly all of his guard were wounded, and their persons and the floors were stained with blood. One poor creature, writhing in anguish from a dreadful wound, begged them to shoot him and thus end his torture. The windows and the doors were dashed in, and the house was on fire. The thickly flying bullets fortunately struck neither of the females nor the children. The general had sprung from his bed, and was in his night-dress. The bullet had struck his elbow, and the arm, from which the blood was gushing, hung helpless at his side; and he announced a surrender. An English officer came into his room with a lighted candle, and said, "You have defended yourself bravely. But we must be in haste. We will help you put on your clothes."

The excruciating pain of his wound rendered it impossible for him to wear his coat. It was given to a soldier to carry, and a blanket was spread over his shoulders to protect him from the piercing wintry blast. His wife begged permission to examine and dress the wound. This was not permitted. A handkerchief was bound around the arm to stay, in some degree, the rapid gushing of the blood.

Several of the British soldiers were wounded. Two of them were placed upon the general's horse, which was brought from the barn, while he, faint from loss of blood, was compelled to walk four miles, through the snow, to the vessel from which the party had landed. After toiling along for a mile, his strength entirely gave out. As one of the wounded British soldiers who was riding was apparently dying, they left him at a house, and the general was placed upon the horse behind the other soldier. When they reached the shore, off which the vessel, which was an English privateer, lay at anchor, the captain approached him, and exclaimed ferociously, "You damned rebel, go and help them launch the boat, or I will run you through with my sword."

Gen. Wadsworth replied, "I am a prisoner, wounded and helpless. You may treat me as you please."

Lieut. Stockton came promptly to the rescue, and, addressing the brutal fellow, said, "Your conduct shall be reported to your superiors. The prisoner is a gentleman. He has made a brave defence. He is entitled to be treated honorably."

The general was granted a berth in the cabin, and such other comforts as circumstances would allow. The next day the vessel reached Biguyduce. The place was thronged with British officers, sailors, soldiers, and *Tories*, who had taken refuge there. They crowded the shore to see the captives landed, and assailed them with shouts of rage and contempt.

Protected from mob violence by a guard, they were marched half a mile to the fort. A surgeon dressed the general's wounds, and he was treated with great humanity. Gen. Campbell, who commanded at the fort, expressed his high admiration of the heroic defence Gen. Wadsworth had made against such fearful odds. "I have heard," he said, "of the treatment you received from the captain of the privateer, and I shall compel him to make to you a suitable apology."

A comfortable room was assigned him, he breakfasted and dined at the table of the commandant, and books were furnished him to relieve the weariness of his imprisonment. There was an encampment of American soldiers at Camden, on the western side of Penobscot Bay, about twenty-one miles from Biguyduce. Lieut. Stockton allowed his prisoner to send to that station, which was but four miles from the place where he had been captured, a letter to his wife, and another to the governor of Massachusetts, by a flag of truce.

Gen. Wadsworth felt extreme anxiety in reference to his family. He had been so hurried away that he knew not their fate. At the close of a fortnight he learned that they were safe. His little son, buried in the bed-clothes, had escaped the bullets which had been flying so thickly through the chamber. The wounds of the general proved to be very severe. It was five weeks before he could move about. He wished for the customary permission of going abroad on his parole; but this privilege was denied him.

After close confinement of two months, his wife and Miss Fenno were allowed to make him a short visit. He then ascertained that he was to be sent to England, to be tried as a rebel. The British authorities were treating the American prisoners of war with the utmost brutality. If sent to London, there was but slight chance of his escaping the gibbet. About this time Major Benjamin Burton was captured, and was imprisoned in the same room with Gen. Wadsworth. He was a very brave man, who had been attached to a fortress in the present town of Cushing. His intrepidity had attracted the attention of the English, and excited their malevolence. It was soon evident that they were both to be transported to England.

Goaded by this peril, they effected their escape through toils and sufferings, scarcely exceeded by the world-renowned adventures of Baron Trenck. They were in a grated room within the fort. The walls of the fort were twenty feet high, surrounded by a ditch. Sentinels were stationed upon the walls, and on the outside of the portals which opened from the fortress. Guards were also stationed at the door of their room. Outside of the ditch there was another set of soldiers, who were patrolling through the night. The fort was on a peninsula, and a picket-guard was placed at the isthmus to prevent any escape to the mainland. Under these circumstances it would seem that escape were impossible.

With a penknife and a gimlet, they, in three weeks' labor, cut an aperture through the pine-board ceiling of their room. Every cut was concealed by paste made of bread moistened in their mouths. On the 18th of June the long wished for night of darkness, thunder, and tempest came. The midnight gale, with flooding rain, drove all to seek shelter. At twelve o'clock they removed the panel which they had cut out. By the aid of a chair they crept into an entry above. The darkness was like that of Egypt. They groped their way along, and soon became hopelessly separated. Wadsworth succeeded in reaching the top of the wall by an oblique path used by the soldiers. Fastening his blanket to a picket, he let himself down until he dropped into the ditch. Cautiously creeping between the sentry boxes, he reached the open field.

The gale still swept the plains, and the rain fell in floods. He groped his way through rocks and stumps and brush, till he reached an old abandoned guard-house on the shore of the back cove. This was the rendezvous where the two friends had agreed to meet. He waited half an hour; but as Major Burton did not appear he sadly gave him up as lost. It was low water. He waded across the cove, which was a mile in width, the water often reaching nearly to his armpits. Thence he pressed on another mile, through a road which he had formerly caused to be cut for the removal of cannon.

The sun was now rising. He was still on the eastern banks of the Penobscot, about eight miles above the fort. It was a beautiful June morning. The smiles of God seemed to be resting upon a world which its wicked inhabitants were filling with misery. At that moment the general, to his inexpressible joy, saw his companion approaching. The meeting was rapturous.

They found a boat upon the shore. With it they crossed the broad river, and landed on the western bank, just below Orphan Island. They had but just landed, when a barge of the enemy was seen in the distance, evidently in pursuit. Gen. Wadsworth had a small pocket compass. Guided by this they directed their course in a south-west direction, and after three days of toil and suffering reached the habitations of American settlers. They obtained horses, and were soon with their friends in Thomaston.[1]

[1] Gen. Peleg Wadsworth was born in Duxbury, Mass., May 6, 1748, and graduated at Harvard College in the class of 1769. Immediately after the battle of Lexington he raised a company of minute-men, and was second in command of the expedition against Biguyduce. He came to Falmouth in 1784, and in 1785–6 built the first brick house in the town, still standing, and in which the poet Longfellow passed his youth. In 1792 he was elected the first representative to Congress from the Cumberland district. He died in Hiram, Me., in 1829, at the age of eighty-one. He was the maternal grandfather of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, the poet, his daughter, Zilpah, having married Stephen Longfellow, the poet's father, in 1804.

VIEW OF PORTLAND, ME

VIEW OF PORTLAND, ME

CHAPTER XXII.

THE WAR OF 1812, AND THE SEPARATION.

Expenses of the War — The Question of Separation — Increase of Towns — Counties Formed — Bowdoin College chartered — The Farmington Schools — Lewiston — Augusta and its Institutions — Waterville — Gardiner — The War of 1812 — Causes of the War — Incidents of the Conflict — Increase of Population and Towns — The Penobscot Valley ravaged — General Alarm — Scenes in Castine — Peace — The "Ohio Fever" — The Separation — Maine an Independent State.

THROUGH all this dreadful conflict with England, the Indians of Maine remained firm in their alliance with the Americans. The coasts were ravaged by English cruisers. This led many settlers to push farther back into the wilderness. Four years after the capture of Burgoyne, the British army, under Lord Cornwallis, on the 27th of October, 1781, surrendered at Yorktown, to the combined force of France and America. The British were vanquished. Their cause was hopeless. A treaty of peace was signed at Paris, on the 3d of September, 1783. All hostilities ceased, and the British armies were withdrawn from our shores. England, in this senseless war, sacrificed one hundred thousand lives of her own subjects and mercenaries, and added a sum amounting to six hundred million dollars to her national debt. America gained her independence at an expense of the lives of fifty thousand of her patriotic citizens, and a debt of forty-five million dollars; and this was in addition to individual losses and expenditures which can never be adequately estimated.[1]

The Indians had won the kindly feelings of all. But they

[1] Williamson, vol. ii. p. 564; Mass. Hist. Coll., vol. ii. p. 402.

were no longer freeholders of the soil. They were allowed restricted territory, and all other regions were in the possession of the State. The District of Maine embraced, it was estimated, thirty million acres. An immense tide of emigration began to flow in upon these rich lands. A day of prosperity had dawned. In 1784 Machias, which had been deemed the most noted plantation in Maine, was incorporated. It took its name from a river passing through it, which the Indians called Mechises. The Tories of Maine generally retired across the Bay of Fundy, to the English province of New Brunswick.

In March, 1785, James Bowdoin was elected governor of Massachusetts. Three new towns were incorporated this year,—Shapleigh, Parsonsfield, and Standish. The last was named in honor of the renowned Capt. Miles Standish. The question arose respecting the separation of the District of Maine from the State of Massachusetts. But the inhabitants of Maine were so widely scattered, that it was impossible to obtain an expression of public opinion. Conventions were held, addresses issued, and various measures adopted, to form and to ascertain the views of the people.

In the year 1786, Falmouth was divided. The peninsula and several of the adjoining islands were incorporated into a town by the name of Portland. For more than a hundred and fifty years there had been cabins and hunting camps on the Neck. Turner and Union were also incorporated this year. In the town of Union there were but seventeen families. The whole population amounted to but one hundred and fifty souls. Great efforts were made to ascertain, by a general convention, the wishes of the people of the State in reference to separation. It was found that the whole number of towns and plantations in the State amounted to ninety-three. This was in the year 1787. At the convention nine hundred and ninety-four votes were thrown. Six hundred and forty-five of these were in favor of separation. But, when the motion was made to petition the legislature for a separation, it was lost. The question was reconsidered; and, after a very hot debate, it was carried by a majority of but two votes. The majority was not deemed sufficient for pressing so important a measure. Massachusetts,

desiring to retain the district, was very generous in its legislation. Wild lands were exempted from taxation. Roads were constructed at the public expense. Every permanent settler was granted a deed for a hundred acres of land, upon paying five dollars. During this year, Penobscot, Limerick, and Waterborough were incorporated. Penobscot embraced the present town of Castine.

In the year 1788, a convention in Boston adopted the Federal Constitution, and abolished slavery from the Commonwealth. Maine was entitled to send one representative to Congress.

Harvard University had long been established. It was deemed important that a literary institution of high order should be established at Maine. The legislature appropriated the township of Dixmont for that purpose. Bowdoin, Orrington, Norridgewock, Greene, Fairfield, Canaan, and Nobleborough were incorporated this year.

The next year, 1789, a great cluster of towns came into being; namely, Sedgwick, Cushing, Islesborough, Bluehill, Deer Isle, Freeport, Trenton, Goldsborough, Sullivan, Mount Desert, Durham, Frankport, and Vinalhaven. This rapid progress indicates the prosperity of the State. In 1789 George Washington was elected President of the United States, and was inaugurated in New York on the 30th of April. The rapid increase of towns led to the formation, in 1789, of two new counties, Hancock and Washington. Penobscot, now Castine, became the shire-town of Hancock, and Machias of Washington County.

A federal census was taken this year, when it was found that the population of Maine had reached the unexpected number of ninety-six thousand five hundred and forty souls. The territory was now formally organized into a district, and invested with various rights of jurisdiction. Both the lumber and the fur business continued very profitable. In the year 1791, three towns were incorporated, Camden, Bangor, and Readfield. The Indian name of the first of these was Megunticook. Its new name was given in honor of Lord Camden, a warm friend of the Americans during the Revolution.[1]

[1] When the royal proclamation was issued to employ the savages against the Americans, Lord Camden indignantly exclaimed in Parliament:—

BLETHEN HALL. BEARCE HALL. SAMPSON HALL.

MAINE WESLEYAN SEMINARY AND FEMALE COLLEGE, KENT'S HILL.

Bangor had been called Kenduskeag. Rev. Seth Noble was influential in obtaining the act of incorporation. It had been urged upon him that the town should be called Sunbury, in reference to its charming location. But he, not fancying the name, took the liberty of substituting that of his favorite tune, Bangor.[2]

Readfield, the seventy-fourth town of the State, was taken from Winthrop. It subsequently became the seat of the Maine Wesleyan Seminary. This is one of the most important and flourishing literary institutions in the State. It is alike distinguished for its intellectual, its moral, and its religious influence. Though it was not instituted until the year 1825, its graduates may now be found in almost every State in the Union. The reader will find, annexed, a very correct pictorial sketch of the seminary buildings.

The next year six towns were incorporated. Monmouth, which, as a plantation, had been called Wales, took its new name in memory of the celebrated battle fought in June, 1778. Here also an academy was established in 1809, which obtained much celebrity throughout the State.

Sidney was taken from Vassalborough. Limington had previously been called the Ossipee Plantation. Hebron with its Biblical name was called originally Philip Gore. Here also there was a very important academy, endowed with a half township of land. Bucksport had been called Buckstown, from one of its first settlers, Col. Jonathan Buck. The village is beautifully situated on the eastern banks of the Penobscot, and enjoys one of the finest harbors that magnificent river affords. Mount Vernon commemorates the sacred spot on the Potomac, which every American, in all time, will approach with veneration.

Two towns only, from the vast expanse of wild lands, were incorporated in the year 1793. Buckfield had been called Number Five. Benjamin Spaulding first entered its forests in the

Such a proposition ought to be damned. It holds forth a war of revenge, such as Moloch in Pandemonium advised. It will fix an inveterate hatred in the Americans against the very name of Englishmen. This will be left a legacy, from father to son, to the latest posterity."

[2] Williamson, vol. ii. p. 552.

BOWDOIN COLLEGE, BRUNSWICK

year 1776, and cut down a few trees. With several associates he purchased the township in 1788, of the Commonwealth, for two shillings an acre. Paris was formerly Number Four. The axe was, for the first time, heard in its densely wooded solitudes in the year 1779. It became eventually the shire-town of Oxford County.

Upon the commencement of the French Revolution in 1789, there was much division of public opinion in Maine. The Americans saw no French newspapers. All the information they could gain, of the tremendous events which were transpiring, was drawn from the British press. Very many were consequently in sympathy with the British Government, in its warfare against the new institutions in France. But there were also many in sympathy with the French people, in their efforts to throw off the despotic yoke of their ancient kings.

In the year 1794, the population of Maine had so increased that the District was entitled to three representatives in Congress. On the 24th of June of this year, a charter was granted to Bowdoin College. A Protestant from France, whose French name was Pierre Bauduoin, but who took the English name of Bowdoin, fled from Catholic persecution to Falmouth. He soon died in Boston, leaving a widow and family in charge of his eldest son James. This son became very wealthy, and, at the age of seventy, bequeathed his large estate to his two sons, James and William.

James became governor of Massachusetts, increased his property, and left a large fortune to *his* son James. This wealthy young man graduated at Oxford University in England, travelled extensively through Europe; purchased a large and very valuable library, particularly rich in French literature and science. He also had a gallery of seventy elegant paintings, and a collection of fine models of crystallography. All these he bequeathed to Bowdoin College, with seven thousand acres of land, and other property to the amount of about five thousand five hundred dollars, and several valuable articles of philosophical apparatus.[1]

[1] Decade of Addresses, by Dr. Allen, p. 267.

Rev. Joseph McKeen, D.D., was the first president of the college. He was distinguished for his noble character and his superior attainments. Under the succeeding presidents, the college has taken rank among the highest institutions in our

WESTERN NORMAL SCHOOL, FARMINGTON.

land. This is not the place to enter into the details of its history; but we cannot refrain from saying that the incumbent of this difficult and responsible office, in 1875, Gov. Cham

berlain had alike distinguished himself as a college professor, as a major-general guiding patriot troops on the field of battle, as governor of the State of Maine, and as president of the college. The accompanying illustration gives a correct view of the college buildings.

Maine seems to have been regarded as a peculiarly favored region. Population flowed into it so fast, that, in the next thirteen months, nineteen new towns were incorporated, nearly

SCENERY AT ABBOTT FAMILY SCHOOL, FARMINGTON, ME.

all of which contained at least five hundred inhabitants. One of these, Farmington, deserves rather special notice. Upon the rich meadows through which the sandy river glides, the corn-fields of the Canabus Indians formerly waved in the breeze. This beautiful village has become quite renowned for its cluster of literary institutions.

Farmington Academy was incorporated in 1807, and for about

MANSION, ABBOTT FAMILY SCHOOL, AT LITTLE BLUE, FARMINGTON, ME.

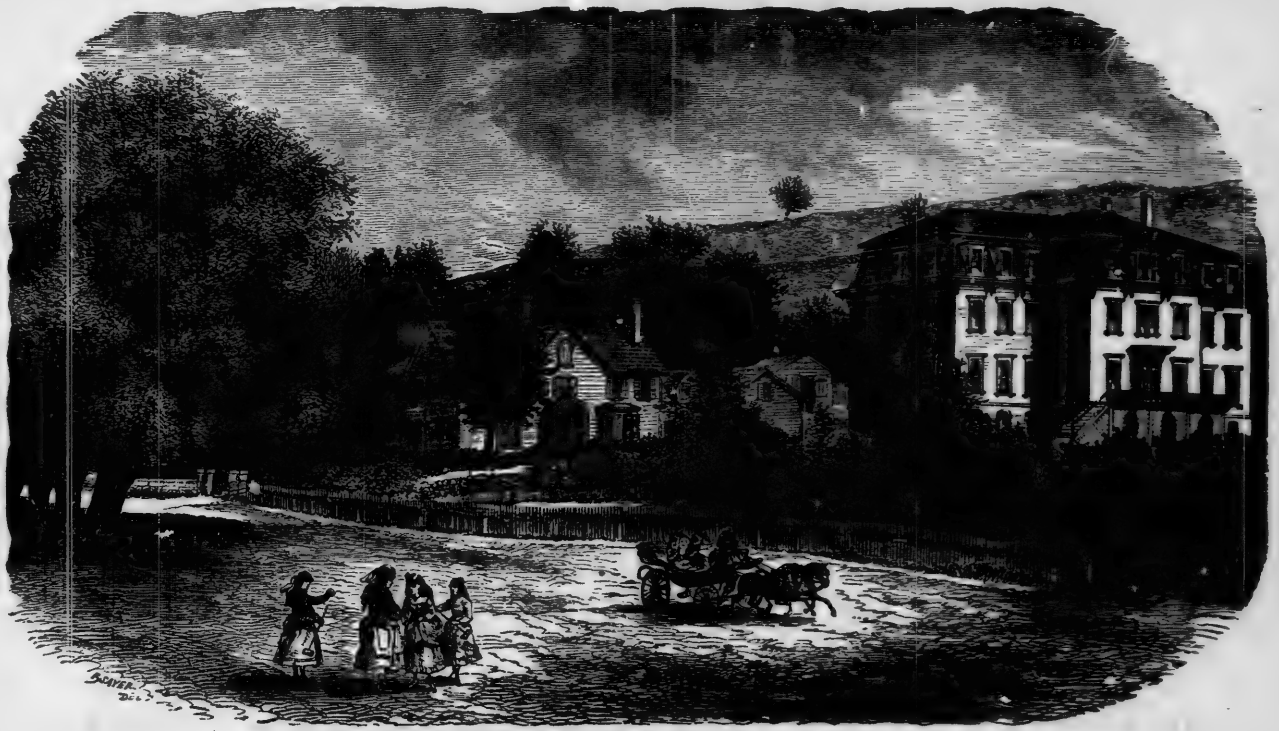
half a century enjoyed a high reputation for its classical, mathematical, and scientific instruction. In August, 1864 it was merged into the first state normal school, which has been efficiently and successfully managed from the start. Up to 1892, it has graduated, in the regular course, 596 female and 174 male, and in the advance course, 24 female and 9 male, teachers, whose improved work in our common schools has raised them to a high rank. A view of the building is given on page 404.

Another institution, a family school for boys, called Little Blue, has obtained celebrity far beyond the limits of the state. The most prominent object in the landscape of this region is Mount Blue. Upon the grounds upon which the beautiful cluster of school edifices is reared, there is a winding brook, a small pond, and a very singular natural mound, seventy or eighty feet high, covered with dense forest. To this mound the name of Little Blue was given, and hence the name of the school. The institution is sometimes called the "Abbott Family School," as the original building was the residence of the Rev. Jacob Abbott; and his brother Samuel established the school. It is impossible without a series of views, to give a correct idea of the varied and picturesque beauty of the grounds. See one view on page 405 and principal buildings on opposite page.

A popular educational seminary was established in 1868 in Farmington by the sisters, Julia H. and Sara R. May, who evinced a remarkable aptitude for the work. At length a valuable donation was received from Dr. Abraham Wendell, a native of the place, though residing in Peru, S. A.; a charter was obtained 1870, under the title of Wendell Institute. In 1881 at the earnest solicitation of friends, who built and presented them a building, they removed to Strong, their native place, and continued till 1892. Forty-five of their pupils have entered colleges.

In the spring of 1870, a family school for girls was started by Miss Lucy G. Belcher in Farmington, and the buildings shown on page 408 were dedicated Dec. 26, 1871, by the name of "The Willows," from a magnificent row of willow trees fronting the grounds. It was successfully continued till 1875, when it was

MANSION, ABBOTT FAMILY SCHOOL, AT LITTLE BLUE, FARMINGTON, ME.



FAMILY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, AT "THE WILLOWS," FARMINGTON, ME.

discontinued. In 1887 the property was purchased by an association, mostly citizens of Farmington, and converted into a hotel, known as Hotel Willows.

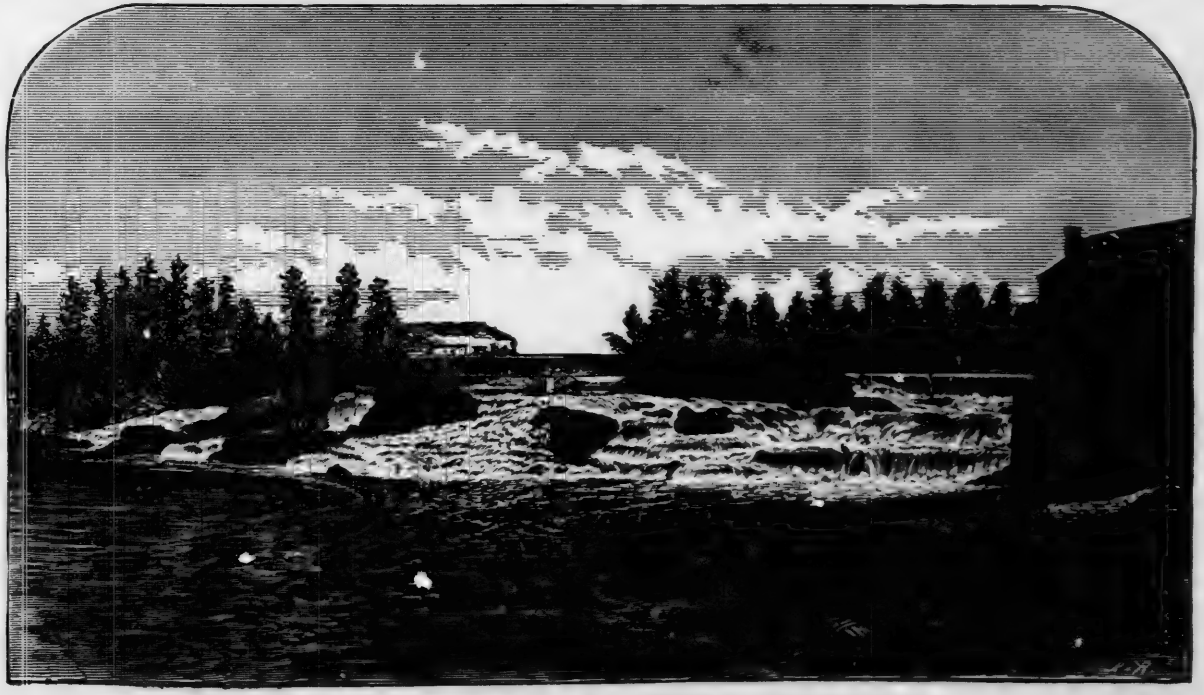
Farmington has one of the best systems of graded public schools in the state. A handsome two-story with basement wooden building contains the high, grammar, and intermediate grades; while the building formerly the Wendell Institute, contains the first and second primary grades. Young men and ladies are fitted for college in the high school.

Of the new towns incorporated in 1794, Alfred was named from Alfred the Great. Bridgeton took its name from Mr. Moody Bridges, of Andover, Mass., one of its chief proprietors. Prospect was so called from the beautiful scenery which, from one of its eminences, charmed the eye of every beholder. Hampden honors the name of England's illustrious son, John Hampden. Newfield, Cornish, New Sharon, Unity, Dresden, and Alna, were wilderness regions which poor emigrants had penetrated for the sake of cheap land, and where, having cut clearings in the forest, they reared their log huts, planted their wheat and corn amidst the blackened stumps, and, with great toil, obtained but frugal fare.

In the year 1795, Poland, Litchfield, Lewiston, Steuben, Fayette, Livermore, Starks, and Clinton, were incorporated. Lands in Maine were in great demand. In twelve years after the close of the war, the Commonwealth sold three million five hundred thousand acres. Troubles in Europe were causing a great flood of emigration to this country.

Lewiston became one of the most important manufacturing districts in the State. The Androscoggin has here a natural fall of forty t in a distance of two hundred feet. By aid of a dam this has been increased to fifty feet. This valuable fall is utilized, by machinery of various kinds, to the amount of five thousand four hundred and fifty horse-power. And this is secure against any contingencies of ice or flood. Lewiston is connected with the seaboard by two lines of railway; one leading to Bath, and the other to Portland. It is distant from Boston, by rail, six and a half hours, from Portland one and a half.

FAMILY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, AT "THE WILLOWS," FARMINGTON, ME.



LEWISTON FALLS, LEWISTON, ME.

and from Bath one and a quarter. There are in the place, including Auburn, which is on the other side of the river, fifteen manufacturing companies, with an aggregate capital of over $7,000,000. About 6,000 hands are employed. The population of the two cities, by the census of 1880, was 28,654.[1]

Lewiston is also the seat of an important literary and scientific institution, called the Maine State Seminary, which was incorporated and endowed by the State in the year 1855.[2]

A controversy arose, about this time, between the Indians on the Penobscot and the government respecting land titles. The government claimed, that, by the treaty of 1785, the Indians had no lands remaining excepting the islands in the Penobscot River; but the chiefs claimed the territory from the head of the tide, six miles in width on each side of the river, upward, indefinitely into the northern wilderness. Three commissioners were appointed to meet the chiefs. The question was amicably settled. The commissioners assented to the claim of the Indians, and, for a small sum, purchased its relinquishment with a few modifications. This tribe, called the Tarratines, which, at the commencement of the Revolution, could bring four hundred warriors into the field, had dwindled down to but about three hundred and fifty men, women, and children. The territory which the Indians relinquished, by this treaty, amounted to one hundred and eighty-nine thousand, four hundred and twenty-six acres.

Still the tide of emigration and prosperity was flowing into Maine. The next year, 1796, seven new towns were incorporated. These were Belgrade, Harlem (which was twenty miles beyond any other settlement, and which was buried in a forest swarming with moose, bears, and wolves), Castine, Northport, Eden, on Mount Desert, so named from its beautiful scenery, and Bethel. These were all incorporated on the 10th of June. Soon after, June 17, Addison, Augusta, Waterford, Norway, and Harrington were incorporated.

Augusta has become one of the largest, wealthiest, most intel-

[1] The Water Power of Maine, p. 394.

[2] In 1863 a collegiate course of study was instituted, and the name of the institution changed to Bates College, in honor of Benj. E. Bates, of Boston, its munificent patron. It is now (1889) in a very flourishing condition.—ELWELL.

LEWISTON FALLS, LEWISTON, ME.

lectual and most beautiful cities in the State. It is the shire-town of the county, and the capital of Maine. The river is spanned by a fine bridge, and elegant mansions are found on both sides of the river. The State House, of granite, stands in a commanding position, on a plateau on the western banks. A water-power of great value is established here, by the construction of a dam entirely across the river. The length of the Augusta dam is 584 feet, and its height fifteen feet. The water-power thus afforded is of immense value, and must eventually give employment to a very large manufacturing population.

Improvements on this power are now in prospect on an immense scale. Six hundred acres of land have been purchased around it. The power can be enormously increased by connecting with it nearly three hundred square miles of lakes which are tributary to the Kennebec. It can hardly be doubted that Augusta is destined eventually to be one of the largest manufacturing cities in the United States.[1]

Among other public buildings of much interest in Augusta, there may be mentioned the United States Arsenal. This building is situated on beautiful grounds on the eastern bank of the river. "The insane hospital is an honor to the State and to humanity." It has pleasure grounds seventy acres in extent. The scene of landscape beauty presented from the gentle eminence upon which the hospital stands can hardly be surpassed. An awful calamity occurred here in the year 1850, when the building was consumed by fire, and twenty-eight of the inmates, including one of the keepers, were burned.

Eight new towns were incorporated in the year 1798, — Wayne, Otisfield, Eastport, Cornville, Hollis, Anson, Hartford, and Sumner. In 1799 Kennebec county was established, with Augusta for its shire-town. Lisbon was the only town incorporated this year. On the 14th of December George Washington died, and all America was clothed in mourning. The population of Maine, in the year 1800, amounted to one hundred and fifty-one thousand seven hundred and nineteen.[2] Maine was

[1] See Water Power of Maine, p. 175.

[2] York County contained 37,729; Cumberland, 79,921; Kennebec, 24,394; Lincoln, 30,100; Hancock, 16,316; Washington, 4,436. — *Williamson*, vol. ii. p. 589.

LONGFELLOW STATUE, PORTLAND.

now entitled to four representatives in Congress; still new towns were born with wonderful rapidity. Rumford, Orland, Ellsworth, and Lovell came into being in the year 1800, and the next year gave birth to Strong and Leeds.

Maine was now enjoying peace and great prosperity. Ten towns were incorporated in the year 1802. These were Minot, Chesterville, Brownfield, Vienna, Avon, New Vineyard, Danville, Baldwin, Lincolnville, and Waterville. This last town constituted the one hundred and thirty-eighth. It is one of the most beautiful towns in the State, and is the site of a well-endowed and highly flourishing college. The institution is under the control of the Baptists, but is open to the students of all denominations. The name of "Colby University" is taken in honor of one of its most munificent patrons. The situation of the buildings, on the western bank of the river, is singularly beautiful.

Twenty-one towns were incorporated in the year 1804. The very important and opulent town of Gardiner was named from Dr. Sylvester Gardiner, to whom most of the township was granted, near the year 1754, by the Plymouth Company. Robert H. Gardiner, one of the most distinguished citizens of Maine, revered for his intelligence, his public spirit, and his Christian probity, came into possession of the place by inheritance, in the year 1803. There were then but about six hundred inhabitants in the limits of the territory. The town owes much of its prosperity to Mr. Gardiner, and his generous devotion to all its interests.

His energies and wealth gave impulse to every branch of business. Mills rose, dams were built, machine-shops constructed; and a commanding eminence was adorned with a fine Gothic church of stone, which is considered one of the most beautiful buildings in New England. The falls of Cobbosseeconte gave this place its peculiar value.

The other towns incorporated this year, were St. George, Harmony, Temple, Albany, Industry, Raymond, Surry, Dixfield, Wilton, Rome, Madison, Albion, Unity, Embden, Mercer, Hope, Palermo, East Andover (now called Andover), and Gilead. The next year but two towns were incorporated, Harrison and Newry.

North Hall. Gymnasium. Chaplin Hall. Champlin Hall. South College. Memorial Hall. Library.

COLBY UNIVERSITY, WATERVILLE, ME.

Improvements were rapidly advancing all over the State. Bridges, roads, turnpikes, canals, and booms were constructed. These last were of immense importance. They consisted of chains of logs crossing the rivers upon which there were saw-mills, to prevent the logs, cut in the winter, and swept down by the spring freshets, from being carried out to sea.

In the year 1805, Oxford County was organized, and Paris was made its shire-town. Orono, which had previously been

COBBOSSEE CONTEE FALLS, GARDINER, ME.

called Stillwater, was incorporated in 1806. This was a noted place in the days of the Indians. It was about the year 1775 when the first white settler ventured to rear his cabin in those awful solitudes. The renowned chief Orono had his residence here. He seems to have been a man of many virtues. From him the town takes its harmonious name.

Eight towns were incorporated in the year 1807: Montville, Denmark, Porter, Jefferson, Friendship, Hiram, Dixmont, Palmyra. Three were incorporated in 1808, — Pownal, Freeman

and New Portland. The county of Somerset was established in 1809, and Norridgewock was appointed its shire-town. There were also incorporated the towns of Windsor, Jonesborough, Calais, and Whitefield.

A census was taken in the year 1810; and it was found that the State contained two hundred and twenty-eight thousand, six hundred and eighty-seven inhabitants. One town only, Eliot, was incorporated this year. The next year, however, nine were added to the prosperous State. These were Exeter, Charleston, Garland, Robbinston, Eddington, Washington, Corinth, Carmel, and Lubec. Seven towns were incorporated in the year 1812; namely, Bingham, Troy, Brewer, Dearborn, Phillips, Sebec, and Foxcroft. There were, at this time, a hundred and ninety-four municipal towns. Since the close of the Revolutionary war, a period of but thirty years, a hundred and fifty-four had been incorporated.

The outrages which England had for years been inflicting upon our commerce, and her practice of impressing our seamen at her pleasure, had become unendurable. On the 18th of June, 1812, Congress passed an act declaring that war existed between Great Britain and the United States. Maine was called upon to furnish two thousand five hundred militia. As we now look back upon those days, it seems strange that a single word could have been uttered in favor of submitting to those outrages in which England was trampling upon our most sacred rights.

Four towns were incorporated in 1813, — Sweden, Freedom, Levant, and St. Albany. To meet the immediate expenses of the war, the National Government assessed a tax of seventy-four thousand two hundred and twenty dollars on Maine. It is said that more soldiers were enlisted in the District of Maine, according to its population, than in any of the States. Troops were established at most of the important maritime towns. The whole number of militia, ever ready to march, amounted to twenty-one thousand one hundred and twenty-one men.

There was a British brig called "The Boxer," which had been for some time cruising along our coast, committing great depredations. The brig, which mounted eighteen guns, and had a crew of a hundred and four men, was commanded by Capt.

Blythe, who was twenty-nine years of age. The American brig "Enterprise," which carried sixteen guns and a hundred and two men, was at anchor in Portland Harbor. It was commanded by Capt. Burrows, twenty-eight years of age.[1] "The Boxer" was ordered to cruise off the harbor for the purpose of bringing "The Enterprise" to an engagement. The two vessels met on the 5th of September, 1813, and at three o'clock in the afternoon commenced action within half pistol shot.

For thirty-five minutes they poured their deadly broadsides into each other. Both captains were shot down, and the decks were covered with blood. "The Boxer" then struck her colors, having lost, in killed and wounded, besides her captain, forty-six men, nearly half her crew. On "The Enterprise" only two were killed and twelve wounded. The next day the victorious brig returned, with her prize, to Portland. The public exultation was chilled by the death of the intrepid Capt. Burrows. The remains of both the officers were buried, side by side, with military honors, and a monument raised to their memory.

The general history of this war belongs to the history of the United States rather than to that of Maine. But in many respects the conflict was disastrous to the District. Maine was peculiarly a commercial district, and commerce was annihilated by the war. Money became scarce, prices high, and many of the rich became poor, and the poor suffered severely. The English declared the whole of our Atlantic coast in a state of blockade. The entire seaboard was infested by British cruisers. Still, in this sad world of sin and sorrow, adversity often introduces renewed prosperity. There is, however, but little comfort in the thought that the prosperity of one must be purchased at the expense of the ruin of another. The destruction of our commerce rendered it necessary for us to engage, more than ever before, in mechanic arts and manufacturing establishments. Thus England "gained a loss" in this cruel war.

The government of Great Britain claimed the right of stopping, by the menace of her guns, any American vessel found upon the seas, of sending a lieutenant on board, who would

[1] Diary of Rev. Samuel Deane, p. 403.

muster the crew before him, and pick out any number he was pleased to say were of English birth. These he would seize, drag on board the British men-of-war, and compel them to fight Britain's battles. Where resistance was attempted the cudgel and cutlass were freely used. Official records *prove* that more than *a thousand American citizens* were thus torn from home and friends, and were compelled for years to man British guns, and, when war was opened against America, to fight their own countrymen. Even our armed vessels were thus searched, and fired upon if they refused to submit. Over six thousand men were thus taken from the American vessels upon the simple assertion of a British lieutenant, that he considered them subjects of Great Britain.

It was in the enforcement of such an atrocious claim as this, that the British Government commenced war against the United States; thus blighting the prospects of humanity, filling lonely farmhouses with widows and orphans, and creating an amount of wretchedness which can never fully be known until, at the Day of Judgment, all things shall be brought to light. It is hard for any one, whose heart is moved by the moans and tears of the helpless, to forgive such crimes on the part of haughty foes, who were rioting amidst the splendors of their castles and their palaces.

The victims of this impressment were not allowed any trial. There was no chance for any appeal. A pert young lieutenant from a British war-vessel, followed by his armed band, would descend the deck of any American vessel, pick out from the crew any men he pleased, and saying, "*I think* these men are Englishmen," carry them off.

We give England's plea in justification of this outrage, in the language in which the prince regent himself, subsequently the infamous George IV., endeavors to soften down its atrocities. In a cabinet manifesto dated Jan. 8, 1813, he wrote, —

"I am surprised that the exercise of the undoubted and hitherto undisputed right of searching neutral merchant-vessels in time of war, and the impressment of British seamen when found therein, could be deemed any violation of a neutral flag; or to take such seamen from on board such vessels, could be considered by any neutral state as a hostile measure, or a justifiable cause of war."

In the year 1813, the taxable property in Maine amounted to one million five hundred thousand dollars.[1] Notwithstanding the desolations of war, nine towns were this year incorporated; namely, Phippsburg, — where the earliest colony ever attempted in Maine was located, and where Popham's fort was reared, — Searmont, Belmont, Bloomfield, South Berwick, Westbrook, Sangerville, Hermon, and Newport.

The Bloomfield region was called by the Indians, Wessarunset. The first settlers, in 1771, were so delighted with the beauty and fertility of the country, that they called it Canaan. In the year 1777, several men were captured by the Indians, and carried to Canada. They were however, it is believed, all eventually restored to their friends. In the year 1807, an academy was incorporated here, which obtained much celebrity throughout the State.

South Berwick was in a region called Quampeagan by the Indians. Here also a flourishing academy was established. From the beginning Maine has manifested great zeal in the education of her sons and daughters.

During the first two years of the war Maine was not actually invaded by the enemy, though often menaced. A small military force was stationed at Eastport. Major Perley Putnam, of Salem, was in command, with two companies of militia.

On the 11th of July, 1814, a British fleet of five war-vessels and several transports anchored abreast of Eastport, and demanded the surrender of the fort, allowing *five minutes* for an answer.[2] Major Putnam did not need even that time to reply, "The fort will be defended against whatever force may be brought against it." But the inhabitants rose promptly in strong remonstrance against resisting an armament, which, in an hour, could lay the whole town in ashes. Major Putnam was thus compelled to strike his flag.

Eastport was very eligibly situated on Moose Island, which the British claimed belonged to them by the treaty of 1783.

[1] Williamson, vol. ii. p. 636.

[2] The fleet consisted of "The Ramillies," a seventy-four-gun ship, having on board the Commodore, Sir Thomas Hardy; "The Martin," a sloop-of-war; the brigs "Rover," "Breame," and "Terror;" a bomb-ship, and several transports crowded with troops.

They took possession of the place and all the public property it contained, hoisted the British flag, dragged the American soldiers on board their prison-ships, and commanded all the inhabitants of Moose Island, and of the other islands in Passamaquoddy Bay, to assemble at the schoolhouse in Eastport on the 16th instant, and take the oath of allegiance to his Britannic Majesty, or within seven days to depart from the islands.[1] About two-thirds of the islanders submitted to this requirement.

The success of this expedition encouraged the British to fit out another against Penobscot (now Castine) and Machias. The fleet consisted of three seventy-four-gun ships, two frigates, two sloops-of-war, an armed schooner, a large tender, and ten transports. The number of troops embarked were probably about three thousand five hundred, though some have placed the number as high as six thousand.[2] On the 1st of September, 1814, this formidable armament cast anchor in the harbor of Castine. Successful resistance was impossible. The garrison blew up the fort, and fled back into the country. The British took undisputed possession. One of the generals then, with six hundred men, crossed the bay and captured Belfast. They plundered the unfortunate town, and returned to Castine. This was the second time this quiet village had been ravaged by this British soldiery. Their first visit was in 1780, when their brutal treatment drove the inhabitants into the woods.

The fleet ascended the bay and river until the ships were within about fifteen miles of Bangor. They cast anchor near Hampden Village, and landed a strong force. The Hampden militia made a feeble resistance, but were soon dispersed by the fire of the British regulars. The conflict of an hour placed Hampden at the mercy of the enemy. They plundered the houses and the stores, killed the cattle, treated the most prominent citizens with shameful abuse, burned several vessels, and spared others by extorting a bond of twelve thousand dollars. The loss which the little village of Hampden experienced from

[1] The British claimed all the islands in Passamaquoddy Bay as within their boundary line.

[2] It is certain that the forces consisted of the Sixty-second and Ninety-eighth Regiments, two rifle companies of the Sixtieth Regiment, and a detachment of royal artillery.

this raid was estimated to amount to forty-four thousand dollars. A committee of the citizens waited upon the British commander, Capt. Barrie, and implored him to treat the community with more humanity. He angrily replied: —

"*Humanity!* I have none for you. My business is to burn, sink, and destroy. Your town is taken by storm. By the rules of war we ought to lay your village in ashes, and put its inhabitants to the sword. But I will spare your lives, though I mean to burn your houses."

An order came from the more merciful British commander at Castine, Gen. Sherbroke, not to burn the houses. The vessels again spread their sails to ascend the river, while two-thirds of the troops marched along by land. No terms were allowed to Bangor but unconditional surrender. The ships anchored at the mouth of the Kenduskeag. A few Congreve rockets were thrown over the village, as an intimation of the doom which awaited the citizens should they attempt any resistance.

The best buildings in the place were taken as barracks for the soldiers. All public property was seized. One hundred and ninety-one of the principal men were compelled to sign a document declaring themselves prisoners of war, and stipulating not to serve against the British Government until exchanged.

But little respect was paid to private property. Many stores were plundered; and several vessels were saved from the flames only by giving a bond to the amount of thirty thousand dollars, that four, which were on the stocks, should be delivered at Castine. Fourteen vessels were burned, mostly on the Brewer side of the river; and six were carried to Castine.[1] It was estimated that the losses at Bangor amounted to forty-five thousand dollars.

After a stay of about thirty hours in Bangor, the fleet descended the river to Frankfort. Here they took from the people

[1] In this case, as in most other narratives of deeds of violence, there is some slight diversity in the details. There is, however, here no question in regard to the general and important facts. The narrative, as we give it, is probably as accurate as can now be ascertained. Williamson gives the following summary: "Burnt, the brig 'Caravan,' 'Neptune's Barge,' 'Thinks I to Myself,' 'Eunice and Polly,' 'The Gladiator,' 'The Three Brothers,' the sloop 'Ranger,' three unlaunched vessels in Brewer, and one in Bangor. There were also three others in the harbor that were destroyed: fourteen in all." — *Williamson*, vol. ii. p. 648.

forty oxen, one hundred sheep, and an indefinite amount of poultry. On the 7th, the ships returned from this marauding excursion to Castine.

The inhabitants of the Kennebec valley were terror-stricken. It was apprehended that the same fleet would visit their river with the same destruction. The whole surrounding region was kept for a time, in a state of great alarm. Wiscasset was menaced; and the militia from a region of nearly thirty miles around flocked to its defence.

The region between Passamaquoddy Bay and the Penobscot River had passed under the control of the English. Castine was made a port of entry. Several war-vessels guarded the harbor, and two thousand two hundred troops were placed there in garrison. The British commander organized a provincial government for the territory. All the male inhabitants over sixteen years of age were compelled to take the oath of allegiance to the British king. A custom-house was opened at Hampden for the introduction of British goods.

Castine became quite a gay resort for the officers of the British army and navy. A temporary theatre was opened, and there were music and dancing. Many of the officers were gentlemen by birth, culture, and instinctive sentiment. On the 11th of February, 1815, news reached our country that peace was established by the treaty of Ghent, which was signed on the 24th of December, 1814. The glad tidings were received with every demonstration of joy, throughout the whole country. The British troops evacuated Castine on the 25th of April, after an encampment there of eight months.

War is always demoralizing. The two great vices which this war augmented throughout Maine were intemperance and profaneness. But Maine sustained no diminution in her population. The loss experienced from the casualties of war was more than made up by immigration. In 1815 Woodstock was incorporated. Twelve new towns were organized in the year 1816. These were, Kingfield, Moscow, Wales, Greenwood, Weld, Guilford, Cherryfield, Dexter, North Hill, Brooks, Corinna, and Ripley.

There were now two hundred and twenty-one towns in the

State. The whole number of legal voters was thirty-seven thousand eight hundred and twenty-eight. The following question was submitted to the people, convened in their several towns and plantations, —

"Is it expedient that the District of Maine be separated from Massachusetts, and become an independent State?"[1]

The unexpected result of this vote was, 11,969 yeas, and 10,347 nays. A convention was chosen to assemble in the meeting-house at Brunswick, count the votes, and, if a majority of five to four were found in favor of separation, to appoint a committee to draft a constitution. Though the majority was less than the statute required, the convention declared the vote to be in favor of an independent State, and chose two committees; one to draft a constitution, and one to apply to Congress for admission into the Union. A large minority protested against these measures; and the General Court, being then in session, disapproved of the illegal decision, and dissolved the convention.

There arose at this time what was called the "Ohio fever." Hundreds were seized with the almost insane desire to emigrate to Ohio. The journey, generally taken in wagons covered with canvas, was long, expensive, and exhausting. Often the sufferings by the way were very severe. The flat, rich, alluvial plains of Ohio seemed to be covered with a malarious atmosphere. Whole families often wilted down together, now shaking with exhaustive chills, and again burning with fever. Many mourned the day in which they departed from the healthy, invigorating breezes of Maine. But return was impossible. Their means were entirely exhausted. It is estimated that Maine lost between ten and fifteen thousand inhabitants by this sad infatuation.

There was a dispute respecting the north-eastern boundary of the State, which subsequently came near involving us in another war with England. There was but one town, Brooks-

[1] Such is the form of this question, as given by the accurate Mr. Williamson The form suggested by the General Court was, "Shall the Legislature be requested to give its consent to the separation of the District of Maine from Massachusetts and the creation of said district into a separate State?"

ville, incorporated in the year 1817; but the next year seven were established, — China, Monroe, Perry, Mexico, Dennysville, Swanville, and Jackson.

The Indian tribes had dwindled almost to extinction. Of the Penobscot Indians but about two hundred and fifty remained. Two-thirds of these were women and children. They had become a dispirited, humiliated, and inefficient people, supported mainly by charity. Quite readily they relinquished their claim to all the extensive territory still recognized as theirs, for four townships, each six miles square, and for a yearly contribution of five hundred bushels of corn, fifteen barrels of flour, seven of pork, one hogshead of molasses, a hundred yards of broadcloth, fifty blankets, a hundred pounds of gunpowder, four hundred of shot, one hundred and fifty of tobacco, six boxes of chocolate, and fifty dollars in silver.

Henceforth the Indians cease to be of any consideration in the history of the State. The dwindling families became public paupers; and now probably not a single full-blooded Indian can be found in all the wide realms of Maine, over which, two centuries ago, they roamed in almost undisputed power. In the year 1819, another effort was made for separation. Seventeen thousand and ninety-one votes were cast. Of these but seven thousand one hundred and thirty-two were nays. A committee of thirty-three, selected from each county, was chosen to report a constitution. John Holmes, one of the most distinguished sons of Maine, was chairman. This document was submitted to the people, and ratified by a large majority of votes.

Gov. Brooks announced the event in his message to the General Court, in January, 1819. After alluding in almost affectionate terms to the harmony which had so long prevailed between Massachusetts and her foster-child, he added, —

"But the time of separation is at hand. Conformably to the memorable act of June 19 last, the sixteenth day of March next will terminate forever the political unity of Massachusetts proper and the District of Maine; and that District, which is bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh, will assume her rank as an independent State in the American confederacy."

CHAPTER XXIII.

PEACE AND PROSPERITY.

William King — William D. Williamson — The Maine of Half a Century Ago — A Journey to Boston — Succeeding Governors — The Aroostook War — Origin of the Difficulty — Warlike Measure — Interesting Incidents — The Truce — Final Settlement.

THE first governor of Maine was William King. He is often spoken of as "the first and best of our governors." He was born in Scarborough, in the year 1768. Native strength of mind and elevated character supplied the place of a liberal education. He was one of the most prominent in advocating the separation. With superior business qualifications, he became opulent, and when elected he was a prosperous merchant in Bath. He resigned the office upon being appointed one of the commissioners of the National Government on the Spanish claims.

The remainder of the term Mr. William D. Williamson, President of the Senate, became acting governor. Mr. Williamson became the author of the voluminous and admirable history of the State, which will ever secure to him the gratitude of the sons of Maine. One of the first acts of the Legislature was the adoption of a State seal. The moose, the noblest animal in our forests, and the majestic pine-tree, the most valuable of our timber, became the central figures. An anchor and a scythe, as the emblems of commerce and agriculture, were placed upon either side. Above, the north star shines, signifying the position which Maine occupies in the constellation of the States. Two figures, representing a sailor and a farmer, are conspicuous. Over all is the Latin word "Dirigo" (I lead).

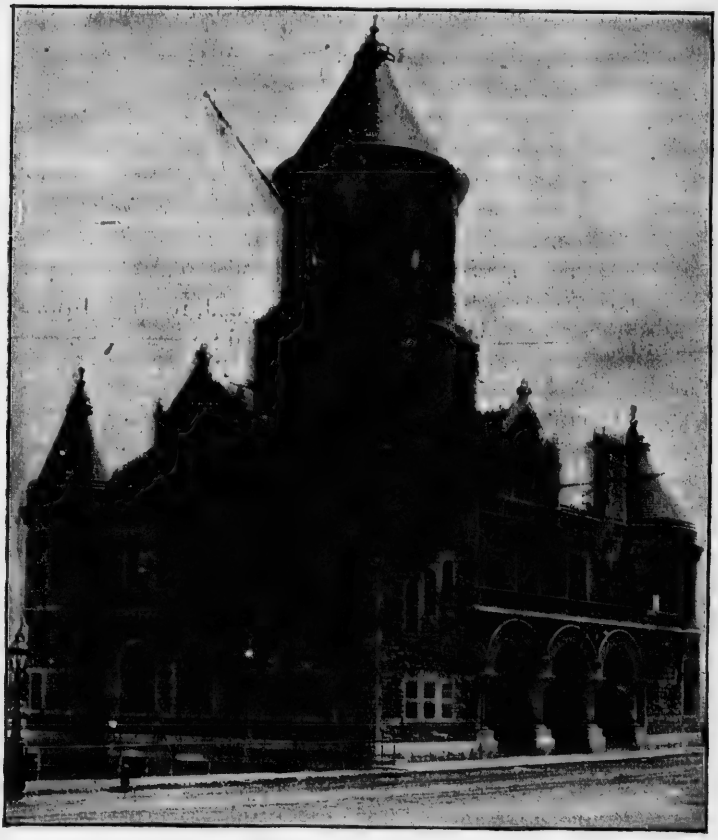
The Maine of half a century ago was very different from the

Maine of the present day. Before the Revolution there was not a four-wheeled passenger carriage in the State. Two-wheeled chaises were not introduced into Portland until 1760. They were then not in common use, but were articles of luxury which were brought only on festive occasions. It was about the year 1800 when the first four-wheeled carriage was seen in the streets of Augusta. Men and women generally journeyed on horseback. The women sat on pillions behind the men. The horse-block, for mounting, was a very important adjunct to the churches.

It was deemed a memorable event when, in the year 1787, a stage-coach was established to run between Portland and Portsmouth. The line was extended to Augusta in 1806. At a very early hour in the morning the stage left Augusta, and in four or five hours, if the travelling were good, reached Brunswick to breakfast. At Freeport they dined; worn and weary they reached Portland in the evening to lodge for the night. Starting the next morning at an early hour, the coach stopped at Kennebunk for breakfast, and Portsmouth for dinner, and lodged at Newburyport the second night. At two o'clock the next morning the coach again started, breakfasted in the early dawn at Salem, and reached Boston about noon of the third day. In the year 1823, Capt. Seward Porter commenced running a steamboat, "The Patent," from Portland to Boston. Five passengers were considered a very goodly company. The boat was about a hundred tons burden. In the years 1823 and 1824, queer looking little steamboats, with stern-wheels, began to run up the Kennebec River.

The second governor of Maine was Albion K. Parris. He was elected in the year 1822. A farmer's son, born in Hebron, Me., he worked on the fields of his father until he was fourteen years of age. At fifteen he entered Harvard College. At twenty-six he was chosen representative in the national Congress; at thirty he was appointed judge of the United States District Court; and when but thirty-three years old he was elected governor. He was a man of great energy, of indomitable perseverance, and of great administrative ability. His unblemished integrity and courteous manners secured the affection and respect of all who knew him.

Enoch Lincoln succeeded Gov. Parris in 1827. He was a very able man, a well read lawyer, and had enjoyed the educational advantages of a seat in the national Congress. His mes-



POST OFFICE, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

sages were much admired for the comprehensive views they presented in language remarkably terse and expressive.

Jonathan G. Hunton, of Readfield, succeeded Mr. Lincoln. Under his administration Sebago Pond was connected by a

canal with Casco Bay. In the year 1831, Samuel E. Smith was chosen governor, and was re-elected in 1834. During Mr. Smith's term of office the seat of government was removed from Portland to Augusta. The State House, built of the finest granite, cost about a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. Half of this sum was paid from the proceeds of the sale of ten acres of land. It is a beautiful building; but, unfortunately, it is never approached from its front, and the side views are not imposing.

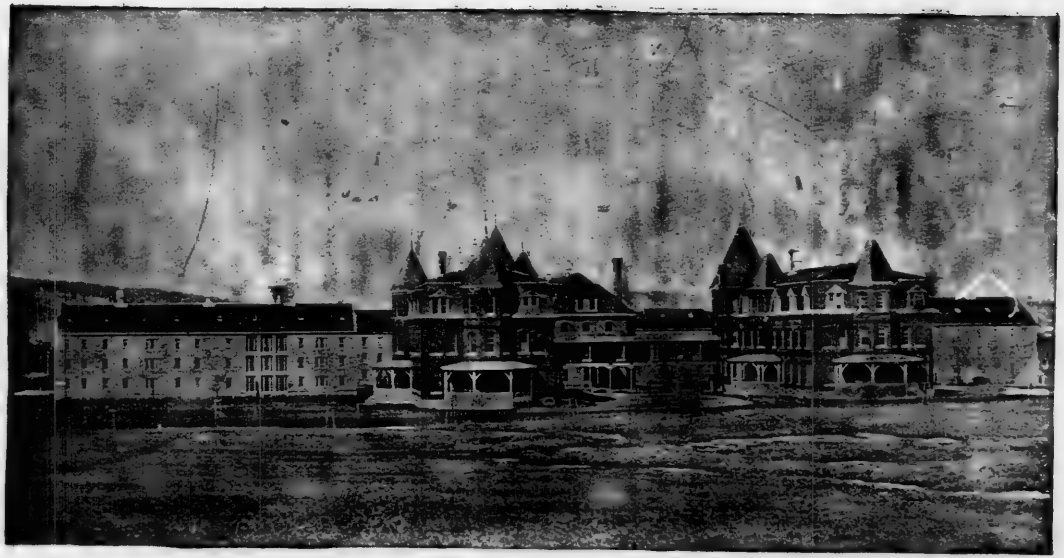
Robert P. Dunlap, of Brunswick, succeeded Mr. Smith in the chair of chief magistrate. His irreproachable character and suavity of manners rendered him very popular, and he continued to fill the responsible office for four years. Under his administration our first scientific survey was undertaken, and the admirable asylum for the insane was instituted at Augusta. In 1838, Edward Kent of Bangor was chosen governor. He was succeeded in 1839 by John Fairfield of Saco.

The question respecting our north-eastern boundary had for some time been attracting much attention. It soon culminated in a series of measures which threatened to involve the United States in another war with Great Britain. These events demand some minuteness of narrative.[1]

What was called the Aroostook War was quite a memorable event in the history of Maine. By the treaty of 1783, at the close of the Revolutionary struggle, one-half of the St. John's River belonged to Maine; but, at the close of the war of 1812, Great Britain claimed the whole, including both banks. There was, at this time, on the north or eastern side of the river, an American settlement of scattered log huts, extending for a distance of nearly twenty miles. The inhabitants were principally of French descent, and had emigrated to that American region when the English took possession of Acadia.[2] This plantation had been incorporated as the town of Madawaska, and a repre-

[1] For most of the facts of the Aroostook War I am indebted to a lecture delivered in the Representatives Hall in Augusta, by Mr. George J. Varney of Brunswick. Mr. Varney is the author of the admirable "History of Maine for Young People." In this small volume he has, with great skill and accuracy, compressed most of the essential facts in the history of the State.

[2] Description of New England, by Coolidge and Mansfield, p. 969.



INSANE HOSPITAL, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

sentative was sent to the Legislature of Maine; but the British authorities, in the vicinity, remonstrated against this, sent an armed force, and broke up the meetings.

In June, 1837, Congress sent an officer to Madawaska to take a census of the people, and, at the same time, to distribute the surplus money which had accumulated in the United States treasury. A British constable arrested this agent, and carried his prisoner to the nearest English shire-town. But the sheriff there, alarmed in view of so reckless a procedure, refused to receive the prisoner; and he returned to Madawaska, and continued to prosecute his mission.

Gov. Harvey of New Brunswick, hearing of the distribution of money to the people, assumed that it was a bribe to induce the inhabitants to continue their allegiance to the United States. He therefore ordered the agent to be re-arrested, and he was lodged in Frederickton jail. Gov. Dunlap, who then occupied the gubernatorial chair of Maine, issued a general order announcing that the soil of our State had been invaded by a foreign power. The militia were therefore called upon to hold themselves in readiness for active service. A flame of indignation swept over the State. A few weeks after, the British authorities, influenced by a message from Pres. Van Buren, set the imprisoned agent at liberty. There had been a great mustering of forces on both sides, and many ludicrous events which provoked much ridicule. But both parties wisely decided to refer the question to arbitration, and the Madawaska war was ended.

After the war of 1812 the British claimed the whole of the upper part of the vast valley of the St. John. They demanded all the land above the forty-sixth degree of north latitude, which included about one-third of what was supposed to be the territory of Maine. The question in dispute was referred to William, king of the Netherlands. He decided that the line should run about half way between the boundaries claimed by the two powers, which was a very strange decision. The question submitted to him was, Which of the two boundaries is the one authorized by the treaty? And he decided in favor of a line which the treaty certainly did not indicate, and which neither

of the parties had thought of. To enter into the details of this discussion would be very wearisome to the reader.

The people of Maine were indignant at this decision. The national government, anxious to avoid war, generously offered Maine a million acres of land in Michigan, in exchange for the territory she would thus lose. This offer was declined, and prolonged negotiations ensued. Matters remaining unsettled, and there being some indications of an outbreak, Gov. Kent, in 1838, took measures to increase the efficiency of the militia, and Gen. Wool was sent to inspect the fortifications on the Penobscot, the St. Croix, and the Kennebec. The line which Maine claimed by the treaty of 1783 was again surveyed.

The territory thus in dispute became the prey of plunderers. The region of the Aroostook River was robbed of its most valuable lumber. The State Legislature, in secret session, authorized Sheriff Strickland to raise a force of two hundred volunteers, drive off the trespassers, destroy their camps, and seize their teams. The command was placed under Capt. Stover Rines. The first company left Bangor on the 5th of February, 1839, and reached Masardis, then township No. 10, on the 8th. The trespassers, not aware of the force coming down upon them, made a slight show of resistance. The lumbermen and their teams were, however, easily captured.

Capt. Rines advanced to the mouth of the Little Madawaska. Here he met with a reverse, was captured with a company of his men, and they were hurried off, in a sleigh, to Fredericton jail, in New Brunswick. The sheriff and his forces retreated. The trespassers, much elated, armed themselves, about three hundred in number, and bade defiance to the American authorities. The sheriff, learning of the capture, retired to Number Ten, and fortified his party, while he repaired as rapidly as possible to Augusta, to report the posture of affairs.

Gov. Harvey, of New Brunswick, issued a proclamation, declaring that British territory had been invaded, and ordering out a thousand of the militia. Affairs now began to assume a very serious aspect.

Immediately, though it was Sunday morning, fifty volunteers set out from Augusta, for the scene of action. At the same

time Gov. Harvey sent a communication to the governor of Maine, at Augusta, demanding the recall of the American troops from the Aroostook, and announcing that he was instructed, by the British Government, to hold exclusive jurisdiction over the disputed territory, and that he should do so by military force.

This roused to a high pitch the indignation of the people of Maine. The legislature passed a spirited resolve for the protection of the public lands, and appropriated eight hundred thousand dollars to that purpose. A draft was also ordered for ten thousand three hundred and forty-three men from the militia, to be ready for immediate action. Early Monday morning, the unwonted sound of the clarion of war was heard in the peaceful streets of Augusta, as the troops, by hundreds, then and there were "mustering in hot haste."

Gen. Bachelder was commander of the western division of militia. It was midwinter in Maine, and bitter cold. The regular uniforms afforded no sufficient protection for a winter campaign, through drifted snows and freezing gales, in a region where the mercury often sank twenty-five or thirty degrees below zero. Extra garments were speedily supplied, of thick red shirts and pea-green jackets. Within a week ten thousand American troops were either in Aroostook County, or on the march there.

The National Government was roused. Congress passed a bill authorizing the President of the United States, should the governor of New Brunswick fulfil his threat of maintaining exclusive jurisdiction over the territory in dispute, to raise fifty thousand troops for the support of Maine, and appropriating ten million dollars to meet the expense. On the 5th of March, Gen. Scott, with his staff, reached Augusta. He informed the governor that he was "specially charged with maintaining the peace and safety of the entire northern and eastern frontiers." He took quarters at the Augusta House, and immediately entered into correspondence with both Gov. Harvey of New Brunswick, and Gov. Fairfield of Maine. Having thirty thousand troops whom he could call into the field, he humanely endeavored to act the part of a peacemaker. The result was that Gov. Harvey pledged himself, that, in prospect of the peaceful settle-

ment of the question between the two nations, he would not take military possession of the territory, or endeavor to expel from it the civil posse or the troops of Maine. On the other hand, Gov. Fairfield pledged himself that he would not, without renewed instructions, disturb any of the New Brunswick settlements in the Madawaska region. He agreed to withdraw his troops, and leave uninterrupted communication between New Brunswick and Canada.

This settlement brought peace. The prisoners on both sides were set at liberty. In March, the Aroostook region, which had previously formed a portion of Penobscot and Washington Counties, was erected into a new county bearing its original name. It was generally supposed that the prompt military preparation we had made, which gave us unquestionably the command of the position, had great influence with the British authorities in securing a peaceful settlement.

This, however, was but a temporary arrangement. The rival claims were still to be adjudicated. Two years passed away while the question continued to be discussed by the two governments. In the year 1841, William Henry Harrison was President of the United States, and Daniel Webster Secretary of State. The sudden death of Pres. Harrison introduced the Vice-President, John Tyler, to the Presidential chair. The importance of the boundary question induced Mr. Webster still to remain in the office of Secretary, though differing with Mr. Tyler in political views. In the year 1842 Lord Ashburton came to Washington, the British ambassador authorized to form a new treaty for the settlement of the boundary. An extra session was called of the legislature of Maine. Commissioners were appointed to confer with Lord Ashburton and Secretary Webster upon this subject. The troublesome question was soon brought to an amicable settlement. England greatly needed a portion of this territory, that there might be free communication between New Brunswick and Canada.

Maine surrendered a considerable tract which was of but little value. In compensation the United States received territory of much greater value, on the borders of Lakes Champlain and Superior. The National Government paid Maine one hun-

dred and fifty thousand dollars for the surrender. The State also received two hundred thousand dollars, as re-imbursement for the expense she had incurred in defending the integrity of American territory. The Senate of the United States ratified the Ashburton Treaty, as it was called, on the 20th of August, 1842. Impartial judgment must pronounce the conduct of Maine, in this whole affair, to have been patriotic and wise.

In the year 1841, Mr. Edward Kent again filled the chair of chief executive. The subsequent governors have been: —

1842	John Fairfield	Saco.
1843	John Fairfield (elected to U. S. Senate)	Saco.
1843	Edward Kavanagh (*acting*)	Newcastle.
1844	Hugh J. Anderson	Belfast.
1847	John W. Dana	Fryeburg.
1850	John Hubbard	Hallowell.
1853	W. G. Crosby	Belfast.
1855	Anson P. Morrill	Readfield.
1856	Samuel Wells	Portland.
1857	Hannibal Hamlin (elected to U. S. Senate)	Hampden.
1857	Joseph S. Williams (*acting*)	Augusta.
1858	Lot M. Morrill	Augusta.
1861	Israel Washburn, jr.	Orono.
1863	Abner Coburn	Skowhegan
1864	Samuel Cony	Augusta.
1867	Joshua L. Chamberlain	Brunswick.
1871	Sidney Perham	Paris.
1874	Nelson Dingley, jr.	Lewiston.
1876	Selden Connor.	Augusta.
1879	Alonzo Garcelon	Lewiston.
1880	Daniel F. Davis	Corinth.
1881	Harris M. Plaisted	Bangor.
1883	Frederick Robie	Gorham.
1887	Joseph R. Bodwell (died Dec. 15, 1887)	Hallowell.
1887	Sebastian S. Marble (*acting*)	Waldoboro
1889	Edwin C. Burleigh	Augusta.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE SCANDINAVIAN IMMIGRATION.

Origin of the Movement — The Plan adopted — Mission of Mr. Thomas to Sweden — Wise Measures Triumphantly Successful — The Voyage of the Immigrants — Their Hospitable Reception — New Sweden — The Primeval Forest — Labors of the Colonists — Their Industry and Prosperity — Increasing Immigration — Interesting Letter from Sweden — Present State of the Colony — Future Prospects.

ONE of the most interesting events which has ever occurred in the State of Maine is what may be called the Scandinavian immigration. For this important movement, the State is mainly indebted to the sagacity and energy of Hon. William W. Thomas, jun., of Portland.

Mr. Thomas graduated at Bowdoin College in the year 1860. Two years after graduating he was appointed vice-consul at Constantinople, and soon after consul at Galatz in the principality of Moldavia. His services there were considered so important, that the Department of State deemed him worthy of a vote of "special thanks."

In the year 1863 he was appointed consul at Gothenburg, in Sweden. He remained there three years; became familiar with the language, and acquainted with the manners and customs of the people. Upon resigning this important office, the State Department again took occasion to express its high appreciation of his measures as a public officer.

In the year 1866 he opened an office, as a lawyer, in Portland; and in 1869 became one of the commissioners in the settlement of the public lands of the State. In 1870, invested with the office of Commissioner of Immigration, he sailed for Sweden, where he recruited a colony, returned with its members to

Maine, and founded New Sweden in our northern forests. He then took a seat in the State Legislature, and, in the years 1874 and 1875, was Speaker of the House.

Such, in brief, was the origin of this very important movement, which merits a more minute detail of its progress from its commencement to its present success.

The subject of Swedish immigration had been, for some time, a topic of public discussion, when Gov. Washburn called the attention of the legislature to it, in his message of 1861. The troubles of the times engrossed all the energies and thoughts of the people, until Gen. Joshua L. Chamberlain was called to the gubernatorial chair. He eloquently urged the question upon the legislature. It was fully discussed. Three commissioners were appointed to report what measures were necessary to induce settlements in the unpeopled townships. These were Hon. Parker P. Burleigh, William W. Thomas, jun., and Hon. William Small. The commissioners, having carefully explored Aroostook County, reported, in 1870, in favor of making vigorous efforts to establish a Swedish colony in Maine. It was proposed that an agent should be sent to Sweden; that he should endeavor to collect twenty-five families, with their pastor, and conduct them across the Atlantic, to what was then township No. 15, in the 3d range. Here, in a perfectly healthy climate, very similar to their own, with fertile soil, abundant timber, pure water, and pure air, ample farms were to be assigned them without cost. None were to be received but honest and industrious farmers and laborers with their families, who had sufficient property to pay the expenses of their passage.

Mr. Thomas was sent on this important mission. Taking passage on the steamship "City of Brooklyn," he landed at Gothenburg, Sweden, on the 16th of May, 1870. Here he established his office, and spread broadcast over the land circulars inviting immigration, and truthfully describing the country offered them for their future homes. Mr. Thomas also travelled extensively, conversing with the people upon the subject, by the road-side, in the public vehicles, and at their homes. Particular stress was laid upon the fact, that none would be accepted but those who could bring the most satisfactory testi-

monials for integrity of character, and for industry and skill in their several callings.

The Swedes are a highly industrious, moral, and Christian people. Their religious institutions were essentially like those prevailing in Maine. Recruits soon began to appear. Each man brought credentials from his pastor. No doubtful case was accepted. In this way a colony of picked men, with their wives and families, was collected.

The colonists and their friends met on the 23d of June, in the Baptist Hall in Gothenburg, to enjoy a public collation. Over two hundred Swedes were present. Addresses were made by the commissioner and by Swedish gentlemen. It was a momentous occasion, and appropriately closed by prayer.

At noon of Saturday, June 25, Mr. Thomas, with his adventurous and confiding band, sailed from Gothenburg, in the steamship "Orlando." The commissioner had been in Sweden but forty days. There must have been something singularly potent in the influence of Mr. Thomas, to enable him to induce these worthy and intelligent men to abandon home and country, to cross a stormy ocean of four thousand miles, and to hew out for themselves new homes in the wilderness of a strange land; with no contract, and nothing upon which they could rely but their faith in the honesty of the commissioner. It is indeed refreshing to one who is weary of describing the wrong and outrage with which earth is filled, to be able to record that Mr. Thomas was true to his trust.

The colony consisted of twenty-two men, eleven women, and eighteen children; fifty-one in all. The noble character of these men may be inferred from the fact that they took with them their pastor, their sabbath, and their church observances. In addition to the farmers and their religious teacher, there was a civil engineer, a blacksmith, two carpenters, a basket-maker, a wheelwright, a baker, a tailor, and a shoemaker. The women were neat, industrious, and expert in the use of the spinning-wheel and the loom. It was said of the men, "All are tall and stalwart, with blue eyes, light hair, and cheerful, honest faces. There is not a physical defect or blemish among them."[1]

[1] Commissioners' Report, p. 5.

The emigrants landed at Halifax on the 13th of July, traversed the peninsula, crossed the broad Bay of Fundy, and ascended the River St. John. They arrived at Tobique, on the St. John, in New Brunswick, on the 21st of July, and the next day, Friday, July 22, drove across the border into Maine. At Fort Fairfield the American flag was raised to welcome them, a salute was fired in honor of their arrival, and they were welcomed by addresses from Judge William Small, and from Rev. Daniel Stickney of Presque Isle. There was quite a festivity at the Fort on this joyful occasion; and many settlers from the surrounding region had assembled to present the hand of fraternal welcome to the strangers. How beautiful is peace!

The Swedes were invited to a sumptuous collation in the Town Hall; and then, with grateful hearts and strengthened resolutions, they continued their journey still farther north, to find their new homes. As they approached Caribou, five hundred people met them, and escorted them into the village with the salute of cannon and the music of a fine brass band. Here again their hearts were cheered by words of welcome from John S. Arnold, Esq.; and their bodies were refreshed with an abundant feast, and they were hospitably entertained through the night. Mr. Thomas acted as interpreter on these occasions.

At noon of Saturday, July 23, 1870, the emigrants reached their new home, to which they gave the name of New Sweden. It is said there is no better township in the State. It is in the latitude of the flourishing city of Quebec. The land is undulating, and covered with a splendid growth of maple, birch, beech, and ash. Brooks flow through all the little valleys, and the soil is remarkably free from stones. The State, previously to the arrival of the strangers, had cut a road through the forest to the township; had felled one hundred and twenty-five acres of trees, and had constructed for them six comfortable log houses. The long line of heavily loaded wagons wound their way along the newly constructed road, with the primeval forest, in its gigantic grandeur, rising on either side. The colonists, upon their arrival, used one of these houses as a storehouse, while the fifty men, women, and children, though crowded, were comfortably accommodated in the other five.

The sabbath dawned happily upon this favored little band. Sweetly the melody of their Swedish hymns blended with all the voices of nature around them. There was, of course, some choice in the farms; but the question was amicably adjusted by drawing lots. The settlers were divided into groups of four friendly families, and the farms into clusters of four, with the cottages to be reared at the contiguous corners. Thus intimate friends could form one neighborhood. Mr. Thomas reports: —

"Every Swede was convinced that just the right lot had fallen to him; and was enabled to find something about his possessions which, in his eye, made it superior to all others. So surely does ownership beget contentment."[1]

With hands made stronger by joyful hearts, the Swedes went to work clearing up their farms. One hundred acres of forest were assigned to each. The houses, which had been built for them, were very comfortable residences, of peeled logs, eighteen feet by twenty-six, on the ground. They were one and a half stories high, with seven feet between the floors. There were two logs above the second floor beams, which, with a square pitch roof, gave ample room for chambers. The ground floor was divided into three apartments. There was one front room sixteen feet by eighteen one bedroom ten feet square and a pantry eight feet by ten. On this floor there were four windows, and one window on the front gable end above.

In the general room of each house there was a Hampden cooking-stove, with a funnel running out through an iron plate in the roof. These cottages, full of interior comfort, were architecturally picturesque; and the inmates, happy and grateful, entered upon their labors with great zeal. Within a week after their arrival, these our prosperous adopted citizens wrote a joint letter to their friends in Sweden, in which they said that Maine had kept its faith with them in every particular; that the land was fertile, the climate pleasant, and the inhabitants friendly. They strongly advised all their countrymen who thought of emigrating to America, to come to the congenial

[1] Commissioners' Report to the Legislature, p. 9. We are indebted to this admirable report, which must make every son of Maine proud of his State, for nearly all the facts recorded in this chapter.

climate, the rich soil, and the kindly neighborhood of New Sweden, in Maine.

This letter was widely circulated by the journals in Sweden. In the fall the Swedes had made such progress in their clearings, that every farmer had sown an acre or half an acre with wheat or rye. The colony rapidly increased. On the 14th of September, twelve additional emigrants arrived; and on the 31st of October twenty more followed, directly from Sweden. There were three births and two marriages. The sabbath, the greatest blessing God ever gave to man, shed its benignant influence upon the happy, religious colony. A sabbath school was opened for the children, and divine service was regularly conducted by their excellent pastor.

Through the wise forethought of the surveyor of the township, Hon. Noah Barker, fifty acres in the centre of the settlement were reserved for public uses. This land belonged to the State. Here the State erected a building thirty feet by forty-five, two stories high, with a very capacious cellar, frost-proof. A neat tower, surmounted by a vane, rose from the front gable end. A store-room and offices were on the lower floor. The second story contained a large hall, thirty feet by forty-five, which was used for a church, a schoolhouse, and public meetings in general.

The main body of the emigrants had arrived in the midst of the heat of summer. The houses were not prepared to bid defiance to the blasts of a Maine winter. But *cold weather* was a foe whom the Swedes knew well how to encounter. As the autumnal nights grew long, and severe frosts began to set in, they all turned their attention to promoting the comforts of their own firesides. With split planks, they made their floors double, leaving a space of six or eight inches between. This space they filled with dry earth, making a floor so tight that the fiercest wintry blast could not force through it a single breath of air. The upper ceiling was also made perfectly tight with matched boards. They hewed the round logs which composed the walls, within and without, so as to present nearly a square surface. The interstices between the logs were filled very compactly with dried moss. Over this they nailed, both on the outside and the inside, strips of cedar.

Thus the houses, out of doors and within the rooms, presented a finished aspect, smooth and perpendicular. The rooms were attractive. Neither clapboards, stone, nor brick could present a more perfect defence against the fiercest storms. Fuel was abundant. When the little households were gathered around these bright, warm firesides, it mattered little to them how low the mercury might sink in their thermometers. The climate was so healthy, that, in the autumn, it was said that there had not been a day's sickness of man, woman, or child in New Sweden.

The houses, with all the improvements, remained the property of the State for five years from the arrival of the colonists. If, in the mean time, any one abandoned the place, he left his cottage and his land in the hands of the State. If he or his heirs retained the cottage as their home for that length of time, it became, with the hundred acres, his or theirs in fee simple. The expense of transporting the colony from Sweden to Maine was four thousand dollars. The immigrants paid every dollar of this. They also took with them into New Sweden, three thousand dollars in cash and six tons of baggage. This was adding just so much to the riches of the State.

Every Swede who set out with the original company from Scandinavia, with the commissioner, adhered to his pledge, and settled in New Sweden. Every one who promised soon to follow did so. Not one of them sought a home elsewhere. And we do not learn that any one of them, at any time, abandoned the enterprise. In December, 1870, but five months after the arrival of the colonists, the following results, in an official report, were announced: —

"A colony of one hundred and fourteen Swedes — fifty-eight men, twenty women, and thirty-six children — have paid their own passage from Sweden, and settled on the wild lands of Maine. Seven miles of road have been cut through the forest. One hundred and eighty acres of woods have been felled. One hundred acres have been hand-piled, burnt off, and cleared ready for a crop, and twenty acres sown to winter wheat and rye. Twenty-six dwelling-houses and one public building have been built.

"A knowledge of Maine, its resources and advantages, has been scattered broadcast over Sweden; a portion of the tide of Swedish immigration turned upon our State, and a practical beginning made towards settling our

wild lands, and peopling our domain with the most hardy, honest, and industrious of immigrants."

It is pleasant to witness the interest with which Sweden, the mother country, watched over the welfare of her sons and daughters in this distant land. A prominent member of the Swedish Parliament, one of the most distinguished of Swedish philosophers, wrote to the governor of the State of Maine, mourning over the departure of their citizens, and yet rejoicing in view of their prosperity. In this letter he said, —

"Your commissioner, Mr. W. W. Thomas, jun., one evening last summer, assembled his little colony of immigrants to partake of a collation, where good wishes and kind words were exchanged. We, the remaining friends, left with confidence our brethren and sisters in his care: his last and firm assurance was, 'All that has been promised will be kept.'

"Yes, sir, these promises have been kept, but not only that: they have been far surpassed by your generosity. The poor immigrants, landing on your shores, have been received and greeted with the most friendly welcome. Their homes established, their future secured, they have not been disappointed in their hopes by the difficulties and grievances of the real state of things.

"The young colony will probably be the nucleus of an extended colonization; and you will not, sir, I feel sure, find the hardy Swedes ungrateful, and unworthy of your kindness: they would then, surely, be unworthy of their origin.

"The colony of 'New Sweden' has requested and authorized the writer of this letter to convey to you, Honorable Governor of the State of Maine, the expression of their sentiments of deep gratitude; and you will kindly allow me, sir, to add thereto the expression of the same sentiments of many other Swedes, who have followed the immigrants with their sympathies.

"Allow me at the same time to express to the people of Maine, who have received their new brethren with so much cordiality, the thanks of the colonists; who have mentioned more especially two gentlemen, Mr. W. W. Thomas, jun., and Mr. P. P. Burleigh, land-agent, as objects of their gratitude and high esteem.

"May the young colony of 'New Sweden' grow and flourish, not only in material strength, but even in developing their moral and intellectual faculties! And may the new population thus add to your State and to your great Republic a good and healthy element of moral power from the Old World, and, becoming imbued with the spirit of your free institutions, reflect that spirit on their native land!

"What we have lost, at present, in the old fatherland, will then not have been lost to humanity: on the contrary, the trees have only been trans-

planted on a fresher soil, where they will thrive better, and give richer and more abundant fruits. God bless the harvest! God bless your land!

"I am, sir, with the highest esteem,

"Your obedient servant,

"G. A. HEDLUND"

Gov. Chamberlain had taken a deep interest in this enterprise, and had fostered it with truly parental care. The State erected, in all, twenty-six houses for the immigrants who arrived in the year 1870. Since then the Swedes have erected one hundred and four houses in addition. Thus their settlement, early in 1875, numbered a hundred and thirty houses. They have also the same number of barns. Two steam-mills and a water-power saw-mill have been put in operation. There is a very prosperous store in the centre of the village; and it is generally admitted that the Swedes manufacture the best shaved shingles in the county. Their great prosperity may be inferred from the fact, that they owned, at the commencement of the year 1875, twenty-six horses, five colts, forty-one oxen, a hundred and twenty-one cows, nine heifers, fifty-one calves, sixty-eight sheep, and a hundred and twenty-five swine. They had good roads. A post-office was established in their village. On the 14th of October last, one hundred and thirty-three men came forward to take the preliminary steps toward becoming citizens of the land of their adoption.

The Swedes are Protestants, and eminently a moral and religious people. They have a day-school, taught by their pastor. There is an average attendance of eighty scholars. The English language is the chief study. Most of the children over ten years of age can read, write, and speak English respectably well. There are now more than one hundred native Americans born of these Swedish parents.

About one thousand Swedes have been led to emigrate to this State, who have not taken farms in New Sweden, but who have settled in Maine, and are engaged in various useful employments. The young girls are highly prized as house-servants; and the men are greatly valued for their industry and their integrity. The population of New Sweden now amounts to about six hundred. There are not less than sixteen hundred

Swedes in the State of Maine. These have all paid their own passage, have brought with them one hundred thousand dollars in coin; and it is estimated that their value, as a producing force, is worth to the State one million six hundred thousand dollars.

It is now certain that this valuable Swedish immigration will continue to flow into Maine. All special State supervision over the colony has ceased. The settlement is steadily advancing in prosperity. Rapidly the forest is disappearing, and giving place to cultivated fields smiling with rich harvests. The Swedes have won for themselves a very desirable reputation. Kindly feelings arise whenever one is introduced to man or woman as coming from Sweden.

It is believed that this successful enterprise in founding the colony of New Sweden will eventually lead a large emigration of the population of Scandinavia to our vast northern domain. The Northmen, justly called the "sea-kings" of Northern Europe, were the first discoverers of the shores of New England, centuries before the eyes of Columbus caught a glimpse of the tropical islands of this New World. The inhabitants of Maine will ever present a cordial welcome to all the descendants of those bold adventurers.

"Honor to whom honor is due." The State owes a debt of gratitude, which it will be ever happy to acknowledge, to the illustrious citizen whose sagacity planned this great enterprise, and whose energy and humanity have contributed so much to its successful achievement. The Hon. P. P. Burleigh, in a report as land-agent of the State, writes, —

"For this new impulse in the great pioneer work of settlement, the State is principally indebted to the skill and untiring efforts of the commissioner of emigration, Mr. W. W. Thomas, jun., who has, on both sides of the Atlantic, devoted himself to the cause in a manner worthy the thanks of the State. The success which has thus far crowned his efforts is a fitting testimony to his faithfulness and ability in the conduct of the enterprise."

CHAPTER XXV.

THE PICTURESQUE ATTRACTIONS OF MAINE.

Portland and Casco Bay — Seashore Resorts — Isles of Shoals — The Beaches — Cape Arundel and Old Orchard — Bath to Rockland, and up the Penobscot — Mount Desert — Lake Sebago — Mt. Pleasant and the Saco — The Valley of the Androscoggin — Rangeley Lakes and Sandy River — The Kennebec Valley — Moosehead Lake and the Aroostook.

[For the chapter which follows, we are indebted to the pen of Rev. Prof. Edward Payson Thwing of Brooklyn, N.Y. It is from personal observation that he has been able to give so graphic a description of scenery which charms every beholder.]

A PARTY of gentlemen at Venice were discussing the relative attractiveness of localities visited by them. It was conceded that Italy abounded in magnificent scenery; but one of them, not an American, affirmed that the finest prospects he had ever enjoyed were at

PORTLAND AND CASCO BAY.

Latrobe, the English traveller, writes, "Imagine our surprise and delight when we found, in unsung and neglected Portland, scenery that for beauty, variety, and extent, far exceeds any views of the class in the States." He adds that the panorama on which the eye feasts at the Observatory on Munjoy Hill is equalled by nothing in America, except at the citadel of Quebec.

The Forest City still keeps the bulk of her beautiful trees; and the palatial edifices that have risen from the ashes of the fire of 1866 attract admiration, not only as architectural embellishments, but as evidences of the enterprise of her people. The Custom House, Post-Office, City Hall, and Hospital, the cathedrals, churches, school edifices, and many of the elegant private residences that adorn the slopes of either hill, present

an imposing appearance to the stranger entering the harbor. Nor is the view less picturesque from the bay in the rear of Portland, or from the grand promenades of Bramhall's Hill and Munjoy, looking seaward, or in the direction of the White Mountains.

The location of the city, its healthfulness, and the beauty of its surroundings, with its matchless harbor and bay gemmed

PORTLAND OBSERVATORY.

with three hundred and sixty-five islands, and its abundant railroad facilities, make its future growth and prosperity certain.

Two lines of railway have long connected it with Boston; but the new extension of the Boston and Maine Railroad along the seashore opens a delightful route for the summer tourist, while the short line from New York, *viâ* Worcester, Nashua, and Rochester, reduces time and trouble, besides conducting

him through the diversified scenery of Southern New Hampshire, and so along the valley of the Presumpscot to Portland. The excellent facilities for steamboat travel between New York or Boston and the Forest City are all that can be desired by

CITY HALL, PORTLAND.

those who believe that the summer resorts of Maine are equal to those of more pretentious claims.

In Longfellow's poem, "My Lost Youth," the poet tells in verse of the charms of his native place,—

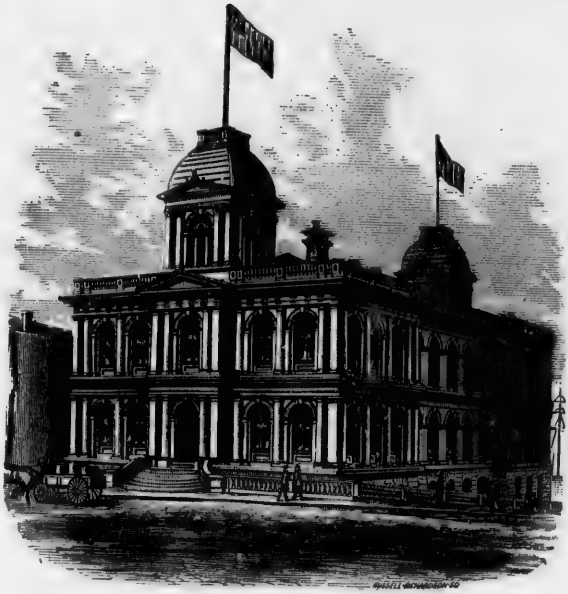
"The beautiful town that is seated by the sea."

In the recently published volume "Portland Illustrated," by John Neal, the tourist will find every thing necessary to guide his steps in the city, or the charming environs. A brief sketch

will now be given of the seashore resorts. Drake's "Nooks and Corners" is the completest manual for the New England coast, and is indispensable to a full outfit.

SEASHORE RESORTS.

The Isles of Shoals are eight in number, and part of them belong in Maine. The cairn on the summit of Appledore is said to have been erected by Capt. John Smith in 1614; and tales of



CUSTOM HOUSE, PORTLAND.

Capt. Kidd and his treasure, Black Dinah and her divining rod, Philip Babb with his ghostly knife, besides more recent tragedies, invest these wild, rocky islets with peculiar interest. The distance from main land is but nine miles, and steamboats connect with the Eastern Railroad at Portsmouth. Pullman cars run on all through trains on this road. Invalids to whom a sea-voyage has been recommended, especially those suffering from hay-fever, find in the salubrious climate of these islands entire

relief, and enjoy the benefits of a sea-voyage without its discomforts.

Appledore and Star Islands have each a large and elegant hotel, with every facility for bathing, fishing, and sailing. The florist and naturalist only need Celia Thaxter's dainty little volume to tell them where to find the haunts of the sea-anemones, the scarlet pimpernel, the crimson sorrel, the purple pea, and

POST OFFICE, PORTLAND.

the varied finny tribes, bonito and blue-fish, the slender pollock, the thrasher, and porpoise. Her exquisite pictures of scenery, and her tragic tales of storm and shipwreck, are full of interest to the tourist.

Kittery, one of the oldest towns, has many attractions; among them the U. S. Navy Yard, Fort McClary, and the mansion and tomb of the Pepperells, the old church and parsonage. There is a new hotel at the Point.

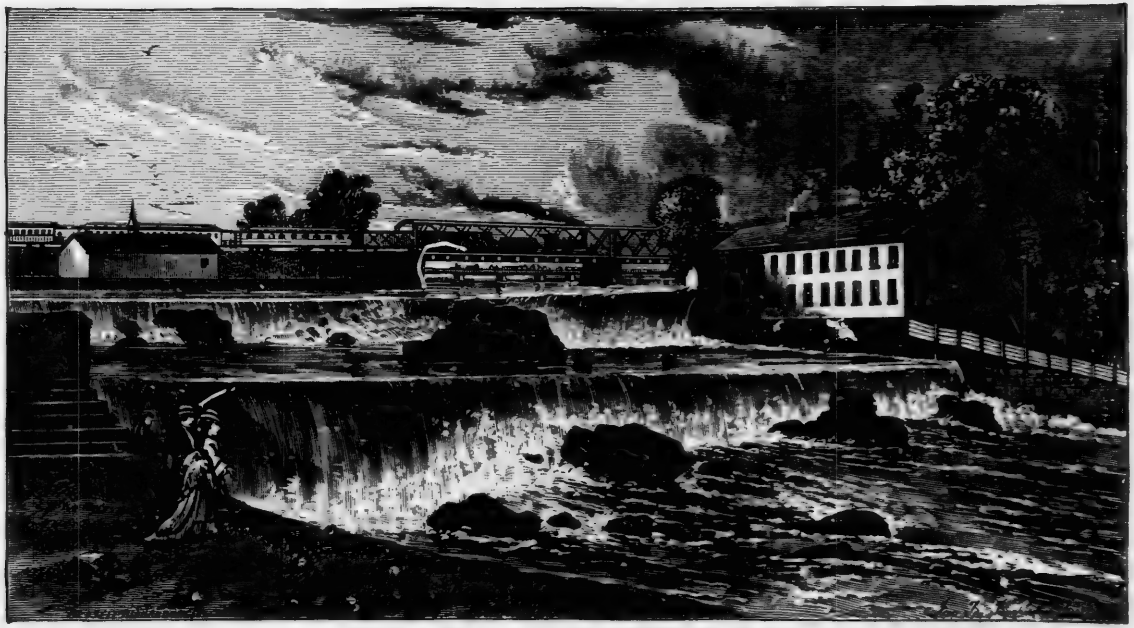
From Kittery, along the shore northward, there are delightful views of ocean, mountain, and river. Near the site of the ancient city of York, Mount Agamenticus towers; and but a short ride from the cars is York Beach, two miles long and five hundred feet wide. The views from "The Pulpit," the topmost point of Bald Head Cliff, rising a hundred feet abruptly above the sea, from Cape Neddock, "The Nubble," and Boone Island, attract many visitors.

Wells Beach, six miles long, is much frequented, being so near the new railroad from Boston, and in the neighborhood of trout-

THE CLIFFS, CAPE ARUNDEL, ME.

streams and woods, where the sportsman finds the snipe, the curlew, the woodcock, the partridge, and other game. Ample private and public accommodations are had for guests. Passing northward, and crossing Mousam River, Kennebunk is reached. Twenty-five minutes ride in easy coaches brings one to the Port, and *Cape Arundel*, where is one of the finest summer resorts on the Atlantic coast.

Unlike Newport in elaborate beauty or tiresome conventionalities, it offers a peculiar charm for those who prefer the grander primitive attractions of forest and shore, the beauty of



BOSTON & MAINE RAILROAD BRIDGE, SACO, ME.

native wildness and the restful quiet of simpler living, with unfettered communion with Nature herself. Unlike almost all watering-places, it has neither the hot land-breeze nor the bitter east wind to infect, but, facing the south-west, a uniform, equable and invigorating air, night and day. There are three beaches in crescent curves, suited for riding or bathing, bold headlands with rifts and chasms, volcanic beds, "The Blowing Cave," — a huge watery cannon sending out explosions, — spouting rocks, a ruined fort, "Hermit's Retreat," and other localities that will be appreciated by the naturalist, the artist, or idler in search of healthful repose. Cape Porpoise, the Goose Rocks, and the White Mountains fill up a picture of enchanting loveliness when evening comes, —

"With sunset purple, soothing all the waste."

A number of literary and business men from Boston have enjoyed cottage life here the past three years; but recently the name of Cape Arundel has so widely spread, that the veteran hotel-keeper of New England has opened a spacious and comfortable hostelry, in connection with which ample provision is made for fishing, riding, bathing, or sailing.

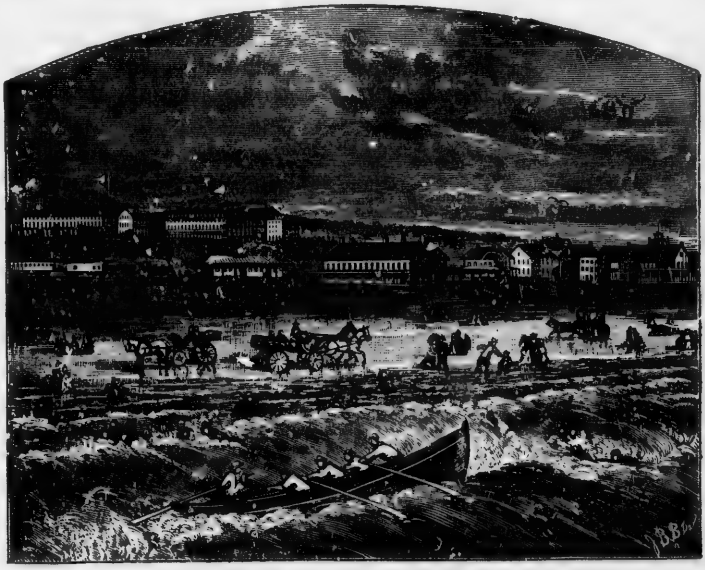
Keeping along the coast a few miles farther, the cars stop at Biddeford and Saco, from either of which cities the "Pool" and Wood Island may be reached, — delightful retreats, with groves where picnics gather, and quiet nooks that look out over the blue Atlantic. There is also a waterfall on Foxwell's stream, sixty feet in height, with varied and wild scenery.

Old Orchard is quite a populous village, which has sprung up by magic, as it were, since the new route of travel passes this favorite watering-place. A hard, smooth beach extends nine miles, and so wide that a dozen or more carriages may drive abreast. Several hotels and a score of smaller houses are open during the season. Pine Point, Prout's Neck, Blue Point, are easily accessible.

Old Orchard has been a place of summer resort for two hundred years. The orchard that gave the name, long ago disappeared; and but three gravestones remain over the dust of the ancient colonists that once found there a home. The scenic

BOSTON & MAINE RAILROAD BRIDGE, SACO, ME.

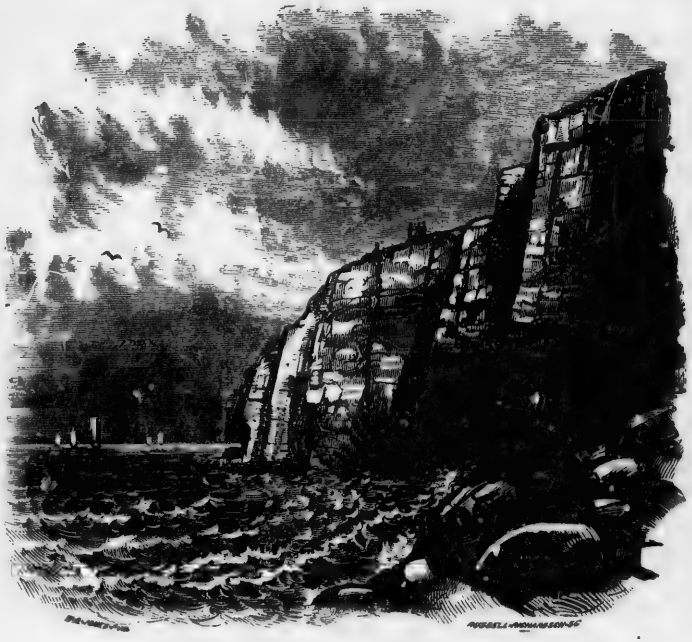
and historic mingle their charms in this romantic spot. The sequestered loveliness of *Fern Park*, near the site of the Old Orchard House, has hardly a parallel in the country. To the natural beauty of a hillside forest, are added graceful arbors, rustic retreats wrought by cunning art, and embellished with quaint conceits; while the trees along the avenues bear on wooden tablets elegant extracts from English and American poets. The Oratory, the Astronomer's Seat, the Parson's Lodge, and the monument to Mr. Bull the projector, are among the most interesting objects.



OLD ORCHARD BEACH, ME.

The Methodists have wisely chosen Old Orchard for camp-meetings, both local and national. They own about fifty acres of land, pleasantly diversified and shaded; also a fine auditorium formed by natural circular slopes, and capable of seating twenty thousand people. A large number of permanent cottages have been erected, and streets laid out. It bids fair to be a successful rival of Martha's Vineyard.

Short excursions from Portland to the islands of Casco Bay, White Head, Cape Elizabeth, Harpswell, and Freeport, will delightfully employ the leisure of one's summer days. Eastman's "Eastern Coast Guide," Mr. Kellogg's "Elm Island Stories," and Mrs. Stowe's "Pearl of Orr's Island," will make the trips more enjoyable. An excursion by rail through Westbrook, Gorham, Alfred, and Rochester to Alton Bay, with sixty miles



WHITEHEAD CLIFFS.

sail on Lake Winnepiseogee, can be made, and the tourist return the same evening to Portland.

The route to Brunswick and Bath, by the Maine Central Railroad, thence along the line of the Knox and Lincoln Railroad to Rockland, and the steamboat excursions daily made from Bath to Boothbay, present charming attractions. From Owl's Head up the Penobscot to Bangor, unfolds a panorama of beauty

which an eminent Harvard professor declared surpassed the storied Rhine.

Camden is a popular resort, and the drives about the lake and mountain are justly admired. Our missionaries from the East have remarked that the Syrian hills seemed pictured in the western shores of the Penobscot at this point. The view from Mount Megunticook, fourteen hundred feet high, is pronounced by a well-known author one of "indescribable grandeur." The appearance of Belfast from the river is imposing. Passing Searsport, Stockton, and Fort Pownal, the stranger is impressed with the scenery at Bucksport Narrows, where the Penobscot makes a sharp bend, and the high, bold headland is guarded by Fort Knox. Its powerful batteries effectually close the river to a hostile fleet. Chains, too, have been stretched across the Narrows in bygone days, as an additional protection. From this point to Bangor there are constant surprises at each turn of the winding stream. Frankfort and Winterport and Hampden in turn appear. The latter is the home of the late Vice-President Hamlin. Here the frigate "John Adams" was run ashore and burned in 1779.

Bangor is a beautiful city, diversified with valley and hill and river. It has handsome streets, with fine drives, particularly on the Hampden road and to Mount Hope cemetery. The outlook from the seminary tower is a commanding one, as is that from the opposite heights beyond the Kenduskeag. The tourist will gladly linger here many days. A few hours' excursion brings him to Castine, rich in historical interest, beautiful in situation, and peopled by families of high culture. It was settled two and a half centuries ago; and many valuable relics remain of the significant epochs of its religious and military history.

Sedgwick and Deer Isle and Isle au Haut present charming views, and are well worthy a visit by those who love fine scenery, or would grow ruddy on healthful fare and by invigorating air. Constant communication is had by steamers with Portland.

Mount Desert is too well known as a summer resort to need description in detail. The Maine Central Railroad now runs a branch to a point opposite the island; but the stranger ought not to fail of going one way, at least, by Portland steamer. He will find

it a pleasant trip to stop at South-West Harbor, and cross the island leisurely on foot or in the saddle to Bar Harbor; not omitting the ascent of Green Mountain, from which Katahdin is seen, one hundred and twenty miles distant as the bird flies, while seaward the prospect is enchanting. The writer has feasted his eyes on some of the fairest scenes on either side the Atlantic, but never saw the equal, in all respects, to this "bright mosaic of island and bay," as Clara Barnes Martin has felicitously described this landscape.

In his legend of "Mogg Megone," Whittier tells of the objects that meet the gaze of the traveller looking from the summit of this mountain.

"Beneath the westward turning eye
A thousand wooded islands lie;
Their thousand tints of beauty glow
Down in the restless waves below.
There sleep Placentia's group;
There gloomily against the sky
The Dark Isles rear their summits high;
And Desert Rock, abrupt and bare,
Lifts its gray turret in the air,
Seen from afar, like some stronghold
Built by the ocean kings of old;
And faint as smoke wreath, white and thin,
Swells, in the north, vast Katahdin;
And, wandering from its marshy feet,
The broad Penobscot comes to meet
And mingle with its own bright bay."

This is but one of the attractions of this island. There are thirteen mountains and thirteen lakes, few of them bereft of story, all interesting alike to the student of geology, the sportsman, the florist, and the artist. Blue-bells, morning-glories, white and yellow water-lilies, the twin-flower, the mountain-cranberry, strawberries, raspberries, blueberries, and huckleberries, with other fruits and flowers in their season, abound to an extent which leads the delighted visitor to regard the name of the island a strange misnomer. The memory of a month at Mount Desert, at the noontide of the year, is itself a summer idyl, and will combine the elements of choicest interest and most enduring pleasure.

The views in and about Machias, Eastport, Quoddy Head, the dark palisades of Grand Menan, and the Old Friar, a tall columnar rock of striking profile, with distant views of the Chamcook Hills and the valley of the St. Croix, seen from the ramparts of Fort Sullivan, are among the last of the numberless picturesque attractions that clothe the seashore of Maine. As this coast line measures three thousand miles, followed throughout its manifold irregularities, it is obvious that this brief monograph can record but a small portion of what could be said of this feature of the attractiveness of Maine as a summer resort.

MAINE LAKES AND MOUNTAINS.

"Two voices are there: one is of the sea,
One of the mountains; each a mighty voice."

Lake Sebago and the beauties that skirt our "American Switzerland" in that neighborhood first demand attention. During the season of travel, one can leave Boston in the morning, dine in Portland, and reach the summit of Mount Pleasant before tea, having enjoyed thirty miles' sail in the midst of scenes of incomparable beauty. The visitor who has made Portland his summer home can take the mountain and lake excursion in a day, and return at evening. The line of the Ogdensburg Railroad passes along the suburbs of Stroudwater, Deering, and Westbrook, near the birthplace of the lamented Gov. Andrew at Windham, up the beautiful Presumpscot, till suddenly Lake Sebago bursts in view, — a broad, blue expanse of water, fourteen miles long, with the Rattlesnake Range, Mount Pleasant, and Mount Washington, in the dim distance.

Two stanch steamers connect with the trains. An hour is consumed in passing over the lake. Indian Island, the "Notch," Frye's Island, the Cave, — a favorite haunt of Nathaniel Hawthorne in his boyhood, — and the "Images," a curious mass of rocks rising some seventy feet above the lake, are a few of the noteworthy objects. But the famous passage of the Songo is the great delight. Here you must sail six miles and make twenty-seven turns to advance about two miles in a direct line. The passage of the Lock, the novelty of the zigzag progress up

the narrow river, the sylvan beauty of the overshadowing trees and swallow-haunted banks, all make this part of the trip a vivid pleasure. Two miles across the Bay of Naples, and you reach Chute's River, which opens into Long Lake. Nine miles' sail in view of the Harrison Hills, farms, and woodlands, brings

LAKE SEBAGO.

the tourist to Bridgeton wharf. A short ride to the village, and thence a few miles farther to the base of Mount Pleasant, introduces him to some of the most attractive views of valley, lake, and hillside. The summit is 2,018 feet high, and commands a circuit of three hundred miles. Fifty lakes may be seen; and the view of villages, rivers, and mountains is much preferred to

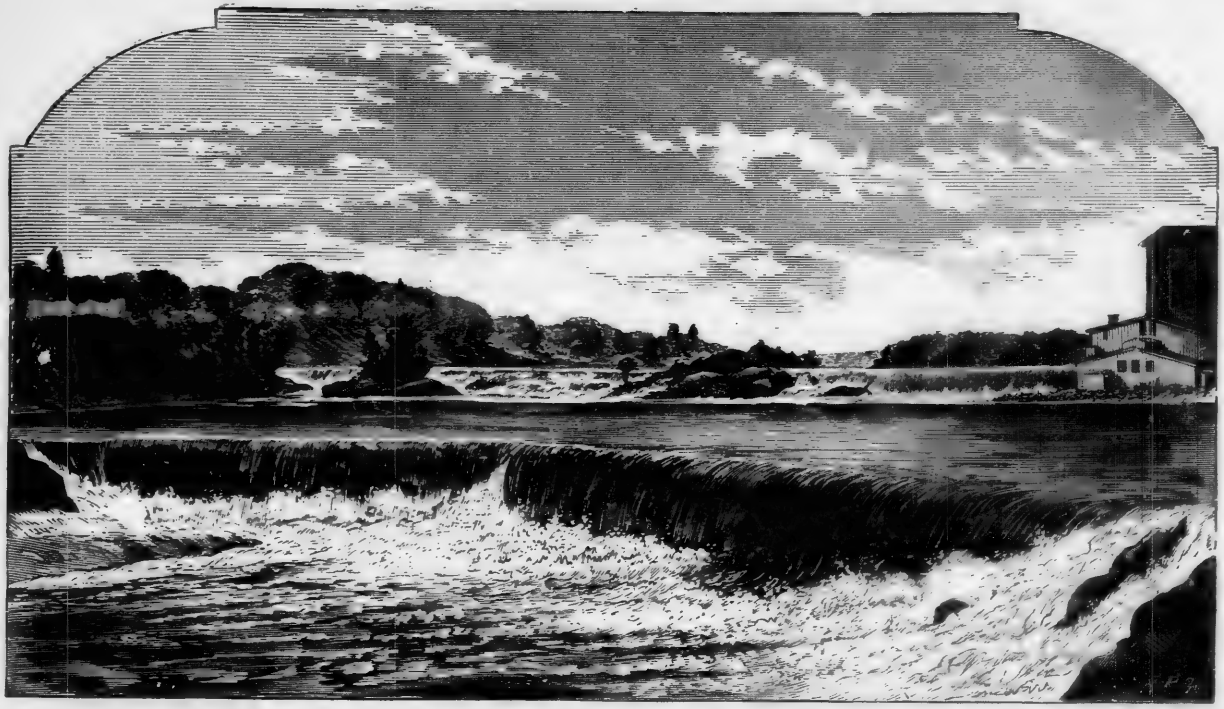
that of Mount Washington. A new and spacious hotel affords every comfort to those who tarry over night to behold the sunset and sunrise glories. Coaches to Brownfield accommodate those bound to North Conway and the West by the new railroad through the Notch. Between the mountains and Lake Sebago are many pleasant villages, where, along the banks of the winding Saco, in full view of the White Hills, families from the city have made their summer home. Baldwin

BONNY EAGLE FALLS, BUXTON, HOLLIS AND STANDISH, ME.

and Cornish and Brownfield are thriving towns; and the easy access to them by the Portland and Ogdensburg Railroad has now given them a new importance.

The view from Mt. Cutler and other elevations in Hiram, the summer residence of the writer, is admired by artists, embracing, as it does, the grand amphitheatre of mountains from Chocorua to Mount Washington, with Kearsarge in the foreground, a bold pyramid 3,367 feet in height. The "Great

LISBON FALLS, LISBON, ME.



LISBON FALLS, LISBON, ME.

Falls" of the Saco, Ossipee River, Lovewell's Lake where Paugus fought, — the wily Pequaket warrior, — and other romantic localities, are in this neighborhood. Fryeburg is a popular retreat, and environed with hills, clothed not only with Nature's Tyrian drapery, but with traditions of early days, enshrined in ballad and in story. Here Daniel Webster taught school, and here the well-known James R. Osgood, Esq., of Boston, was born.

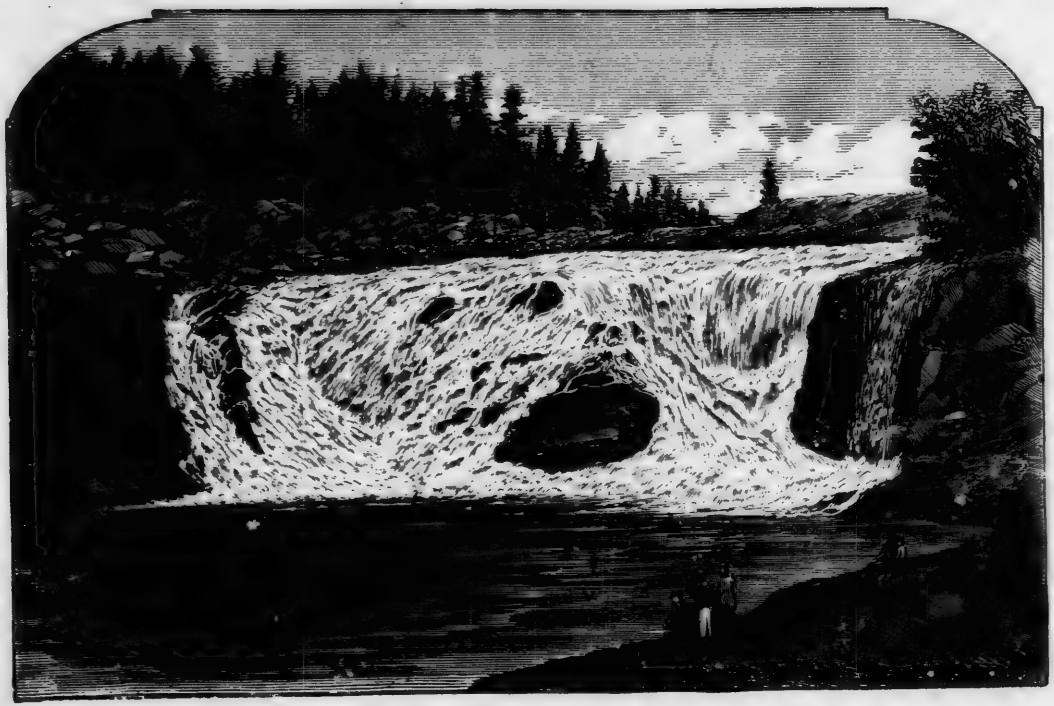
The opening of the Crawford Notch to railway travel is a result at which tourists by the Portland and Ogdensburg Road may congratulate themselves; for, says Civil-Engineer B. H. Latrobe, "I do not hesitate to say that no railway, on this side of the Rocky Mountains at least, can compare with it in the magnificence of its mountain scenery."

The Valley of the Androscoggin next claims notice. From Brunswick to the mountains, the river is highly picturesque; and the towns that line its curving banks on the route of the Maine Central Railroad are pleasant haunts for summer days. The Falls at Lisbon are of striking attractiveness. The scenery around Auburn and Lewiston is romantic in the extreme. The busy industries of these cities, their tasteful private and public edifices, and the beauty of their environs, may well beguile the traveller hastening northward.

Mechanic Falls and Paris are also towns of growing importance, and Paris Hill has few superiors in scenic beauty. Thence along the line of the Grand Trunk Railway, Bryant's Pond, Bethel, and Gilead attract hundreds by their peculiar charms, which Harry Brown, J. B. Hudson, and other Maine artists, have transferred to canvas, and authors like Starr King to prose. Rumford Falls are pronounced by a recent author "the grandest of any in New England." Both the upper and lower falls present features of striking grandeur. From Bethel to Umbagog Lake is a charming ride. One should visit Megalloway River beyond Umbagog, as well as the Rangeley Lakes, still farther in the wilderness around old Saddleback.

The township of Rangeley is named from a former owner, and is situated on the north shore of the Oquossoc Lake. It was incorporated in 1855. The primitive wildness of the region, the trout-streams and hunting-grounds, attracted the

UPPER FALLS, RUMFORD, ME.



UPPER FALLS, RUMFORD, ME.

attention of Jay Cooke and other gentlemen from Philadelphia and New York. In 1869 they rented land, and built a large establishment at Indian Rock, three miles from the nearest settler. They have been known as the "Oquossoc Angling Association."

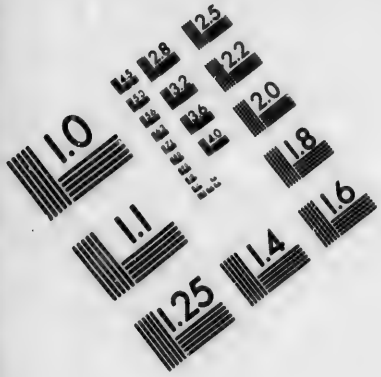
Rangeley Lake is ten miles long, and Greenvale Plantation is at its head. F. A. Morrill of New Sharon has published views

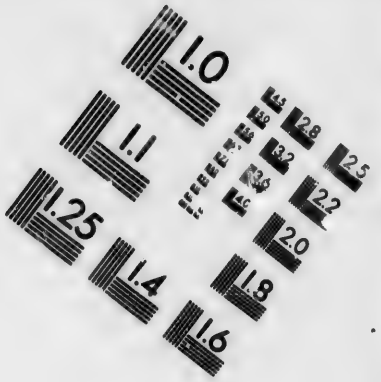
LOWER FALLS, RUMFORD, ME.

of this interesting district as the eleventh series of his "Historical Views of Maine."

The towns that lie in the luxuriant valley of the Sandy River are places of Arcadian beauty. Who needs to be told of Farmington and "Old Blue," or of "Little Blue," where the Rollo Books were penned, or of the institutions of learning that have given a literary celebrity to a town so favored in natural

LIVERMORE FALLS, LIVERMORE, ME.





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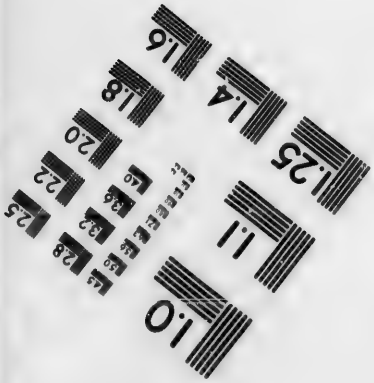

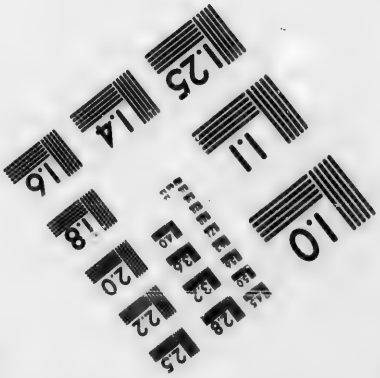

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attractions? Weld, — the early home of the publishers, nestling among the mountains and beautified by Webb's Pond, five miles long, — Phillips, and Mount Abraham are much visited in summer months. Wilton, Jay, Livermore, Monmouth, and Winthrop can boast of natural advantages as summer resorts in the midst of a lake district of no common loveliness. The

CASCADE AT WEST WATERVILLE, ME.

establishment of seminaries, as the Female College at Kent's Hill, and the State schools at Hallowell, have helped to make known the conspicuous charms of natural scenery enjoyed by the central population of Maine.

The Kennebec Valley, from Merrymeeting Bay to Moosehead Lake, is a favorite route, and with the excellent facilities for

travel is every year becoming more popular. Richmond is a camp-meeting resort. Gardiner, Hallowell, and Augusta, built on the high slopes along the river, present a striking appearance. The public buildings at the capital, and drives to Togus, the quarries and other suburbs, well repay the visitor for the time required. Vassalboro', Winslow, and Norridgewock add historical interest to their natural attractions. Waterville is the seat of a flourishing university. The cascade on the Kennebec at West Waterville, where the craggy ledges of granite intercept the rush of the stream, is very striking. Ascending the river, the stranger is reminded, as on the Penobscot, of the immense importance to Maine of her lumber interests. The frequent ice-houses also suggest the rise of that branch of industry. At Skowhegan the river makes a bend westward; and the views from this pleasant town are noteworthy. Few places in Maine have shown more enterprise than Dexter, in developing its water-powers, which, as elsewhere in the State, constitute the chief source of wealth.

Of *Moosehead Lake*, with its broad, sparkling waters and emerald isles, Mt. Kineo, Chesuncook, and the numberless lakes that surround the grand, solitary Katahdin, it is only needful to say that Lowell's Moosehead Journal in his "Fireside Travel," Flagg's "Woods and By-ways," and particularly "Life in the Open Air" by Winthrop, will fully delineate the charms of these solitudes, and prove most convincingly the claim for superiority in this regard, which the Pine-tree State has a right to make.

Then there is the vast *Aroostook*, stretching from the Mattawamkeag to the St. Francis, one hundred fifty miles, with its marvellous but undeveloped resources, its primitive forest grandeur and isolation; as noble a domain as the Adirondack region, and deserving as hearty laudation, alike on the score of its picturesque scenery, its balsamic air, and its abounding attractions for artist, or angler, or sportsman; in short, for all who, wearied by care, study, or the clamorous demands of fashionable follies, seek a restful and joyful life in the open air.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MAINE IN THE WAR OF THE REBELLION.[1]

Military Condition of Maine — Proclamation of the President — Prompt Action — The Greeting in New York — Welcome in Washington — Stove-Pipe Artillery — Testimony of Gen. Sickles — Gen. Hiram G. Berry — The Liquor Shops — The Seventh Maine complimented — Sufferings of Camp-Life — Colored Regiments — Testimony of Gen. Naglee — Gen. Dow — Toils of a Campaign — The Sharp-shooters — Lieut. Hill — Batteries of Light Artillery — Courage of New Recruits.

THERE is perhaps no one of the loyal States which can claim pre-eminence over the others in its conduct during the civil war. All did the best they could, and all did nobly. Maine certainly was not in the rear of any of her sisters in this respect. The patriotic spirit of her whole population was roused to the utmost when the first gun of foul rebellion was fired upon our national flag at Fort Sumter. Israel Washburn, jun., was then in the gubernatorial chair; and it could not have been more worthily filled. In many towns, in less than twenty-four hours after the tidings of the revolt were received, full companies of volunteers were formed, ready to march. The first company which filled its ranks, and was accepted by the governor, was the Lewiston Light Infantry. In Cherryfield, four hours after the enlistment roll was opened, fifty volunteers had entered

[1] I write this narrative of Maine in the Rebellion with more solicitude than any other chapter in the book. Material, sufficient to fill the whole of such a volume as this, must be crowded into a few pages. I can give but the briefest abstract of the heroic deeds of the Maine regiments. There were many chivalric exploits which I cannot record. There are many names, worthy of most honorable mention, for which I have no space. My object, in these few pages, is but to give a general idea of the wonderful efforts and sacrifices which Maine made to crush the Rebellion. For more minute information upon this interesting theme, the reader must be referred to the excellent history of "Maine in the War," by Messrs. William E. S. Whitman, and Charles H. True.

their names. A wealthy gentleman of Thomaston, Mr. Henry B. Humphrey, offered to arm and equip a company of artillery at an expense of fifteen thousand dollars.

A long service of peace had rendered military organizations unnecessary. The industrious citizens of Maine had not been called upon to waste their precious days in drilling with the musket, but had consecrated all their energies to the useful labors and arts of life. With peace there was abounding prosperity. There was an enrolled militia of about sixty thousand men. These were, however, unarmed and unorganized. There were but about twelve hundred men in any condition to respond to a call of military duty.

When the President of the United States issued his first call for seventy-five thousand volunteers, on the 15th of April, 1861, Maine with great promptness sent her First and Second Regiments of infantry, so thoroughly armed and equipped as to elicit from Mr. Cameron, Secretary of War, the warmest commendation. Nathaniel J. Jackson was colonel of the First Regiment, and Charles G. Jameson of Bangor of the Second. When these regiments reached New York, on their way to the front, the Rev. Roswell D. Hitchcock, a son of Maine, with his characteristic eloquence thus addressed them :—

"Welcome, sons of Maine! welcome, brothers! I am one of you, was baptized at the same altar; am bone of the same bone, flesh of the same flesh. We were all born beneath the same sky. I love the State from the Aroostook to the Atlantic, and I love her granite hills. But, my brethren, our first allegiance should not be to her: we love our whole country.

"The American flag waves triumphantly from the Lakes to the Pacific. See to it that it remains there. That flag we follow. It is no ribbon; but that banner God has woven with thirteen stripes and four and thirty stars. It behooves you, as soldiers marching under that flag, to watch and cherish it, and allow no rebellious horde to efface one of its bright orbs, or permit one to be ruthlessly torn from its field."

The Second Regiment left Bangor with a beautiful set of colors, presented by the ladies. They marched through Baltimore with loaded muskets and fixed bayonets. Not a minion of rebellion ventured to open his voice, or peep. At Washington it was presented with a magnificent banner, sent by the

Maine ladies in California, to be given to the first regiment from their native State which should enter the capital for its defence.

It would require a volume to record the achievements of this regiment. In the course of two years, it was in eleven hard-fought battles, besides numerous skirmishes. In all it behaved with gallantry which could not have been surpassed.

The Third Regiment, under Oliver Otis Howard of Leeds, was rendezvoused on the State House grounds at Augusta. It was composed mainly of Kennebec lumbermen, and was exceedingly fortunate in having for its colonel a West Point graduate; who rapidly rose to the rank of major-general, and who, for his signal services, has won a position in the hearts of the American people second perhaps to that of none other. It was with this regiment that the operations of what were called the *Stove-Pipe Artillery* commenced. The regiment was encamped in Virginia, within sight of the lines of the enemy. Some of the men went into a meeting-house, took a piece of stove-pipe, which they mounted upon wheels, and ran it up to the top of a hill. They were abundantly repaid in seeing the enemy open upon the harmless gun a furious cannonade. This regiment performed prodigies of valor, which we have no space here to record. Upon one occasion, when the regiment was reduced to one hundred and ninety-six rifles and fourteen officers, Gen. Sickles said, "The little Third Maine saved the army to-day."

Upon the promotion of Col. Howard to the rank of brigadier-general, Major Henry G. Staples became colonel. He was succeeded by Adjutant Edwin Burt, in the ever memorable seven-days' battle which attended the movement from the Chickahominy to the James. In this change of front, Major F. W. Haskell of Waterville so greatly distinguished himself as to win very high commendation. The vicissitudes of war placed Moses B. Lakeman in command of the regiment. A better colonel the regiment could not have had.

The Fourth Regiment was under the command of Hiram G. Berry of Rockland. His name will ever remain embalmed in the hearts of his fellow-citizens. At Bull Run he displayed such skill and valor as induced Gen. Kearney to write to Gov. Washburn, —

"Col. Berry manifested such a genius for war, and such a pertinacity in the fight, as proved him fit for high command." This regiment was in all the important battles of the army of the Potomac, during its term of service. At Williamsburg it was said that the regiment of Col. Berry saved the day; at Fair Oaks, White Oak Swamp, Gaines' Mills, Glendale, and Malvern Hill, this regiment rendered magnificent service. At the terrible battle of Chancellorsville, Hiram G. Berry, having attained the rank of major-general of volunteers, laid down his life. The nation mourned his loss.

The Fifth Regiment was commanded by Mark H. Dunnell of Portland. It is painful to be unable to do justice to the achievements of these troops. The Fifth was engaged in eleven pitched battles, and eight skirmishes, ere it entered upon the terrible campaign of the Wilderness, which was an incessant battle. It captured six rebel flags, and more prisoners than it ever had men in its ranks.

The Sixth Regiment, commanded by Abner Knowles of Bangor, was composed chiefly of the hardy lumbermen of the Penobscot Valley. Col. Knowles was the right man in the right place. Passing through Philadelphia, the regiment made a halt near some liquor-shops. The colonel requested the proprietors not to sell to the men of his regiment. The rumsellers disregarded his request. He sent a file of soldiers, shut up the shops, and placed the proprietors under guard. Several of the dignified Quakers of Philadelphia were looking on: they said, "Friend Knowles, thy conduct meets our approval. We will back thee up if necessary."

Col. Knowles was succeeded by Col. Hiram Burnham. This regiment was in ten pitched battles and in very many skirmishes. It lost in battle, and by sickness, the result of military exposure and fatigue, about three hundred men. Col. Burnham, promoted to a brigadier-generalship, fell at the head of his brigade, at the battle of Chapin's Bluff. The reader is referred to "Maine in the War" for the minor changes which took place in the command of these regiments. I can only give a brief sketch of the general movements, and must omit all the minor details.

The Seventh Regiment was rendezvoused at Augusta, and

entered into active service with Edwin D. Mason as its colonel. At the close of the sanguinary battle which placed Williamsburg and Yorktown in our hands, Gen. McClellan with his staff paid the Seventh Maine a visit, and, with his hat in his hand, addressed to them the following complimentary words: —

"Soldiers of the Seventh Maine, I have come to thank you for your bravery and good conduct in the action of yesterday. On this battle-plain you and your comrades arrested the progress of the advancing enemy, saved the army from a disgraceful defeat, and turned the tide of victory in our favor. You have deserved well of your country and of your State; and in their gratitude they will not forget to bestow upon you the thanks and praise so justly your due. Continue to show the conduct of yesterday, and the triumph of our cause will be speedy and sure. In recognition of your merit, you shall hereafter bear the inscription 'Williamsburg' on your colors. Soldiers, my words are feeble, but from the bottom of my heart I thank you."

A long series of brilliant achievements followed, which we have not space to record.

The Eighth Regiment was rendezvoused at Augusta. Lee Strickland of Livermore was colonel. The physique of these men was said to be remarkably fine. Mr. Strickland, like many others, had made great sacrifice of prosperous business and a happy home to rescue his country from foulest rebellion. The first signal exploit of this regiment was aiding in capturing the fort at Hilton Head, in South Carolina. This was one of the most brilliant exploits of the war. Ill health compelled Col. Strickland to resign, and he was succeeded by John D. Rust. The least of the sufferings of war are those which are encountered on the field of battle. It was deemed important to plant batteries on two muddy islands in the river, which were twice each day covered by the rising tide.

With great toil and suffering the heroic men of the Eighth engaged in these labors. One cold night in February three men of the Eighth, Samuel Holt, Lindsey O. Goff, and Morris Woodbury, were posted on picket on one of these islands. It would seem that there must have been some great indiscretion in the order. But, in military affairs, commands must be obeyed, discreet or indiscreet. In the chill night the tide slowly

rolled to their breasts, and as slowly ebbed away. In the morning they returned to camp utterly exhausted. Holt and Goff both soon died from the effects of the cruel exposure.[1] Woodbury survived, but with a ruined constitution. The regiment suffered severely from toil, and exposure to an unhealthy clime. At one time three hundred men were in hospital.

Until this time, the government had not seen fit to employ colored men as soldiers. So great was the opposition to this measure, that many officers of white regiments refused to hold any intercourse with officers who took command in colored regiments. Both the officers and the men of the Eighth Regiment, rising superior to this ridiculous prejudice, warmly advocated the organization of colored troops. Gen. Saxton selected from that regiment nearly half the line officers for the First Regiment of colored soldiers. Grateful to the regiment for its support in the trying hours when most of his brother officers refused even to recognize him in the streets, though he was a regular army officer, a courteous gentleman, and a devout Christian, he selected still a large number from the Eighth Maine, for the Second Colored Regiment. But the tide had now so turned that more than a thousand officers and men applied for such positions. The career of this regiment was full of remarkable incident and heroic enterprise; for a more detailed account of which we must refer our readers to the excellent history of "Maine in the War," to which we have before referred. During a period of but six months, this regiment was in thirteen general engagements, besides many skirmishes.

The Ninth Regiment was rendezvoused at Augusta. Rishworth Rich of Portland was colonel. Their passage in a rickety steamer, and encountering a terrific storm, from Fortress Monroe to Port Royal, was more dreadful, in peril and in suffering, than can be described. In this fearful gale, at midnight, the captain of the ship informed Col. Rich that he did not think it possible that the vessel could be kept afloat much longer, and that they all must go to the bottom before morning. Almost miraculously they were saved. The regiment was vigorously

[1] Maine in the War. By William E. S. Whitman, and Charles R. True. P. 199.

employed in campaigning and successful fighting, until Col. Rich, broken down by toil and exposure, was compelled to resign his commission. He was succeeded by Sabine Emory. At Morris Island, the colonel and his regiment acquired much renown, performing feats of valor which none but the bravest men could perform. It is admitted that the capture of the island was greatly owing to the intrepidity and wise tactics of the Maine Ninth. A number of flags were taken. Gen. Q. A. Gilmore sent them to Gov. Abner Coburn, with the following statement: —

"I have the honor to forward the rebel flags captured by the soldiers of the Ninth Regiment of Maine Volunteers. The names of the captors are Moses Goodwin and David C. Hoyt. The former has since died of his wounds. It will be, I am sure, a source of gratification and pride to yourself and the citizens of your State, to receive these trophies of the gallantry of her sons, who are struggling in this distant field for the vindication of our cause."

The Tenth Regiment was organized with George L. Beal of Norway colonel. This regiment was exposed to hard duty, which it cheerfully performed, and to heavy losses, which it endured without a murmur. At times they slept in the cold and sleet and rain of a November night, with no covering but that of the dripping clouds. One of the companies marched fifty-seven miles in twenty-four consecutive hours. The regiment performed signal service in the valley of the Shenandoah. At times the men were under the command of Lieut.-Col. James S. Fillebrown, who very ably discharged his weighty responsibilities. Col. Beal won the gratitude of every man in his regiment by his devotion to their comfort, in scenes of hunger and cold and fatigue, and when the bullets and shells of the rebels were thinning their ranks. Both Col. Beal and Lieut.-Col. Fillebrown were presented by the men of the regiment with very handsome testimonials of their regard. Their excellent chaplain also, George Knox of Brunswick, received a superb gold watch and chain.

When the regiment was mustered out of service it contained four hundred and fifty men. In the casualties of war, two

hundred and fifty-eight had disappeared. The State recognized its services, and regarded its heroism as one of the richest legacies of Maine.

The ten regiments to which we have alluded were raised exclusively by the State. The Eleventh was at the expense of the general government. John C. Caldwell of East Machias was colonel. It was a splendid regiment, and received in Washington much commendation for the excellence of its drill. Very speedily it was led into action, and that of the hottest kind. The troops displayed the intrepidity and firmness of veterans. There is scarcely any thing in the history of war more sublime than many of the scenes through which this regiment passed. In the terrible series of battles which accompanied what was called a "Change of Base," the Eleventh was almost incessantly engaged. The Eleventh was a portion of the brigade of Gen. Naglee. In taking leave of this brigade, the general left the following testimony to its heroism: —

"Yours is the honor of having been the first to pass, and the last to leave, the Chickahominy. And, while you led the advance from this memorable place near Richmond, you were the last in the retreating column, when, after seven days' constant fighting, it reached a place of security and rest at Harrison's Landing."

The Twelfth Regiment was raised by the general government, with George F. Shepley as colonel. These men were sent from Boston by water, far away to Ship Island, near the mouth of the Mississippi. Col. Shepley was one of the ablest and most eloquent lawyers in Maine. Upon the capture of New Orleans, the troops ascended the river to that city. Col. Shepley, promoted to a brigadier-generalship, was placed in military command. There could not have been a more judicious selection for this important post.

Col. William K. Kimball of Paris, Me., took command of the regiment. Aided by a gunboat, he soon captured two batteries of six thirty-two pounders, with a stand of colors, a large amount of ordnance stores, and eight thousand dollars of Confederate currency. The War Department highly commended the brilliant achievement, and ordered the captured colors to re

main with the Twelfth, as a trophy of their victory. After many wild and wondrous expeditions in the extreme South, the regiment returned to the battle-fields of Virginia. There the troops were engaged in an almost incessant conflict; and nearly every conflict was a victory. The regiment bears a remarkable record for the good conduct of the men. They were ever obedient to their officers, eager for action, and displayed an invincible courage which won for them high commendation from every general under whom they served. Gen. Shepley remained military commandant at New Orleans until 1862, when he was invested with the arduous and responsible office of military governor of Louisiana. This post he filled to the great satisfaction of the national government until 1864, when he was transferred to fill a similar post in Virginia.[1]

The Thirteenth Regiment was raised at large, and rendezvoused in Augusta. Neal Dow of Portland was colonel. Upon its organization it was speedily sent to Ship Island. The iron ship "Mississippi," of twelve hundred tons, with its rich freight of the Thirteenth Maine and the Thirty-first Massachusetts, almost miraculously escaped foundering during a terrific storm at sea. The Thirteenth was stationed for some time in the occupancy of Ship Island. On this glowing expanse of white sand, beneath an almost tropical sun, the regiment, passing in mid-winter from the North, suffered in health very severely. Their drill was excellent. Gen. Weitzel said that he had never seen better soldiers.

They were eventually sent on a campaign into Texas, and again upon an eventful expedition to Red River. In both of these enterprises, their deprivations and sufferings were terrible. It would require a volume to give any thing like an adequate description of these bold adventures. On one of these expeditions they performed a march of five hundred and fifty miles, while continually exposed to attack from a watchful foe.

At length these veteran troops were ordered North, to report to Gen. Grant. Martinsburg, the base of supplies for Sheridan's whole army, was intrusted to their care. The regiment, after

1 "Maine in the War," p. 290.

performing services of the utmost value for three years, was mustered out of service on the 6th of January, 1865, by Major J. W. T. Gardiner, of the United States Army. Col. Dow was very highly commended for the wisdom and energy with which he conducted this regiment through its arduous career. Promoted to the rank of brigadier-general, he proved himself equal to any responsibilities which might be laid upon him. While sick in Louisiana, he was captured by the rebels. After a long and barbarous imprisonment he was exchanged.

The Fourteenth Regiment was collected at Augusta. Frank S. Nickerson of Searsport was colonel. The regiment was assigned to the third brigade, under Gen. Shepley, and was sent to Ship Island, and thence to New Orleans. Their first serious battle was at Baton Rouge. These sturdy sons of Maine, who, at the summons of their country, had left the congenial employments of peaceful homes, behaved like veterans, amidst the carnage and tumult of war. Gen. Weitzel wrote in the highest terms of commendation of the valor of the Maine Fourteenth in encountering "the whole brunt of the attack."

There seems to have been but little rest for this regiment, by day or by night. Marchings and battles were incessant. From May till August they were without tents. However severe the storm or the shower, they had no shelter. Their only camp-equipage was their camp-kettles, which they carried in their hands. It seems strange that men could endure such hardships, and live. There were no troops who served more efficiently in the capture of Port Hudson than the Maine Fourteenth.

The Fifteenth Regiment was raised principally in the remote region of Aroostook County. John McClusky of Houlton was colonel. For nearly four months the regiment was encamped at Carrolton, when Lieut.-Col. Dyer was promoted to the command. But here, amidst the swamps of Mississippi, the regiment suffered severely from sickness. In September it was removed to Pensacola, where, in the enjoyment of a salubrious clime, the sick rapidly recovered. Col. Dyer was soon placed in command of the post, and Benjamin B. Murray became colonel.

Upon leaving Maine the regiment numbered nine hundred and sixty men. In one year, without being in a single battle, it lost, from sickness and the other casualties of a campaign, three hundred and twenty-nine of its number. Though these troops were not engaged in any pitched battles, they passed through a strange series of perilous and romantic adventures, in all which they proved themselves to be good men and true.

In September, 1861, the secretary of war solicited from the governor of Maine a rifle company of sharpshooters. Every man was subject to a rigid examination as to his physical powers of endurance; and they were required, at the distance of two hundred yards, to put ten consecutive shots within a circle ten inches in diameter.

James D. Fessenden of Portland was captain of this company. The men were equipped in a superior manner. The company was attached to Berdan's Second Regiment of sharpshooters. It was sent, by the way of Washington, first to Camp William near Alexandria, and thence to Falmouth, Va. Almost immediately the company entered upon a series of skirmishes, with the foe ever retiring before them. None but men of iron nerves could have performed the toilsome marches and the shelterless bivouacs through which they passed. They were often exposed to a terrific fire from the enemy's batteries, but ever stood their ground with the firmness of veterans. At one time this company was pitted against an equal number of rebel sharpshooters. The rebels, having lost thirty of their number, fled, while the Maine riflemen lost but three.

In one engagement this heroic band of men was so utterly exhausted by marching, counter-marching, and fighting, with short rations and but little sleep, that but twelve could enter into battle. In the battle of Antietam they bore an honorable part. For four hours they were under fire, and lost six of their men. At Chancellorsville they were for two days constantly engaged with the sharpshooters of the foe. In the three-days' battle at Gettysburg, they took an active part, losing eleven in wounded and prisoners. And thus these heroic men, through sufferings, toil, and death, counted not their lives dear to them,

that they might preserve the flag which treason and rebellion would trample in the dust. Capt. Fessenden rose, by rapid promotion, to the rank of brigadier-general.

The First Maine Regiment of cavalry was raised at large. It consisted of twelve companies. John Goddard of Cape Elizabeth was its colonel. It is said that there was no cavalry regiment in the service superior to this in the character of its men and its horses. Samuel H. Allen took the command as colonel, when the regiment was thoroughly organized. Immediately upon their arrival in Washington the various companies were detached for separate service. It is impossible, in the brief space which can be allotted to the subject here, to narrate the wonderful and often awful adventures through which these companies hewed their way. One incident I cannot refrain from recording.

Lieut. Hill, who was acting as quartermaster of the battalion, was, with his team, taken captive. Under a rebel guard he was being carried away, seated in a wagon. Carefully searching, he found a loaded revolver. With this he shot his guard, recaptured his own team and some others, and drove back to the Union lines.[1]

The severity of the service to which the men of this regiment were exposed may be inferred from the fact, that, during a period of about six months, seven hundred of their horses were either lost in action or worn out. The record of the gallantry of these men, and of their suffering from cold, hunger, fatigue, wounds, and death, is melancholy in the extreme. And, the more we admire their heroism, the more do we deplore the awful war which infamous rebellion forced upon them, dragging them from all the joys of their happy homes, to woes which no pen can describe, and which no imagination can conceive.

In the autumn of 1861, the State of Maine raised six batteries of mounted light artillery. Each battery was an independant organization. We can but briefly refer to their patriotic devotion to the salvation of their country through fields of

[1] Maine in the War, p. 354.

blood. Of the First Battery, Edward W. Thompson of Brunswick was captain. It was despatched at once to Ship Island, and thence to New Orleans. With one hundred and forty-nine men, the battery was stationed about six miles from the city. It was a very sickly region. In one month seventy men either died or were disabled. Having been attached to Gen. Weitzel's corps, they were transported to Donaldsonville, where, with great gallantry, they captured a twelve-pounder from the rebels, which the battery was allowed to retain. They had, however, already lost so many men that a detachment of infantry was assigned to them.

Col. Thompson's health utterly failed him. He resigned his post, and was succeeded by Albert W. Bradford of Eastport. Skirmishes and battles, wounds, woe, and death, rapidly followed. At Port Hudson the battery was hotly engaged. After the fall of Port Hudson, the battery was moved in transports to Donaldsonville. Here again the troops passed through an awful scene of battle and blood. Almost every day now had its record of fatiguing marches and sanguinary conflicts. Re turning to the North, the men re-enlisted, and fought in Virginia more battles than can well be counted.

The Second Maine Mounted Battery had Davis Tillson of Rockland for captain. He was a West Point graduate, and had been adjutant-general of Maine. The troops repaired to Washington, and went into camp on Capitol Hill. Soon, however, the battery was sent to Manassas, and entered upon a series of constant, deadly battles, with almost invariably victorious results. But in war heavy blows must be received, as well as given. Horses were shot, guns dismounted, men wounded and killed; but still the bleeding and exhausted battery held on its way until the victory was won. Capt. Tillson was soon promoted, and was succeeded in the command by Capt. James A. Hall of Damariscotta, who was followed by Lieut. Ulmer, and he was followed by Lieut. Albert F. Thomas.

The Third Mounted Battery was rendezvoused in Augusta, under James G. Swett of Brewer as captain. After spending a little time at Capitol Hill, it was embarked for Alexandria, Va., to guard the rubber pontoons. Passing through

various changes, it became at length attached to the First Maine Heavy Artillery, and was stationed for the defence of Washington. The reader would weary of a minute recital of the skirmishes and battles in which it engaged, of the losses which it encountered, and of the victories which it won.

But nothing can give one a more impressive idea of the terrible energies of this rebellion, than to reflect that the wonderful efforts which Maine put forth were rivalled by every loyal State in the Union. Dreadful was the war which we waged with England for the establishment of our nationality; but infinitely more terrible was the war in which we engaged with foul rebellion, that the nationality which had cost us so dear might be perpetuated. For a long time the battery was almost daily contending with the batteries of the enemy. When the battery was withdrawn from the lines before Petersburg, the chief of artillery commended in high terms the military discipline, the neatness, order, and efficiency, with which all its duties had been performed.

The Fourth Mounted Battery was commanded by O'Neil W. Robinson of Bethel. Capt. Robinson was a graduate of Bowdoin College, and a lawyer by profession. The battery was first stationed at Fort Ramsey, seven miles from Alexandria, in Virginia. The history of this battery was essentially like that of the others. Its theatre of action was Virginia; and it had scarcely any respite from fatiguing marches and deadly bombardments. But few of those who originally enlisted returned to their homes to enjoy the fruits of the victories they had won.

These young men, from the comfortable homes and peaceful industries of Maine, had but just entered the valley of the Shenandoah, when they were placed under the cross-fire of two rebel batteries in the battle of Cedar Run. In that awful scene of thunder roar and shrieking shells, as the ground was ploughed by cannon-balls, as horses were shot, guns dismounted, and the dying and dead were falling around, the noble young men, the pride of their friends and the hope of the State, maintained their position with invincible courage. Not a man flinched from his post. There were several changes in the command, from promotions and the other vicissitudes of a campaign.

The Fifth Mounted Battery was raised at large. George F. Leppien of Portland was intrusted with the command. He was admirably qualified for the responsible duty; for he had been educated in the best German universities, had spent five years in a military school in Prussia, and had already held a lieutenant's commission in a Pennsylvania battery. These men were very promptly led forward to the front, where the battles were raging in the valley of the Shenandoah. At the battle of Fredericksburg, this battery was exposed to the heaviest cannonade of the day; and the men won golden opinions for their unflinching courage, their accuracy of aim, and their rapidity of fire. At the inexplicable disaster at Chancellorsville, the battery was exposed to a terribly destructive fire from three rebel batteries. There they stood effectively working their guns, and holding a large body of infantry in check, until Capt. Leppien was struck down by a mortal wound; both of the lieutenants, Greenlief T. Stevens of Augusta, and Adelbert B. Twitchell of Bethel, were severely wounded; six men were killed outright, twenty-two were wounded and prostrate in their blood, forty horses were either killed or disabled, and their ammunition was exhausted. Then, by the aid of infantry supports, the guns were dragged off. It is hard to forgive those rebels, who, without the slightest justifiable cause, plunged our country into so deadly a war, sending lamentation and mourning to thousands of once happy homes.

Again at Gettysburg this heroic battery met with appalling losses and sufferings, and performed deeds of daring which won for them great admiration. For the second time the battery was left with but one officer not wounded. Capt. Hunt, who had succeeded Capt. Leppien, was severely wounded on the first of this three-days' battle. And thus the dreadful days came and went with slaughter, wounds, anguish, death. We hope there is somewhere reward for those noble men who thus suffered and died for us. Had they failed, who can imagine the disasters without end which would have befallen our dismembered land?

CHAPTER XXVII.

MAINE IN THE WAR OF THE REBELLION, CONTINUED.

Battle of Cedar Mountain — Bivouacking in the Rain — Testimony of Gen. Burnside — Scenes at Port Hudson — Arlington Heights — Campaigning in the South — Patriotism of the Twenty-Seventh Regiment — Toilsome March — Battle at Marianna — Ravages of Sickness — Summary of the Efforts of Maine — Major-Gen. O. O. Howard at Gettysburg — Major-Gen. Joshua L. Chamberlain at the Surrender of Lee.

THE Sixth Mounted Battery, raised by Maine, was composed chiefly of young men from the counties of York, Waldo, and Aroostook. Freeman McGilvery of Stockton was captain. The battery was sent to the aid of the army of Virginia. Gen. Banks, with six thousand men, was endeavoring to arrest the march of Stonewall Jackson, who had thirty thousand under his command. Both the Fourth and Sixth Maine Batteries were brought into action at Cedar Mountain. Here the Sixth first experienced the terrors and toils of battle. For six hours the deadly fighting raged. Inexperienced as they were in the horrors of war, they stood at their posts so manfully, repelling repeated charges, that Gen. Augur, to whose division the battery was attached, congratulated Capt. McGilvery on his gallant conduct, and said that the battery was the means of repelling the assaults on the left flank, and had thus saved the division from destruction.

A retreat to the Rappahannock was necessary. The little band, pressed by out-numbering foes, marching and countermarching, fought night and day, living upon half rations, and with scarcely a moment for rest. We cannot follow this battery in its heroic career of almost incessant battles.

Capt. McGilvery received deserved promotion; and Edwin B. Dow of Portland was intrusted with the command. At

Gettysburg the Sixth performed very efficient service. Though it suffered severely, it persistently held its position, and was highly complimented by Gens. Tyler and Hunt for its gallantry. Lieut. Rogers succeeded Capt. Dow in command of the battery.

We now return to the regiments. Maine had already furnished the general government with fifteen regiments; and it is safe to say that none better, in the courage and hardihood of the men and their high-toned character, had entered the service. In the year 1862, the State was called upon for more men, and the Sixteenth Regiment of infantry was organized. Asa Wildes of Skowhegan was colonel.

Sadly yet resolutely these young men left well-tilled farms and comfortable homes, their workshops and mills, and all the charms of peaceful domestic life, for the hazards and sufferings of war. They were men of peace. Dire necessity alone could induce them to exchange their homes for the tented field. The regiment, like many others, was mustered into the United States service by Major J. W. T. Gardiner.

The troops were sent immediately to Washington; and, crossing the Potomac by Long Bridge, encamped on Arlington Heights, the former residence of the very able and very unhappy rebel general, Robert E. Lee. Their tents were scarcely reared when they were ordered to the front, to meet the rebels who had crossed the Potomac, and were threatening Pennsylvania. It was September. The nights were chill, and there were frequent storms. But the regiment had moved so rapidly that it was very poorly supplied with clothing or camp equipage. The men encamped on the Potomac, about three miles west of Sharpsburg. Their only shelter was such as they could construct from boughs of trees and cornstalks. But these would neither exclude wind nor rain. All their baggage remained in Washington. Their rations were poor and insufficient.

The regiment had dwindled to seven hundred men. They had no change of clothing, no medicine. Terrible discomfort prevailed, with filth and vermin. There must have been great incapacity somewhere to have allowed such a state of things to exist. Two hundred and fifty were on the sick-list. Many died. Exposure, scanty food, and general wretchedness were more fatal than the bullets of the foe could have been.

Under such deplorable circumstances, the Sixteenth received marching orders. In a pouring rain they broke camp, and after a weary march halted for the night in the woods. It was an awful night. The rain fell in torrents. An almost wintry gale pierced their thin clothing. There was no shelter. Camp-fires could not be built. The bitter cold and general wretchedness prevented all sleep. The sufferings of that night will never be forgotten by those who endured them. In a long and woful march they reached Warrington, on the 7th of November, in a heavy snow-storm.

At length the knapsacks and overcoats of the regiment arrived, and the despondency into which the men had been plunged was in some degree dispelled. A terrible battle was fought at Fredericksburg. These worn and wasted men seemed as regardless of shells and bullets as if they were snowflakes. They entered the field, swept by the storm of war, about four hundred and fifty in number. Two hundred and twenty-six were either killed or wounded. Gen. Burnside, who was in command of the army, said, "Whatever honor we can claim in that contest was won by the Maine men."

These hardships were terrible. The men had been so enfeebled by sickness that nearly every wounded man died. The regiment had dwindled down to forty men. A hundred and sixty recruits were sent to add to their numbers. There seemed to be no end to the sufferings of this regiment. The nights became wintry cold. There were long marches through mud and rain, and bivouacking almost supperless upon the bleak, unsheltered fields.

Napoleon said that a man who is intrusted with the lives of his fellow-men, in a military campaign, should examine himself to see if he is equal to such immense responsibilities. There was no intentional neglect in this case, but certainly there was great incapacity somewhere. At length these suffering patriots reached winter-quarters, and enjoyed a little rest. But soon again the turmoil and carnage of almost ceaseless battle were recommenced. We can only give the final result. The numbers originally forming the regiment, and those sent to re-enforce it, amounted to two thousand and ninety-seven. Of

these the total loss by the casualties of the campaigns numbered twelve hundred and ten.

The Seventeenth Regiment of Infantry was mainly from the counties of York, Cumberland, Androscoggin, and Oxford. Thomas A. Roberts of Portland was colonel. It was speedily sent to the battle-fields of Virginia. At Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, and many other fields of carnage, they fought with valor which proved their readiness to die for their country.

And so it was with the Eighteenth Regiment, under Col. Daniel Chapin of Bangor; the Nineteenth, under Col. Frederick D. Sewall of Bath; and the Twentieth, under Col. Adelbert Ames of Rockland. Joshua L. Chamberlain of Bowdoin College, Brunswick, was lieutenant-colonel. Upon the promotion of Col. Ames, Col. Chamberlain took the command. His gallantry speedily caused him to be promoted by Grant, on the field where he was wounded, to the rank of brigadier-general. Adelbert Ames was also appointed brigadier-general, at the request of Gens. Hooker, Meade, and Howard, for great heroism displayed at Chancellorsville. To record the achievements of these regiments would be but to repeat what has already been written. They passed through the same scenes of weary marches, cold bivouacs on rain-drenched fields, and terrible battles.

The Twenty-First Regiment had Elijah D. Johnson of Lewiston for its colonel. It was sent far away to the marshes and the bayous of the extreme South, where sickness was more to be feared than bullet or bayonet. Though wasted by sickness, it did good service at the siege of Port Hudson. In one assault it lost, in killed and wounded, sixty in less than half an hour. The survivors of the regiment were present at the surrender of the fort. Their term of service having expired, they were transported home. The fame of their heroism had gone before them, and they received a continuous ovation along the route.

The Twenty-Second Regiment was rendezvoused at Bangor. Henry Crosby of Hampden was colonel. These troops were sent, by the way of Washington and Fortress Monroe, to New

Orleans. Thence it ascended the river to take part in the terrible struggle raging around Port Hudson. And here we have but the same story to tell of toil, exhaustion, wounds, death, and the final victory of those who survived these awful scenes.

The Twenty-Third Regiment was organized under Col. William Wirt Virgin of Norway. The young men were generally from Androscoggin and Oxford Counties. It is said, that morally and intellectually this regiment was composed of perhaps the best set of men who had thus far left the State. These troops spent most of their time in guarding Washington. Their labors were very severe, in digging rifle-pits and redoubts, building barricades, and in performing picket duty. Under these toils and exposure about fifty died during the ten months the regiment was in service.

The Twenty-Fourth Regiment was organized at Augusta. George M. Atwood of Gardiner was colonel. Their career was indeed an arduous one. They were sent to the unhealthy South, and to the unintermitted toils which attended the siege of Port Hudson. Nine hundred of the stalwart sons of Maine left Augusta. At the end of the year for which they enlisted but five hundred and seventy returned; and yet not one was killed in battle.

The Twenty-Fifth Regiment, like several others, enlisted for nine months' service. Francis Fessenden of Portland was colonel. The regiment numbered nine hundred and ninety-three men. It rendezvoused at Portland, and first repaired to Capitol Hill, in Washington. Here it was assigned to the third brigade of Casey's division, and Col. Fessenden was placed in command of the brigade. In a furious storm the troops were removed to Arlington Heights. Here several months were spent in severe labor, guarding Long Bridge, and constructing fascines, gabions, magazines, and bomb-proofs. Though the regiment participated in no engagement, it performed the arduous and responsible duties which were assigned to it with great fidelity, and was greeted on its return with warm encomiums.

The Twenty-Sixth Regiment was raised mainly in the coun-

ties of Knox, Hancock, and Waldo. Bangor was its place of rendezvous, and Nathaniel H. Hubbard of Winterport was its colonel. These troops were first sent to Arlington Heights, then to Fortress Monroe, then to Newport News, then in a magnificent fleet to Ship Island, then to New Orleans, then to Baton Rouge. Here commenced the dull routine of camp-life. After a delay of two months the Twenty-Sixth, with other forces, was put in motion on the march to Port Hudson. Having accomplished the object of this expedition, they returned to Baton Rouge, and there embarked on a river steamer, and descended sixty miles to Donaldsonville. From this point they took up their line of march to Thibodeaux, thirty-six miles west of the Mississippi. Thence the troops were transported by rail to Brashear City. Upon this expedition the regiment engaged in the battle of Irish Bend. It was a hard-fought conflict, amidst scenes of sublimity and terror which deserve minute record. In this deadly struggle the regiment lost sixty-eight men out of three hundred. From the blood-stained field the troops ascended the Bayou Teche to the Red River.

On the 26th of May they returned to Brashear City, after a bold, fatiguing, perilous campaign of forty-three days, beneath the blaze of an almost meridian sun. They proceeded to Port Hudson, and took gallant part in the siege until the rebels surrendered. Having thus performed their engagements, they ascended the river to Cairo, and thence home. In this gallant expedition of nine months two hundred of the noble sons of Maine were lost.

The Twenty-Seventh Regiment was mainly from York County, and was rendezvoused at Portland. Rufus P. Tapley of Saco was colonel. Its first destination was Central Virginia. Through a severe winter the regiment remained, guarding, much of the time, a picket-line eight miles long. Col. Tapley was succeeded by Lieut.-Col. Wentworth. This was the most anxious hour of the war. The rebel Gen. Lee, with his immense forces, was moving up for the invasion of Pennsylvania. Incendiaries were crowding our Northern cities. Traitors in the North were openly avowing sympathy with the Southern rebellion. Want of confidence in the commander of

the Union army rendered a change necessary. All the old troops had been sent forward to oppose the exultant foe. The national heart was oppressed with anxiety. Washington was left exposed. The term for which this regiment had enlisted had expired.

The President and the Secretary of War entreated the Twenty-Seventh to remain for the protection of the capital. It was a remarkable regiment. Gentlemen from each of the liberal professions were in its ranks, and farmers and mechanics, who were making heavy pecuniary sacrifices by their absence from their homes. They remained. The battle of Gettysburg was fought; and the dark cloud of peril passed away. Greeted with benedictions in Washington, these patriotic troops were received at home with blessings. The regiment left Maine nine hundred and forty-nine strong, and had never less than seven hundred and forty ready for duty. Medals were awarded to the men by the War Department, for serving beyond the term for their enlistment.

The Twenty-Eighth Regiment was under Ephraim W. Woodman of Wilton, colonel. They proceeded first to New York, and were quartered one night in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, where Rev. Henry Ward Beecher and prominent members of his church assisted in nursing the sick. After spending a short time in that vicinity, the troops were sent to New Orleans by the way of Fortress Monroe. It would be difficult to describe their vast variety of marchings and counter-marchings, their skirmishes, and the innumerable arduous toils which they performed. Some of the conflicts in which they engaged were as desperately fought as any during the war.

The Twenty-Ninth Regiment was rendezvoused at Augusta. George L. Beal of Norway was colonel. It was sent immediately to New Orleans. These troops, many of whom had previously enlisted for nine months, entered almost immediately upon a series of bloody battles. In the sanguinary conflict of Pleasant Hill they won a signal victory. Col. Beal was placed in command of a brigade. On one expedition the troops marched four hundred miles. They were at one time sixty hours without sleep, and with but little food; and during that time they marched fifty-six miles, and fought two battles.

Having performed wondrous deeds of toil and gallantry in the far South, the regiment was sent back to Virginia, and took part in the conflicts which were raging there, until the term of its service had expired.

The Thirtieth Regiment of infantry had in its ranks quite a number of experienced soldiers. Francis Fessenden of Portland was colonel. It sailed, in the steamship "Merrimac," from Portland for New Orleans. Sickness pervaded the ranks. They marched one hundred and sixty miles, over the marshy lands of Louisiana, to Natchitoches. They encountered sleet and drenching rain-storms, with rough and miry roads. Not a few dropped by the wayside, utterly exhausted, and were captured by the enemy. Skirmishes and battles ensued, with incidents of chivalric courage, which we have no space to describe.

Between the 15th of March and the 22d of May, this regiment marched five hundred miles, and engaged in four battles, losing two hundred and twenty-eight officers and men. From New Orleans the troops returned to Virginia, and engaged in toils as severe as flesh and blood could endure. During one year these hardy men marched over a thousand miles. The true story of what they did and suffered, for the salvation of their country, no pen can describe.

The Second Regiment of cavalry was composed of remarkably robust men. Ephraim W. Woodman of Portland was colonel. They were sent to New Orleans. One hundred and fifty horses died on the voyage. Most of the regiment was immediately ordered to the front to take part in the Red River expedition. After a season of active service the regiment was sent to Pensacola, in Florida.

At Marianna, the shire town of Jackson County, there was a terrible conflict in the streets. The rebels threw up barricades, and opened a furious fire from churches, houses, and stores. Major Nathan Cutler of Augusta had two horses shot under him, and fell with a broken leg, a shattered wrist, and other severe wounds. From all these wounds he recovered. Many others were killed or wounded, twenty-nine in all.

But in this successful raid the troops took one hundred prisoners, a large amount of commissary and quartermaster stores,

two hundred and fifty horses and mules, four hundred head of cattle, and five hundred contrabands. There were several other raids, one into the State of Alabama. In one of these a train of fifty wagons was brought into camp, by Lieut.-Col. Spurling of the Second Maine, for a distance of sixty miles through the enemy's country, while attacked almost every hour, in front, flanks, and rear, by a force superior to his own.

The change from the pure air and healthy food of their homes in Maine to the malarious climates of Louisiana and Florida, and all the hardships and deprivations of camp-life, caused so much sickness, that at one time, from a regiment of nine hundred and eighty-nine, only four hundred and fifty reported for duty. The sad condition of the regiment being made known, Maine immediately sent to the suffering men a bountiful supply of vegetables and other articles for their comfort.

The Seventh Mounted Battery, under Adelbert B. Twitchell of Bethel, as captain, was sent to Virginia, and in its first battle, at Spottsylvania, fought from morning till night. In that battle it obtained celebrity which gave it rank with the most experienced batteries in the army. At Bethesda Church and Cold Harbor, it was again under a severe fire. In front of Petersburg it took part in the fierce strife which raged there for so many months. Sharpshooters were continually watching for every exposure, and sixty-four-pound mortar shells were frequently thrown over their ramparts. The battery was composed of a superior class of men, and was highly commended for its discipline and efficiency.

An independent organization was raised, called the First District Columbia Cavalry. Maine contributed about eight hundred men to this organization. Col. L. C. Baker was in command. These troops plunged into that series of bloody battles in Virginia, which attended the close of the war. They encountered victories and defeats, but rendered efficient service, and, when attacked by overwhelming numbers, displayed bravery which could not have been surpassed.

The Thirty-First Regiment of infantry was rendezvoused at Augusta, and was pushed forward rapidly to Virginia to aid in the concluding scenes of the conflict. George Varney of Ban-

gor was colonel. He was succeeded by Col. Thomas Hight of Augusta. The regiment immediately took part in the battles of the Wilderness, fought bravely, and suffered severely. In one of their first conflicts they lost, in killed, wounded, and missing, two hundred and ninety-five men. Then, for six successive days, they were under fire. At Petersburg they won great praise. Sickness, wounds, death, and capture at one time so reduced the regiment that but sixty reported for duty. Recruits were sent to fill up their dwindled ranks.

The Thirty-Second Regiment of infantry was rendezvoused at Augusta. Mark F. Wentworth of Kittery was colonel. Virginia was the theatre of their exploits. At Spottsylvania, they were placed in the most exposed part of the line. For eight successive days they were under fire. The carnage encountered in the conflicts in which these troops were engaged was awful.

Another military organization was formed in Maine, called the First Regiment Veteran Artillery. John Goldthwait of Windsor was in command.

But we must bring this brief narrative to a close. It would require far more space than we can give, to do any thing like justice to the achievements of the troops of Maine during the war. The space which can be devoted to that subject here enables us to present but little more than a catalogue of the most important organizations. Many heroic deeds are left unrecorded. Even the names of many men whose deeds merit record, we cannot mention. We can only give an abstract, and a very imperfect one, of the heroic efforts which the citizens of Maine made to rescue our country from the foulest rebellion to be found in the annals of history.

During the four years of this dreadful strife, Maine sent seventy-two thousand nine hundred and forty-five men to the battle-field. She furnished thirty-two infantry regiments, three regiments of cavalry, one regiment of heavy artillery, seven batteries of mounted artillery, seven companies of sharpshooters, thirty companies of unassigned infantry, seven companies of coast-guards, and six companies for coast fortifications; six thousand seven hundred and fifty men were also contributed to the navy and marine corps. The total number who perished

during these campaigns, in the *army list*, amounted to seven thousand three hundred and twenty-two. We have no record of the killed and wounded, and of those who died of disease, in the navy and marine corps. The whole amount of bounty paid throughout the State was nine million six hundred and ninety-five thousand six hundred and twenty dollars and ninety-three cents. Hospital stores were contributed to the amount of seven hundred and thirty-one thousand one hundred and thirty-four dollars.

The above record is a surprising one. No one would have deemed it possible that the State of Maine could have sent so many troops to the field, or that she could contribute such vast sums to meet the expenses of the war. In the narrative of this dreadful conflict it will be generally admitted that there are two of the sons of Maine who merit especial mention.

Gettysburg was perhaps the turning-point in the tide of battle. Gen. Lee, with ninety thousand men, was on the rapid march to overwhelm the diminished army of Hooker, capture Washington, and enrich the Confederacy by the plunder of the cities and granaries of Pennsylvania. He concentrated his giant army at Gettysburg. Gen. O. O. Howard, with the Eleventh Corps, was sent forward to do every thing in his power to retard the advance of the rebels, while divisions of the Union army were hurrying, by forced marches, to the position where it was now evident that a decisive battle was to take place.

With eight thousand men, Gen. Howard met the brunt of battle, and drove back the foe. His corps was posted on Cemetery Hill. Its capture was certain victory to the rebels. Lee, the ablest general of the rebels, gathered up all his strength for that purpose. It was late in the afternoon; the enormous masses of Early's division advanced in majestic march to the attack. There stood Gen. Howard, with his calm, manly, honest face. "An empty coat-sleeve is pinned to his shoulder, memento of a hard-fought field before, and reminder of many a battle-scene his splendid Christian courage has illumined." After a terrific struggle the rebels gained a position, where they made preparations for a desperate assault on the morrow, with scarcely a doubt of their success.

At the early dawn, the batteries of Gen. Howard thundered forth their challenge for a renewal of the fight. Soon the battle was resumed, with all its indescribable tumult and dreadful fury. Gen. Howard, who was guiding this tempest of war, was calmly leaning against a gravestone. His aids were gathered around him, watching the sublime sweep of the war-cloud before them.

"I have seen many men in action," an eye-witness writes, "but never one so imperturbably cool as this general of the Eleventh Corps. I watched him closely as a Minie whizzed overhead. I dodged, of course: I never expect to get over that habit; but I am confident that he did not move a muscle, by the fraction of a hair's-breadth."

At length the whole field of battle was buried in a cloud of smoke. Gen. Howard, turning to one of his aids, said in calm tones, "Ride over to Gen. Meade, and tell him that the fighting on the right seems more terrific than ever, and appears to be swinging around towards the centre; and ask him if he has any orders."

The aid soon came galloping back, with the reply, "The troops are to stand to arms, sir, and watch the front."

Firmly they stood, pouring in a steady storm upon their foes, while the thunders of one of the most terrible battles ever waged on earth deafened the ear, and the ground was strewed with the wounded and the dead. I am not, however, describing the battle, but simply an important incident in the battle. On they came, yelling like demons, six brigades in number. Two hundred and fifty pieces of rebel artillery were concentrating their fire upon our centre and left. It is said that Gen. Howard ordered one after another of his guns to be quiet, as if silenced by the fire of the enemy. The rebel lines came rushing on, four miles long. From that whole length there was an incessant blaze of fire, emitting a storm of bullets, balls, and shells, which it would seem that no mortal energies could endure.

When the foe was within point-blank range, so that every bullet of grape or canister would accomplish its mission, the cannoneers sprang to their guns. Sheets of flame and smoke,

and death-dealing iron and lead, smote them in the face; and they fell as though the angel of death had spread his wings on the blast. When the smoke cleared away, the charging lines before Cemetery Hill had vanished. The ground was covered with mutilated bodies, some still in death, and many writhing in agony. A few stragglers were seen here and there, on the rapid retreat.

The gloom of night was soon spread over this awful spectacle. In the morning, Lee commenced his retreat. He had lost in killed, five thousand five hundred; in wounded, twenty-one thousand; in stragglers and deserters, four thousand; and nine thousand prisoners. Humiliated and bleeding, the fragments of his army hastened back to Virginia, having lost forty thousand men. At Gettysburg, the death-blow was given to the heart of the rebellion. Maine may well feel proud of the part which her illustrious son Gen. O. O. Howard took in that decisive battle. Even the catalogue of the skirmishes and battles in which Gen. O. O. Howard took an heroic part would be a long one.

Major-Gen. Joshua L. Chamberlain entered the army from his professorship in Bowdoin College, as lieutenant-colonel of the Maine Twentieth Regiment of infantry. It was his privilege to receive the surrender of Lee's army. The scene of the surrender was sublime. The whole rebel army was flying in utter defeat from Richmond and Petersburg, over the hills and through the vales. The Union army, more than double its number, was pursuing it on the north, the east, and the south.

The flight of the enemy was truly a rout. The path of the flying foe was strewed with abandoned artillery, muskets, wagons, and all the débris of a defeated army. Soon the rebels were overtaken upon a plain surrounded by hills. The Union army came pressing on, like a resistless flood, and its batteries were planted upon the crests which encircled the plain. There was no escape for the rebels. They must either surrender or be annihilated. Lee surrendered just as the Union soldiers were ready to open their deadly fire. Our troops received the first tidings from the shouts which burst from the lips of their rebel foes. These haggard men, weary of the war into which

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they had been dragged, as they heard the news that the war was closed, were almost frantic with joy. Cheer after cheer rose from the vanquished, which was echoed back in shout after shout from the victors who surrounded them. Both voices, that of friend and foe, blended in the joyful cry which one would think must have awakened responsive joy among the angels in heaven.

The soldiers on both sides seemed to have lost all memory of past animosities. With the Union troops there were tears and prayers and cordial embracings. The long agonies of the sanguinary conflict were forgotten. The troops, who, in long lines in the rear, were hurrying forward to the supposed scene of battle, heard the shout, and knew not what it meant. But it increased in volume, and came rolling down the ranks, nearer and nearer, in thunder-peals. For miles the mountains and the forests and the valleys rang with the exultant cheers of those who had trampled the rebellion beneath their feet.

Major-Gen. Joshua L. Chamberlain, one of the heroes of Gettysburg and Petersburg, and many another bloody fight, chanced to be with his division in the van. He drew up his troops in a straight line, a mile in length. An equal division of the rebel army was marched to a parallel line in front, at the distance of but a few feet. All were silent. Not a bugle sounded; not a drum was beat; not a voice was heard.

As the vanquished foe came up, Gen. Chamberlain ordered his men to present arms. This honor, paid to the heroic victims of a cruel rebellion in their hour of humiliation, brought tears to the eyes of many rebel officers. One said, "This is magnanimity which we had not expected." The defeated troops returned the courteous salute before they laid down their arms. As this division filed away, another came, and another, until twenty-two thousand left behind them their arms and their banners.

Lee's army had been more than three times that number. But thousands had been captured; large numbers had been killed and wounded; and other thousands had thrown down their arms, and dispersed in all directions, to return to their distant and utterly impoverished homes. The rebel troops

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were starving. In their disastrous flight they had been compelled to abandon their provisions. The Union troops, in their eager pursuit, had taken but a scanty supply; but they divided their rations with their conquered foe.

No pen can describe the joy with which the tidings of Lee's surrender was received throughout our war-weary and exhausted land. The Union was preserved. Our nationality was established. The star-spangled banner was again to float in undisputed supremacy from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf. The crushing-out of the rebellion established freedom throughout our whole land. It was clear to every mind, that our country was entering upon a new era of prosperity, wealth, and power. The State of Maine contributed her full proportion in the accomplishment of this glorious result.

And the country has not been ungrateful to her heroic sons, who have accomplished such glorious results. Many monuments have been reared to perpetuate the remembrance of those who have sacrificed their lives. At Togus, a few miles east from Augusta, a large and commodious retreat has been reared by the government as a home for the disabled soldiers. Here, honored by all who visit them, these sons of Maine and of other States, rendered helpless by the exhaustion of war, or mutilated by the terrible enginery of battle, are provided with every thing the nation can give to minister to their comfort. From thousands of Christian churches and firesides the prayer fervently ascends, that God will bless them, for all that they have done and suffered, that our land might be rescued from anarchy and ruin.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

AGRICULTURE AND MANUFACTURES.

Maine, its Location and Size — Mountains — Katahdin — Temperature — Agricultural Products — Various Industries — Ship-Building — Railroads — Slate Quarries — Little Blue Quarry — Water-Power — Annual Rain-Fall — Manufacturing Facilities — The Saco Basin — The Androscoggin — The Kennebec — The Penobscot Valley — The St. Croix — The St. John — The Salubrious Climate — Prospects of Emigration.

THE State of Maine lies between 42° 57′ and 47° 30′ north latitude, and 5° 45′ and 10° 10′ east longitude from Washington. It is the most easterly State of the Union, embracing an area of thirty-two thousand square miles, which is equal to twenty million acres. It is larger than all the other New England States united. The greatest length of the State, in a diagonal line from the mouth of the Piscataqua River to the extreme northern angle, is three hundred and twenty miles. Its greatest width, from the sea near Passamaquoddy Bay west to the Canada line, is one hundred and sixty miles. A straight line running from the mouth of the Piscataqua River to Quoddy Head, the extreme north-eastern cape, would be two hundred and fifty miles in length.[1]

The surface of the State is diversified with high mountains, broad intervals, and undulating plains. Much of the northwestern region strongly resembles Scotland in the grandeur of its eminences and the beauty of its crystal lakes. In Franklin County Mount Abraham rears its majestic brow three thousand four hundred feet above the level of the sea. Mount Blue, in the same county, is a celebrated place of resort. Its summit reaches the height of two thousand eight hundred feet, and opens to

[1] Annual Register of Maine for 1874–5, p. 102.

the eye a view of sublimity and beauty which richly rewards the tourist who ascends its cliffs. The Sandy River winds along its base, whose banks are adorned with thriving New England villages. Webb's Pond and other beautiful lakelets gleam like burnished silver through the surrounding forests; and the brows of majestic mountains rise around till their cliffs fade away in the distant horizon. Bordering the Canada line there is a range, called the Highlands, two thousand feet in height.

Near the coast there are some lofty eminences which arrest the eye of the voyager far out at sea. Here some internal convulsions of nature have thrown up thirteen huge granite mountains. They can be seen at a distance of sixty leagues, and are the first landmark caught sight of by the mariner approaching our coast. The highest peak reaches an elevation of one thousand five hundred and fifty-six feet.[1] Upon the summit of one of these mountains there is a lake, clear as crystal, many acres in extent, without any visible outlet or inlet. The Camden Hills, on the Penobscot, reach an elevation of fifteen hundred feet.

Mount Katahdin is one of the most remarkable elevations in the State. It is situated about seventy miles north-west of the head-tide of Penobscot River. The mountain is about twelve miles in circumference at its base. Its difficult ascent was first accomplished in the year 1804, by a party of seven gentlemen from Bangor and Orono. They judged its summit to be ten thousand feet above the level of the sea. Under the fourth article of the treaty of Ghent, surveyors were appointed to ascertain its altitude; and they pronounced it to be four thousand six hundred and eighty-four feet above a small river at its foot, called Abalajacko-megus, which river was, at that point, eleven hundred and fifty feet above the tide-waters of the Penobscot.

This measurement was not deemed satisfactory, as their instruments were out of order. Subsequent surveys have given its altitude at about five thousand five hundred feet. Its

[1] Williamson gives the attitude of the highest peak at two thousand three hundred feet; Dr. Jackson, in his Geological Survey, at one thousand nine hundred feet; C. O. Boutelle, in the United States Coast Survey, at one thousand five hundred and fifty-six feet.

ascent is difficult. Its sides are covered with a dense forest, until within about a mile of the top, where all vegetation ceases. The summit is a plain, about half a mile long, but much more narrow, covered with a surface of dry white moss. The view opened from this point is sublime. The small irregularities below seem to be levelled to a perfect plain. Sixty lakes of varied dimensions and very picturesque forms can be counted. On the north-east the view is uninterrupted, till lost in the deep blue of the horizon. Towards the south the spectator can see the heights of Mount Desert, at the distance of one hundred and twenty miles.

Among these mountains, lakes, and rivers there is spread out a region of rich and extensive valleys, which will eventually afford homes to a vast population. It is true that the winters are long and cold; but the summers are delightful. There is, probably, not a more healthy climate in the world. And the clear winters, with the pure atmosphere, are seasons of great enjoyment. No one, who has spent a winter in South Carolina and in Maine, will deny that there is more suffering in the former place from the cold than in the latter. And in South Carolina there is no escape from the sultry, burning, debilitating heat of the summer nights.

The annual average of temperature in the State, as ascertained by tables kept at the observatory on Munjoy's Hill, in Portland, for the thirty-two years between 1825 and 1857, was 48° 23′ Fahrenheit. The highest point to which the mercury ascended during that time was 100° 5′. The lowest point was on the 24th of January, 1857, when the mercury descended to 25° below zero. At Portland the proximity of the ocean diminishes both the summer's heat and the winter's cold. Far back in the northern counties the mercury occasionally falls several degrees lower.

At Brunswick, according to the meteorological record kept by Prof. Cleaveland, the annual mean temperature for the same fifty years was 44° 40′ Fahrenheit. The highest temperature was 102°; the lowest, 30° below zero.

The average number of rainy days in Maine is sixty-four during the year. The smallest number, in any year, was thirty-

nine; the largest, ninety-five. The average number of snowy days was thirty. The lowest was nineteen; the highest, fifty. July is the only month during the year in which frost in that region has never occurred. The amount of water which fell, consisting of rain, and snow reduced to water, was, in the year 1857, forty-seven inches and sixty-six hundredths. In 1858 it was forty-three inches and forty-two one-hundredths. In 1859 it was forty-eight inches and fifty-five one-hundredths.

In the year 1874 there were published in the State, seventy-two newspapers, most of them weekly, a few daily. There were also sixty-two banks and fifty-six savings banks. There is an increasing appreciation of the adaptation of the State to secure all the blessings of healthful and happy homes which this earth can give. The God of nature seems to deal in compensations. If Maine needs some of the advantages which other States enjoy, she receives in return blessings which make up for the loss. There are many who can say, —

"I love my own State's pine-clad hills,
Her thousand bright and gushing rills,
Her sunshine and her storms;
Her rough and rugged rocks that rear
Their hoary heads high in the air,
In wild, fantastic forms."

The beautiful granite of Maine is every year growing more in demand for building purposes, and will eventually become an important item of export. The granite-quarry at Hallowell furnishes as admirable building stone as is found in the world. It is of great solidity, and, when dressed, presents a surface quite like marble in appearance. In the year 1874 three hundred thousand tons of ice were shipped from Maine. Ice that is formed where the mercury is twenty degrees below zero is much more solid, and withstands the summer heat more firmly, than that which is formed where the mercury is ten above cipher. The ice-crop promises to be a fruitful source of income.[1]

There is a general impression that Maine is not a good agricultural State. But statistics prove conclusively that in those sections of the State where manufacturing and industrial opera-

[1] Address of Gov. Nelson Dingley, 1874, p. 41.

tions have been well developed, thus opening a market, the farmers are as prosperous as in those States where crops are more easily reared, but must be sent to a great distance to find a purchaser. The hay-crop of Maine in 1873 amounted to two million tons, whose market value was estimated at twenty-five million dollars. This greatly exceeded the value of the wheat-crop in any of the Western States of equal population. The products of the dairy, which ever command a ready sale, were over two million dollars. The aggregate productions of the farms, including live stock, reached the large sum of fifty-seven million dollars.

It is a very gratifying fact, that emigration from the State is diminishing, and that there are indications that the tide is again turning towards those fertile fields where fever and ague are unknown, where timber is abundant, where pure, cool, crystal water gushes from the hillsides, where the air is invigorating, and glowing health abounds. Not one-half of the State has yet been reached by the tiller of the soil. There are still three million unimproved acres in the region of the Aroostook. The territory there, inviting the settler, is equal to the whole of Massachusetts. The soil is deep and rich, and there a population of a million people might find homes of competence.

Manufacturing, commercial, mechanical, and mining enterprises are very rapidly being developed. In the year 1873 the cotton-manufactures of the State amounted to twelve and a half million dollars; wool manufactures, to seven million; boots and shoes, nine million; leather, four million; paper, three million; flour and grist-mill products, two and a quarter million; iron, cast and forged, two million and a half; machinery, two million and a half; edged tools, three-quarters of a million; oil-cloths, a million and a half; bricks, half a million; fertilizers, about eighty thousand dollars; fish and kerosene oils, half a million; fisheries, three-quarters of a million.

The ice cut from our rivers amounted in value to over half a million dollars; the granite, cut from supplies which can never fail, brought four and a half million dollars; the lime amounted to nearly two million dollars; and the majestic forests, still covering millions of acres, brought to those engaged in that one branch of industry nearly ten million dollars.

Ship-building ever has been, and for a long time will probably continue to be, one of the most important branches of industry in the State. Notwithstanding it was a season of great commercial depression in the year 1873, there were two hundred and seventy-six vessels built in Maine, with a tonnage of eighty-nine thousand eight hundred and seventeen tons. The estimated value of these vessels was five and a half million dollars. It will appear from the above, that, from what may be considered the agricultural products of Maine, the sum of the labors of the year 1873 was nearly fifty-seven million dollars. From manufacturing and other industrial products, the sum reached ninety-six million dollars; making a total of one hundred and fifty-three million dollars. Surely the sons of such a State need not emigrate far away from friends and home, to other regions, to find remunerative fields of labor.

In the year 1850 there were two hundred and forty-five miles of railroad in the State. In 1874 these lines had been extended to nine hundred and five miles. There are quarries of excellent slate discovered, extending more than eighty miles from the Penobscot to the valley of the Kennebec.

Five miles from Skowhegan there has been opened what is called the Madison Slate-Quarry. The mine is not only one of wonderful promise, but already of great performance. Probably there is nowhere to be found slate of more excellent quality for roofing. It is very dark in color, and in toughness and elasticity unsurpassed. Its surface is so smooth that it appears almost polished. The quarry is apparently inexhaustible, yielding slate of similar rift and quality with that of the celebrated mine in Wales, which has now been worked fifty years. The slate has been subjected to experiments which have elicited remarkable results. A slab one-fourth of an inch in thickness will support a weight of four hundred and fifty pounds. It can be perforated to any extent without crumbling, so that the piece cut out can be returned and exactly fitted to the hole from which it was cut. It can be carved, or turned in a lathe, like ebony or ivory. When powdered it becomes an admirable article for the surface-painting of oil-cloths.

The toughness of the slate is marvellous. Nails may be

driven through every square inch, without injuring the texture, or breaking the slate. A nail may be driven within an eighth of an inch of the edge. It is easily split into plates of exactly the same thickness, so that it will lie perfectly level upon the roof. An ample supply of water-power enables the proprietors to conduct their works with great efficiency. The plates have easy access to market by the Maine Central Railroad.

Several quarries, manufacturing roofing-slate, are in successful operation at Monson. The oldest quarries in the State are at Brownville. For more than thirty years these mines have been worked, producing a quality of slate which has given the slate of the State of Maine the highest reputation. It is safe to say that the world produces no finer roofing material than that which is to be found in Maine.

In Farmington, on the Sandy River, a quarry was opened in the spring of 1874. It is called "The Little Blue-Slate Quarry." The stone, in quality, very much resembles that obtained at Brownville. The tests usually applied prove it to be every way equal, for roofing purposes, to that celebrated variety. The most competent judges, including mineralogists, architects, slaters, and slate-dealers, award it high praise in respect to color, non-absorption of water, tenacity, and durability. There is good reason to expect that a section of this quarry, recently opened, will afford material for school-slates of superior quality.

The commercial facilities of Maine are unsurpassed by any State in the Union. The sinuosities of the shore are such, that there are between two and three thousand miles of coast-line. Its bays and inlets afford innumerable safe harbors. There is probably no other portion of the globe which exceeds or equals Maine in the magnitude of its water-power. There are one thousand five hundred and sixty-eight lakes within her borders, at an average elevation of six hundred feet above the level of the sea.

"These," says Gov. Dingley, "form the head waters of five thousand one hundred and fifty-one streams, which go rushing down towards the ocean, creating three thousand water-powers, which afford a force measured by not less than one million horse-powers, and equal to the working energy of thirteen million

men. When it is remembered that not a thousandth part of the water-power of the State is as yet harnessed to machinery, some faint idea of the almost boundless extent of our manufacturing resources may be obtained." [1]

The annual rain-fall of Maine, assumed at forty-two inches, would create a lake, covering eight hundred and seventy-one square miles, of the depth of Lake Erie. The inland body of water, including lakes and rivers, covers a surface of three thousand two hundred square miles.

There are in Maine four hundred and seventy-one cities, towns, and plantations, and one hundred and twenty-four townships. It is difficult to give with precision the number of water-powers, but from a careful estimate it is judged that there cannot be less than three thousand one hundred. More than half of these privileges are as yet unused.

If we subtract from the territory of Maine three thousand two hundred square miles for lake, pond, and river surfaces, and five hundred square miles for mountain tops and sides, ledges and heaths, and tracts too barren to support trees, there is left, of cultivated farms and forest surface, twenty-one thousand square miles. Of this region there is about fifteen thousand square miles of the primeval forest, whose silent depths have never echoed to the axe of the settler.

This vast expanse, destined eventually to afford prosperous homes to a large population, is seven times as large as the famous "Black Forest" of Germany. Indeed, it is larger than the States of Connecticut, Delaware, and Rhode Island united. Maine seems to have been designed by nature as a great manufacturing State. These water-powers are admirably located for access to our own great commercial centres, by river navigation and by railroads. The valleys admit of the extension of railways far into the interior.

"The location of the State amid surrounding seas; its extent of surface; the disposition of its slopes; its geological structure; its surface forms and extensive forests; its grand system of lakes, with their uniform connection with the rivers, and susceptibility of reservoir improvement; the low annual temperature, and especially the low summer temperature, which at once

[1] Address of Gov. Nelson Dingley, 1874.

reduces evaporation, and contributes to vigorous labor; the winds of the State, as a whole maritime in character; the copious rain-fall, with its uniform distribution throughout the year, and diffusion over the whole State; the late lingering of the snow in spring; the small percentage of evaporation, resulting from the low temperature, from the number of rainy, snowy, and cloudy days; the consequent large residue of water for removal by rivers, and which our favorable surface forms determine to be removed by rivers, — taken together, constitute a sum of favorable conditions, which, it is confidently believed, no other equal area of the globe can surpass, or can, indeed, so much as equal. Other districts may have, and certainly do have, some one or more of the advantageous features more decidedly developed than Maine; but none can parallel fully, as is believed, their combined series." [1]

These facts seem to indicate that Maine is to become the great manufacturing State of the Union. When we add to the above considerations, that its climate is in the highest degree salubrious, and that, in point of economy, water-power is vastly superior to steam-power, it would seem to be inevitable, that eventually the hum of productive machinery will resound through all these valleys. This will afford a basis for the employment of an immense population. And this will give new energy to all industrial pursuits, causing harvests to wave over all the plains, and cattle to graze over all the hillsides. This wonderful water-power is a grand resource of the State, which can never fail. It is based upon features of the country, and upon recuperative processes of nature, which must be permanent. *Power* is the creator of wealth. Wherever power is found, the ingenuity of man will utilize it. The *power* of Maine is worth more to the State than mines of precious metals or reservoirs of coal. The State is adopting an eminently wise policy, in encouraging the formation of companies for manufacturing purposes, in exempting such infant establishments from taxation, and in allowing towns to subscribe to the stock of manufacturing enterprises.

In accordance with a recommendation to the legislature by Gov. Joshua L. Chamberlain, in 1869, commissioners were appointed to explore the water-power of the State. The result is contained in an exceedingly valuable volume of about five hundred pages, issued by Walter Wells, Esq., superintendent

[1] Water-Power of Maine, p. 64.

of the Hydrographic Survey. From that volume I glean the following facts in reference to several of the most important rivers of Maine.

The Saco River drains a valley seventy-four miles in length, and thirty miles in its greatest breadth. The area of this valley includes fourteen hundred square miles. Eight hundred of these are in Maine, and six hundred in New Hampshire. The upper half of the valley is still heavily wooded, with but few clearings. It is estimated that one-half of the entire district is still a wilderness. The length of the river, from its sources among the mountains to the sea, including its windings, is about ninety-five miles. At Saco, the stream is about six hundred feet wide. Even in the drought of summer, forty thousand cubic feet of water can be commanded per minute, for eleven working hours of the day, or eighteen thousand cubic feet for the whole twenty-four hours. There are seventy-five lakes in this valley. By means of these reservoirs, the volume of water may be greatly increased. The descent of the river, for about sixty-seven miles, is seven feet to the mile. The gross power developed is estimated to be equivalent to seventeen thousand four hundred and ninety-three horse power. This is sufficient to drive six hundred and ninety-nine thousand four hundred and ninety-three spindles.

Five miles from Portland, at Westbrook, on the Presumpscot, there is a very important water power occupied by the paper mills, owned by the estate of S. D. Warren of Boston. There is at this point in the river a fall of twenty feet, which develops at the average flow of the river about two thousand horse power. Some eight hundred men and two hundred women are employed at this mill all the year round. The annual product amounts to about two and one-half million dollars. The principal markets are in Boston and New York. The product of the mill at the present time is about fifty tons of fine book and printing papers per day.

The valley of the Androscoggin is about one hundred and ten miles in length, and seventy miles in its greatest breadth. It extends from the northerly outposts of the White Mountains to the ocean. The territory drained by the Androscoggin and

PAPER MILLS OF S. D. WARREN & CO., CUMBERLAND MILLS.—FROST VIEW.

PAPER MILLS OF S. D. WARREN & CO., CUMBERLAND MILLS—Rear View.

PAPER MILLS OF S. D. WARREN & CO., CUMBERLAND MILLS—REAR VIEW.

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its tributaries embraces three thousand six hundred square miles. It is judged that one thousand four hundred and eighty of these square miles are still covered with the primeval forest. The number of tributary streams contributing to the flood of the Androscoggin is six hundred and sixty-nine. The length of the river from Lake Umbagog to Brunswick, where it meets the tide, is one hundred and fifty-seven miles.

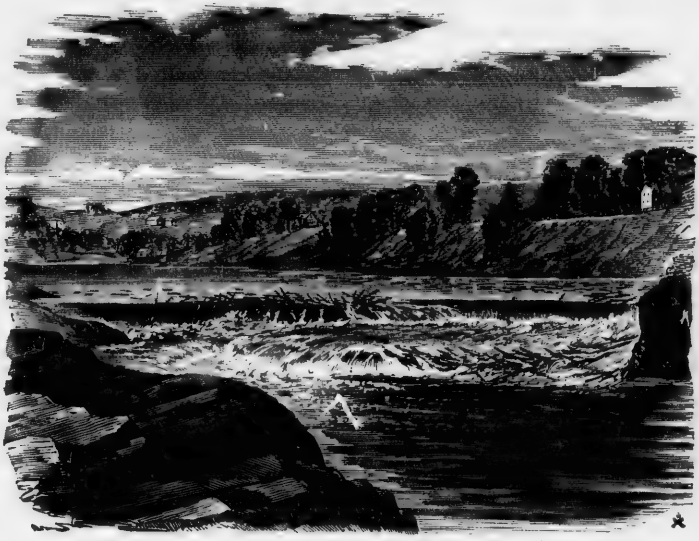
The low run at Brunswick is about one hundred and twenty-five thousand cubic feet a minute for eleven hours of the day, or fifty-seven thousand for the twenty-four hours. The descent of the river, from Lake Umbagog to Brunswick, is twelve hundred and fifty-six feet, being nearly eight and a half feet a mile. There are one hundred and forty-eight lakes in this valley, fifteen of which are in New Hampshire. These lakes cover a surface of two hundred and thirteen square miles. It is estimated that the power of the section of the river, between Rumford and the head of the tide, is equivalent to eighty-five thousand two hundred horse power. This would drive nearly four million spindles. Not one-eighth of this is now used.

The basin of the Kennebec River is one hundred and forty-five miles in length, with seventy-five miles of greatest breadth. It covers an area of five thousand eight hundred square miles. There are one thousand and eighty-four tributary streams. The length of the river from Moosehead Lake to the ocean, including its windings, is one hundred and fifty-five miles. The average width of the river at Augusta is seven hundred feet. In the summer of 1866, Col. De Witt found that one hundred and thirty thousand cubic feet of water per minute passed Augusta for the whole twenty-four hours. It is estimated that the average will be two hundred ninety-six thousand six hundred and forty feet each minute, for eleven hours of the day. The depth of water on the dam is usually from five to seven feet. On one occasion it was ten feet.

There are three hundred and sixteen lakes in this basin, covering an expanse of four hundred and fifty square miles. Moosehead Lake is thirty-five miles in length by twelve in breadth. At the outlet of the lake there is a dam. Upon hoisting the gates, it takes the wave of accumulated water

about forty hours to reach Augusta. A strong southerly wind will retard it nearly three hours. The river is navigable for small vessels to Augusta. The mean period of the opening of the river in spring is on the 6th of April, and of closing on the 12th of December.

We give a view of Skowhegan Falls on Kennebec River. The total fall is twenty-eight feet within half a mile. Much of

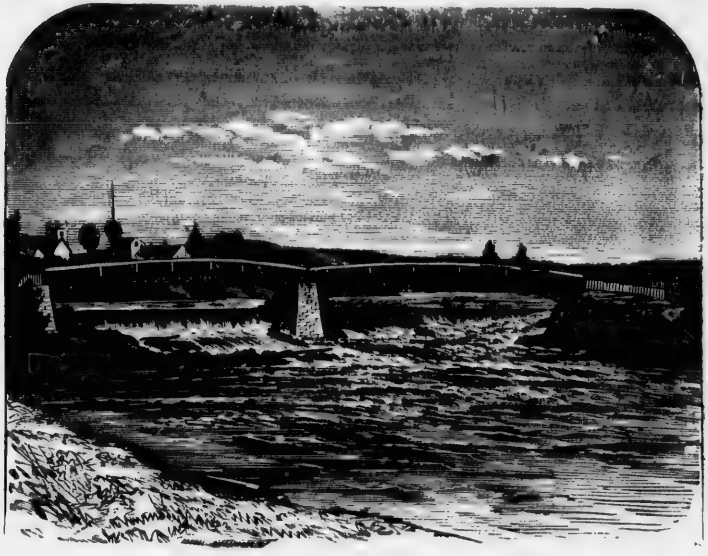


NORTH CHANNEL DAM, AT SKOWHEGAN, ME.

it is nearly perpendicular. The fall could be greatly increased by dams. A small island of rock divides the fall into two channels, and would serve a natural pier to the sections of the dam, and as sites for mills. The bottom of the river is a solid ledge, and so are the banks.

In the towns of Madison and Anson, on the Kennebec River, there is an important water-power known as the Madison Bridge Falls. There is, at this point, a fall of eighty-seven feet within a distance of two and a half miles. There are two principal pitches. The cut represents the upper one, and shows scarcely one-fourth of the descent. The bottom is a ledge, and dams can be located at any desired point.

In the towns of Embden and Solon, on the Kennebec River, there is a fall of twenty feet perpendicular, called "Carratunk Falls." A dam can easily be built ten feet high. This would give thirty feet fall, equal to that at Lowell. Thus there would be obtained five thousand five hundred horse-power, which would drive two hundred and twenty thousand spindles. The



MADISON BRIDGE FALLS ANSON AND MADISON, ME.

facilities for canalling, by the falls, are very good. The ground is admirably graded. An extent of about one hundred acres is well adapted for the erection of buildings sufficient to accommodate a large population.

The valley of the Penobscot River lies east of that of the Kennebec. It is entirely within the boundaries of the State.

"The Penobscot is the only great fluviatile district in Maine which illustrates, in its actual configuration, the geographical idea of the river basin, — appearing as a mere point at the mouth of the stream, thence, interiorward, expanding symmetrically on both sides of the central channel, presently embranching into subordinate basins, themselves disposed likewise symmetrically about tributary streams, and themselves yet further breaking

up into still smaller basins, located upon still smaller tributaries, until the whole takes on the similitude of a mighty tree, that from one trunk ramifies into innumerable branches, and from one grand aorta divaricates into numberless arteries and veins, by which, upon occasion, its entire volume of fluids is conducted to and poured into a common channel of circulation and discharge." [1]

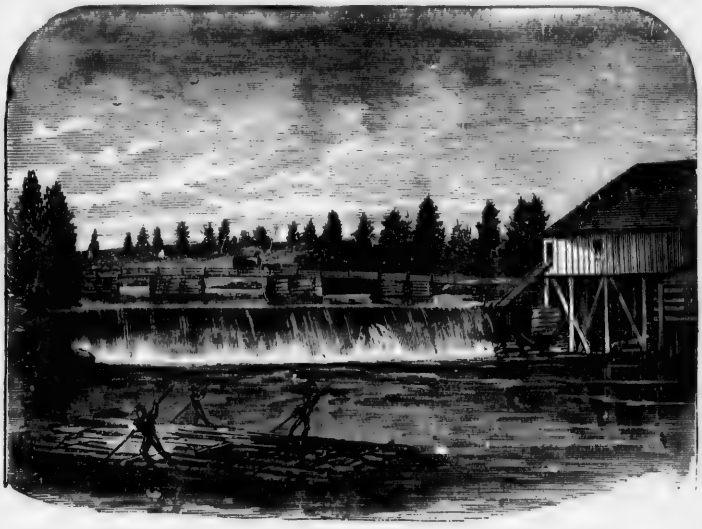
CARRATUNK FALLS, EMBDEN AND SOLON, ME.

The greatest length of the valley of the Penobscot, from north to south, is one hundred and sixty miles, and its greatest breadth one hundred and fifteen miles. It includes an area of eight thousand two hundred square miles. The highest portion of the basin, at the head waters of the main river, is about two thousand feet above the sea-level. The State map represents one thousand six hundred and four streams in the Penobscot system. The river from its extreme head waters, including its windings, is about three hundred miles in length. The chief water-power is between Lake Chesuncook and Bangor, a distance of one hundred and twenty miles, where the fall is about

[1] Water-Power of Maine, p. 100.

nine hundred feet. It is one of the most highly favored streams in the State, presenting, without any artificial aid, remarkable uniformity in the volume of water throughout the entire year.

There are four hundred and sixty-seven lakes in this basin, covering a surface of four hundred and sixty-two square miles. Many of these lakes are large, and can be used to almost any amount for reservoirs. The river can thus meet immense manufacturing demands.



UPPER DAM, AT ELLSWORTH, ME.

At Ellsworth, on Union River, a few miles east from the Penobscot, there is a fall of about eighty feet within two miles. Above the Upper Dam, the water is level for a long distance. The dam throws back the water ten miles. A town of five thousand inhabitants has sprung up around these falls. The power, for fifty years, has been employed almost exclusively for the manufacture of lumber. The annual product has been about thirty-five million feet of long lumber, two hundred thousand sugar-box shooks, two million laths, five million shingles, two hundred thousand clapboards, and a large quantity of

smaller stuff. The annual value of these productions is estimated at nearly a million dollars. The principal markets are Portland, Boston, New York, and Cuba.

The valley of the St. Croix is seventy miles in length, and fifty in greatest breadth. It embraces an area of one thousand one hundred and seventy-five square miles. Eight hundred of these are in Maine; three hundred and seventy-five are in the adjacent British Province. Almost the entire flow of the river is from lakes, and these may be easily converted into reservoirs.

The lacustrine aspect of this valley is very remarkable. It can hardly be paralleled by any country on the globe. The northern branch of the river is almost a continuous lake of vast extent, and of wondrous eccentricities of windings and form. The western branch is also mainly a lake, broken into many small sheets of water. "The river," says Mr. Wells, "might almost justly be described as a lake in motion." The total of lake surface is estimated at not less than one hundred and fifty square miles.

"A proportion so remarkable places the St. Croix at once, and without controversy, in the foremost position among the large rivers of the State, as a manufacturing stream, so far as regards natural reservoirs, and in proportion to its magnitude and its area of basin. The power on the main river, from below the junction of the west and north branches, is already, for the greater part, well accommodated with railroad communication." [1]

The upper waters of the St. John constitute, in the extreme northern part of the State, the boundary between Maine and the British possessions. In this region, the right bank of the river belongs to Maine; and, still farther up, the whole stream is within our territory. The greatest length of the river in Maine, measured along its southern border, is about two hundred and eleven miles. The greatest breadth of the valley, in these upper waters, is ninety miles. The St. John constitutes, next to the Androscoggin River, the most elevated drainage in Maine.

The stream flows through the glooms of a dense but almost unbroken wilderness. The total length of this important river, from its sources to the sea, is four hundred and fifty miles. The

[1] Water-Power of Maine, p. 120.

area of the lakes in the St. John basin is three hundred and fifty square miles. In the upper waters, the slope is so gradual that the stream is navigable through nearly the whole length of its flow in Maine, being comparatively of little value for the purposes of power.

We have thus given a brief account of the primary, or interior river systems in Maine. When it is remembered that there are represented, upon the State map, five thousand one hundred and fifty-one streams in Maine, and that there are over three thousand valuable water-powers, it will be seen that a minute detail of these privileges is impossible.

There is a general impression that Maine is too far away in the North, and too severe in its climate, to invite emigration. Mr. Blodgett writes, in his Climatology of the United States, —

"The Mississippi Valley has been pre-eminent as the theatre of malarious fevers, which have been the scourge of emigrants from nearly all parts of the world. To the natives of the North of Europe, and the British Isles in particular, the change has been extremely trying; and prostration by some one of its forms, mild or severe, has been almost certain to attend the new-comer. India itself has not been more certain to break the health of the emigrant, than the Mississippi Valley, though the American forms of disease were always attended with a much smaller ratio of mortality."

Fever and ague, yellow fever, and cholera are never known as epidemics in Maine. Many a farmer has emigrated to the malarious regions of the West, with a family of ruddy boys and girls, to see them, one and all, wilt down, pale, emaciate, with all their energies paralyzed, beneath the scourge of fever and ague. And as he himself, now shaking with the chill, and now burning with fever, has looked upon his desponding household, he has wished, with yearnings which cannot be expressed, that he and his family could again breathe the invigorating atmosphere even of a Maine winter.

It is often said that health is the greatest of blessings. This consideration will doubtless influence the young men of Maine to remain at home, and improve the wonderful resources which God has placed in their hands. And it will doubtless invite emigrants from Northerr Europe, from Scotland, Germany,

Holland, Belgium, Norway, and Sweden. Here they find a climate essentially the same with that to which they have been accustomed from childhood, and which their ancestors have enjoyed for centuries before them.

It is a great mistake to suppose that a cold climate is unfavorable to prosperity and happiness. There is unquestionably far more enjoyment in St. Petersburg, Russia, than in Calcutta. The homes of Norway and Sweden are more attractive than those of Italy and Southern Spain. I once asked a group of thirty boys at school in Farmington, Me., "Which do you like best, summer or winter?" The spontaneous and universal response was, "Oh, winter, winter!" There were some boys from Cuba there. No words can express the delight with which they enjoyed the magnificent snow-storms, the sleigh-rides, the snow-forts, the "sliding down hill," and the skating. Even now, in my seventieth year, I feel a thrill of pleasurable emotion in contemplating the blissful winters which I passed in early youth upon the banks of the Kennebec.

CHAPTER XXIX.

POPULAR EDUCATION.

Normal School in Farmington — Normal School in Castine — Maine Central Institute — Oak Grove Seminary — Commercial College — State College of Agriculture — Winthrop Grammar School — Kittery District School — Intellectual, Social, and Physical Advantages of Maine.

THERE is probably no State in the Union where more attention is paid to the education of the masses of the people, or where better schools are maintained, than in Maine. In the report of Hon. Warren Johnson, superintendent of public schools, for the year 1874, it would appear that the whole number of scholars, between the ages of four and twenty-one, was two hundred and twenty-five thousand two hundred and nineteen. There were four thousand one hundred and ninety-nine schoolhouses. The estimated value of school-property was a little over three million dollars.

In Farmington there was a normal school in a state of high prosperity. The average attendance was a little over one hundred. The object of this school is the thorough training of teachers for their professional labors. It had an excellent philosophical and chemical apparatus, and a good library. During the past ten years one hundred young men, and one hundred and ninety-eight young women, have graduated at this institution.

At Castine there is another normal school. The attendance in the spring term of the year 1874 was one hundred and thirty, in five classes. The whole number in attendance during the year was three hundred and eleven. The regular course of study embraced three years. The diligent student in this time

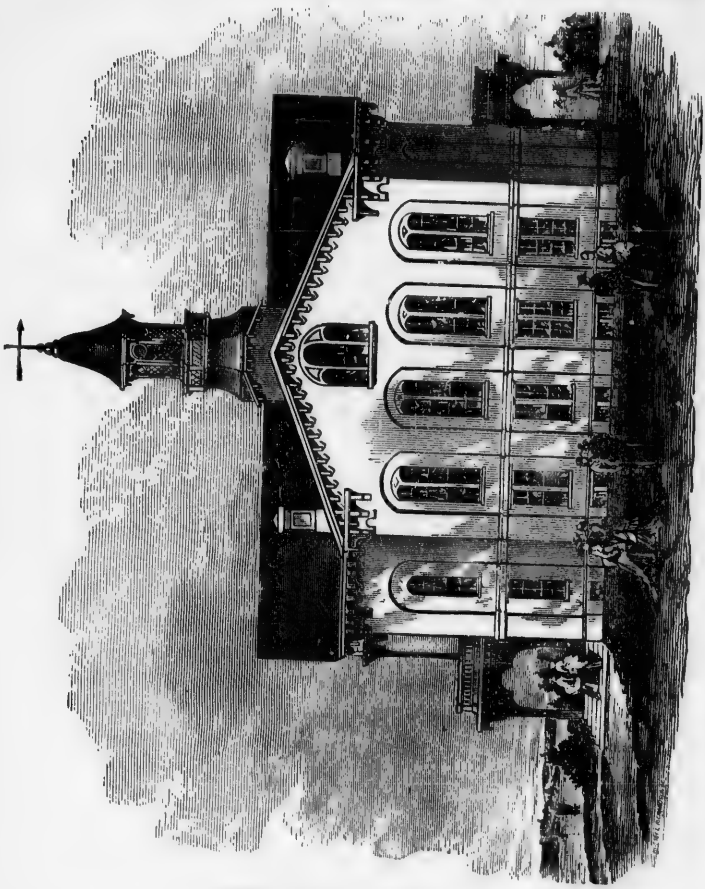
could become well qualified to teach in the common schools. In one of the late reports we read the following encouraging statement: —

"The earnest, able young men and women of Maine have never before had such inducements offered them to become teachers. The workers and the work are becoming appreciated. Wages, commensurate with the culture and industry of the teacher, are now offered for his services. We have not been able to supply the demand for first-class teachers. The free high schools are calling for our best teachers, and the demand will increase."

This high standard of qualifications required in the teacher will have an influence on all grades of schools. The work of educating the children of the State will be in the hands of those who have been systematically trained to the calling, and who will enter upon it with an intelligent enthusiasm which will call forth the best energies of the pupils. The many interesting questions now engaging the attention of prominent educators — some of them of vital importance to the future welfare of the nation — will be treated by the graduates of these schools with a candid and far-reaching consideration, and the whole subject of education will be elevated to its proper position in the minds of the public.

Even from a material point, this attention to the cause of popular education will have its reward. In the close competition for the commerce of the world now going on between the leading nations of Europe and America, every power of the mind is being cultivated, and brought into action; new schools are being founded, and old ones re-organized; and the uneducated peoples will fall behind in the struggle for pre-eminence. This State, with its great facilities for manufacturing and mechanical enterprises, and its educated population, will take a foremost position among the progressive communities of the day. It has certainly reason to congratulate itself upon the success which has attended the working of its normal schools. The thousands of young men and young women who have graduated from the schools at Farmington and Castine have gone into all parts of the State, and are now exerting an influence, silent, but none the less effective on its school-system.

The town of Castine presented the State with a fine lot of land, for the erection of a new building, about the year 1872. The school was then in successful operation. In the year 1873



NORMAL SCHOOL, CASTINE.

the present beautiful edifice was completed. Gov. Perham and his council, with many distinguished friends of education, attended the dedicatory exercises. An audience of five hundred was assembled in the hall, and yet it was of capacity to

accommodate one hundred more. Speeches were made by the governor, and by other citizens of Maine and of other States.

This is one of the best schoolhouses in the State. The region around is occupied by a religious, intelligent, industrious community, who can well appreciate the value of education. The building can accommodate two hundred scholars, and has already become a powerful instrument in the intellectual advancement of the thriving surrounding towns.

MAINE CENTRAL INSTITUTE, PITTSFIELD, ME.

In the prosperous village of Pittsfield, about twenty-three miles east of Waterville, there is a successful school, called the "Maine Central Institute." The regular course of study occupies four years, and young men and young women are alike admitted. A board of twenty trustees presides over the interests of this seminary, and it is intended to make it a first-class institution. Latin and Greek, French and German, are taught, with the higher branches of mathematics, geology, astronomy, mental philosophy, and moral science. The terms of tuition are low, and board can be obtained in the village for about two dollars a week.

Thus an accomplished education is offered to the sons and

WESTBROOK SEMINARY.

daughters in all the farm-houses of that rural district. The institute includes a college preparatory course, a normal department, and an academic department. There were in the year 1874, in the preparatory course, eighty-four pupils; in the normal, thirty-one; in the academic, one hundred and eight; making a total of two hundred and twenty-three.

And yet in the unbroken wilderness, which for countless generations had covered these hills and vales, not a solitary white man had reared his cabin until the year 1794. In 1815, when about a dozen families had opened clearings in the forest, widely separated from each other, the region was elevated to the dignity of a plantation. In 1819 it was incorporated as a town by the name of Warsaw, which name was changed to Pittsfield in the year 1819.

At Vassalboro' there is quite a celebrated school, called the Oak Grove Seminary, to which a normal department is attached. The school year consists of three terms of thirteen weeks each. An elevated course of study is pursued. In 1874 there were eighteen pupils here preparing for teachers. In Bucksport there is an institution called the Conference Seminary and Commercial College. It has a faculty of five teachers, and about two hundred scholars.

Westbrook is a beautiful town, which was a part of Falmouth until the year 1814. Upon Stevens' Plains in this town, there is located a literary institution of high order and superior accommodations. It is called Westbrook Seminary, and consists of three principal buildings, which will accommodate a large number of students. The institution is well patronized, and sends out yearly into the community many well-educated pupils prepared to be useful in all the walks of common life. The accompanying illustration shows vividly the progress the State has made since, scarcely a century ago, the Indians reared their wigwams on these plains, and pursued their game through the glooms of an almost unbroken forest.

WESTBROOK SEMINARY.

A State College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts was opened at Orono, in the year 1868. It is under State patronage, and supervised by a carefully selected board of trustees, of which Gov. Coburn in the year 1874 was president. The stu-

[1] Now Deering, the town having been divided in 1871.— ELWELL.

dents represented every county in the State. The institution stands high in the estimation of the community, and is every year regarded with increasing favor the several branches of a practical education. The number of students in the year 1874 was one hundred and twenty-one. The institution is partially military in its character, though its principal object is to give the pupils the best instruction in agriculture and the mechanic

RESIDENCES OF COL. EBENEZER WEBSTER, MRS. MARTHA (WEBSTER) TREAT, AND PAUL D. WEBSTER, ESQ.

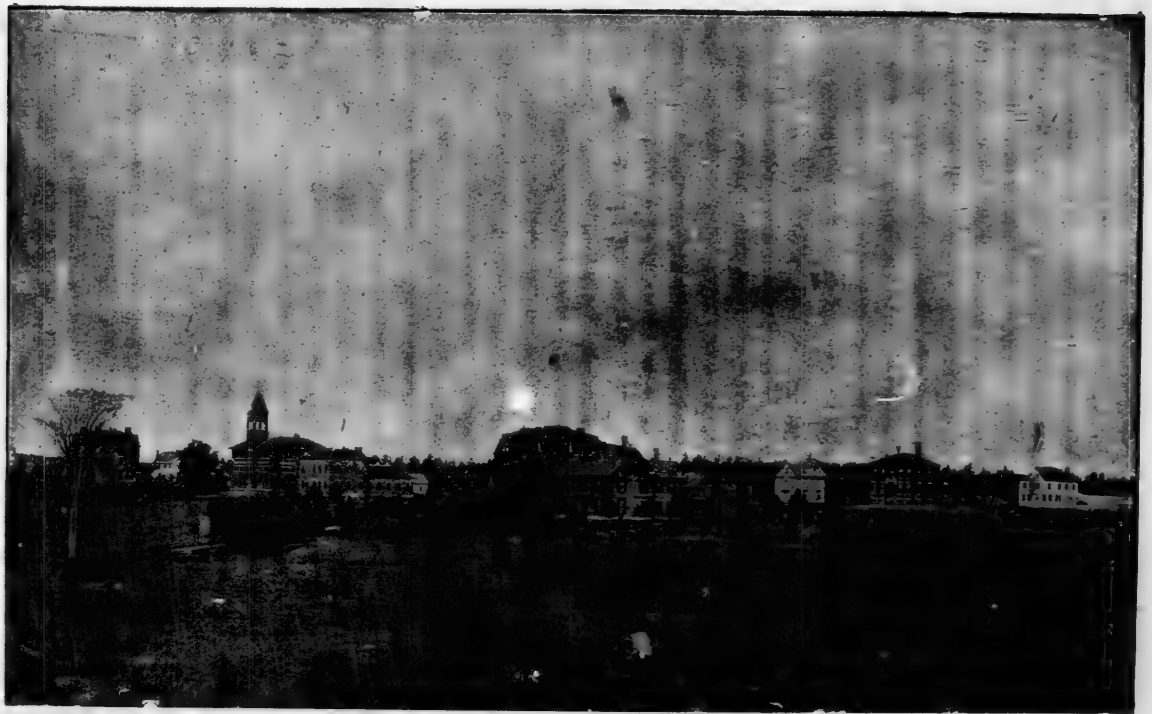
arts. It proposes to do this by giving every young man an opportunity practically to apply the theoretical teaching he receives, by labors on the farm and in the shop. In this way he can also partially defray the expenses of his education. No student is admitted under fifteen years of age. He is subject to an examination in arithmetic, geography, English grammar, history of the United States, algebra as far as quadratic equations, and five books in geometry.

The design of this important institution is not merely to prepare one understandingly to work upon the farm, but to give

an education which shall aid the student in all industrial pursuits. Gov. Washburn writes, —

DISTRICT SCHOOL HOUSE, KITTERY, ME.

"Considering the locality of the college in its relation to the whole State, its proximity to the broad and fertile region of the Aroostook, a county containing a larger number of acres of farming lands, of the finest quality, than any other five counties in New England; considering the different kinds of soil on the college farms, furnishing opportunities for a great variety of experiments; and considering, finally, the surpassing beauty of



STATE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, ORONO, ME.

its site, and its proximity to what I have ever regarded as, beyond question, the most charming inland village in the State, so far as the outward setting of landscape and scen v is concerned, — I think it must be universally conceded that the location of the college was fortunate and wise."

GRAMMAR SCHOOL HOUSE, WINTHROP, ME.

There are many other literary and scientific institutions scattered throughout the State, to which we have not space to allude. In previous pages we have spoken of the principal col-

STATE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, ORONO, ME.

leges, and of several of the more important private schools. In all the leading towns there is a high school for advanced pupils. These buildings, when contrasted with the schoolhouses of fifty years ago, may be called palaces. We give pictures of two of them, — the Grammar School House in Winthrop, and the District School in Kittery, to illustrate the general style of these structures.

In the interesting and very comprehensive little book by Hon. John Neal, entitled "Portland Illustrated," we find the following notice of an important institution called The Maine General Hospital: —

"This institution, established in love to that small part of the great human family of sufferers in whom we have a special interest, occupies what were known as the Arsenal Grounds, on Bramhall's Hill, of two and a half acres.

"More than fifty thousand dollars have been raised by private subscription among ourselves in the city; while the State has contributed twenty thousand dollars conditionally, together with these Arsenal Grounds. These conditions having been more than fulfilled, the buildings are now so near completion as to make it sure that before long we shall have a magnificent charity in full operation to be thankful for.*

"The central building is five stories, with a mansard roof; and there are, as you see, four pavilions, with an amphitheatre, a boiler-house, and a kitchen. From every window there is a wide, rich, and beautiful prospect of the whole surrounding country; and, from every part, either a view of the sea and the cove, or a view of the White Mountains of New Hampshire, sixty miles away, with all the intervening villages and elevations, woods and waters; and being always open to the sea-breezes on the one side, and to the winnowed atmosphere of our Switzerland upon the other, a store-house of health and vitality, the sick and languishing may be sure of nature's best and surest help at all seasons."

The writer is conscious, that, in the endeavor to give the history of Maine in one volume, many important facts or events may have been omitted, which some will regret, and which perhaps he may regret when his attention is called to them. But he has, according to the best of his judgment, selected those incidents which he has thought would be most interesting and

* Since the above was written, the hospital has been opened to patients, and is now in successful operation.

MAINE GENERAL HOSPITAL, PORTLAND.

instructive to the general reader. And he is sure that this narrative truthfully presents Maine in an attitude of which all her sons and daughters may be proud.

Life is everywhere a battle. It is in vain for any one to escape toil and trouble. But, all things considered, there is probably not on this globe a more favored, comfortable, and happy population than that of Maine.

It is true that cold breezes sweep its surface in winter; but these blasts, with healing on their wings, drive all malarious exhalations from the land, give elasticity to the mind, buoyancy to the spirits, and invigoration to all physical energies. The soil is certainly not so rich as in some of the renowned prairies and valleys of the West; but the water is cool, and pure and clear as crystal. The forests afford an abundance of every variety of valuable timber; and the streams, born among the mountains, and rushing over their rocky beds, invite to all the branches of manufactures.

The flood of foreign immigration is not pouring into Maine as into some other parts of the Union. But this saves the State from a vast amount of inebriation, vagabondage, crime, and pauperism. And those who do select Maine as their home generally come from those countries of Northern Europe where intelligence and piety prevail.

This renders the community in Maine in a remarkable degree homogeneous. The society is in a high degree intelligent, moral, and social. And thus it is that Christian churches arise in every village, that intemperance can be arrested as scarcely anywhere else, that schools and colleges are multiplied, and intelligence and morality are widely diffused. It would be difficult to find in any portion of our land more happy homes than are found in Maine.

SUPPLEMENTARY HISTORY

TO 1890

By EDWARD H. ELWELL

EXPLANATION.

The fifteen years which have elapsed since the publication of the first edition of this work have been marked by events of importance in the history of Maine. The State has increased in population, and has made good progress in the development of its resources. It is the purpose of the following supplementary chapters to bring the narrative of events down to the year 1890, to treat briefly certain topics necessarily omitted in the body of the work, and to give a summary of the institutions and resources of the State at the present time.

Some corrections of the original narrative have been thrown into notes appended to the original chapters.

E. H. ELWELL.

CHAPTER XXX.

POPULATION.

Homogeneous Character of Early Settlers — German Colony Settled at Waldoboro — The Irish — French Canadians — Swedish Colony — Immigration of Native Element — Growth of Population Since 1790 — Fragments of Aboriginal Tribes.

THE population of Maine has always been largely of a homogeneous character. There has been here no such admixture of races as immigration has brought about in the western States. The early settlers of Maine were of the English race, loyal to king and church, having little affinity with the Puritans of Massachusetts. After that province acquired possession of Maine there was a considerable immigration from Massachusetts into the District (as Maine was then called), and under the influence of Puritan institutions, the differences between the two classes of population largely disappeared.

The earliest foreign element introduced was the German colony brought in by Samuel Waldo, who in 1739 founded the town of Waldoboro, where German names still linger. These were of the Lutheran sect, but they were gradually absorbed by the Puritan churches, and today their descendants are without a Lutheran church in that whole region. They did not, therefore, introduce a diverse element in religion, and their descendants have become thoroughly assimilated with the native population.

The Irish came in largely with the introduction of railroads. They came as laborers along the line of track, and gravitated to the cities on the sea-board. In the city of Portland the Irish-American element forms from one-quarter to one-third of the population. They introduced the Roman Catholic form of worship, which now has its churches in many of the large interior villages, as well as the cities of the State. The Irish have re-enforced the industrial element of the State, and have prospered in their new home.

The French Canadians, following the track of their ancestors down the Kennebec, and also along the railroad lines running into Canada, have found employment in the factories of our manufacturing villages; and in Waterville, Lewiston and other river cities and towns, form a large and increasing element of the population, not without its influence in determining municipal elections. This element of our population is a growing one, and does not readily assimilate with the native element. It promises to form a distinct class of the population.

On the other hand, the Swedes introduced, as stated in a previous chapter, into the county of Aroostook, in 1870, readily assimilated with the native population, a hardy, thrifty, and industrious people, forming a valuable re-enforcement of its waning strength. They have spread from New Sweden into adjoining townships, and now number about fifteen hundred, whi'e they have drawn into the State a Scandinavian population estimated at near ten thousand. In Portland they sustain two churches, and in the country towns adjoining, they are taking up exhausted farms, and getting a living off them, thus taking the place of the native population who go West to more fertile lands. The demand for skilled labor in our factories has also brought in a sprinkling of English, Scotch, and Welsh people.

But all these foreign elements constitute but a small percentage of the population of the State. In 1880, out of a population of 648,936, there were but 58,883 of foreign birth. While the State has profited little from immigration, it has suffered much from the emigration of its sons and daughters to other States of the Union. This began early in the century, when "the Ohio fever" carried off thousands, painfully traveling on the long wagon route to the fertile lands beyond the Alleghanies. Later, the building of railroads, opening to settlement the prairies of the farther West, induced a large emigration from the State. The discovery of gold in California swept away thousands more. The manufacturing industries of neighboring States, notably Massachusetts, offered employment to the rising generation, who found no inducement to remain upon the home farm. In 1880, no less than 68,226 of the sons and daughters of Maine were living in Massachusetts. They were to be found in every State and Territory of the Union. The census showed that there were living in that year 745,272

persons of Maine birth, only 563,015 of whom were residing in the State. The large number of 182,257 men, women and children had gone out from her borders to make their homes in other States. She had been bereft of nearly a quarter of her native population. And these were of her best. It requires energy and enterprise to push out into new lands and begin the world anew. Only men and women of moral, as well as physical stamina, have the spirit to engage in such an undertaking.

This outpouring of her population was not so much due to the fact that Maine had no resources open to her people as to the restlessness engendered by the opening of a vast continent of boundless resources. The enterprising spirit of the men and women of Maine, born of her rigorous climate, and the educating influences of her institutions, carried them into new fields of effort promising large returns. What Maine has lost, has been gained by the country at large. Everywhere the sons and daughters of Maine are found in the forefront of useful endeavor. Throughout the West they have planted the institutions of New England; the church and the school follow in their footsteps. On the shores of the Pacific they have had a large share in laying the foundations of great and prosperous States. In the South they are engaged in educating the emancipated slaves and their offspring, and in introducing those manufacturing industries which are to give new life to the Southern people.

In 1790, at the taking of the first census, the population of Maine was not quite one hundred thousand. It increased rapidly during the early decades of the present century, and in 1840 had run up to a little rising five hundred thousand, having thus multiplied itself by five during the half-century. From 1840 to 1860, the increase was comparatively small, the population at the latter date being 628,279. During the decade of the civil war it fell off to 626,915 in 1870. The suppression of the rebellion brought a turn of the tide, and the census of 1880 gave the State six hundred forty-eight thousand nine hundred thirty-six inhabitants. During the last decade the increase has been in a larger ratio; the census of 1890 showing a population of six hundred sixty-one thousand eighty-six. Emigration from the State is still going on, but to a less extent than formerly, and it is believed that the new enterprises opening in Maine, consequent on the running of railroads through

her forest counties, and the development of resources as yet untouched, will in the future give her people adequate employment at home.

It remains only to mention the fragments of the aboriginal stock still lingering in the State. The tribes with which the early settlers so long waged war, as narrated in previous chapters of this work, decimated by the sanguinary strife, and driven to the St. Francis, have left behind but two small bodies known as the Passamaquoddies and the Penobscots. Together they number but about one thousand. The former have their abode in villages at Pleasant Point and Peter Dana's Point; the latter dwell on an island in the Penobscot, opposite the village of Oldtown, known as Indian Oldtown. There they have a considerable village, and live in comfortable houses, with a church and a resident priest; for they have adhered to the Catholic faith taught their ancestors by the French priests of Canada. They have attained to some degree of civilization, cultivate the soil to some extent, the women engaging in the aboriginal industry of basket-making, while the young men find employment in river-driving and other pursuits. They retain something of their tribal relation, annually electing a governor and lieutenant-governor, and they send delegates to the Legislature of the State. There have been set apart to them certain islands in the Penobscot, and the State pays them annuities and appoints agents to look after their welfare. They do not seem to be either increasing or diminishing to any great extent. There is French blood in the veins of many of them, thus uniting in themselves the two races whose raids upon the early settlers were the cause of so much misery to all parties.

These tribes belong to the Abenaki branch of the Algonquin family of Indians, which ranged from Labrador to the far South. They possessed in common the traditions of a grand mythology, some fragments of which have been gathered by Charles G. Leland from the lips of aged members of the Passamaquoddy and Penobscot tribes, and published in his work on "The Algonquin Legends of New England." These legends have the form of poems and fairy tales, and display much imaginative power. They have come down as traditions from ancient times, and though much of their lore is lost, much yet remains in the memories of the older members of the tribes. Mr. Leland has done good service in rescuing from oblivion

these fragments of an ancient mythology, which show the native tribes of Maine to have possessed a literature of unsuspected richness; and he well remarks that "when the last Indian shall be in his grave, those who come after us will ask in wonder, why we had no curiosity as to the romance of our country, and so much as to that of every other land on earth." When the last Indian shall have departed, every scrap of information relative to them will be eagerly investigated.

January 1st, 1892, the Penobscot tribe numbered three hundred and eighty-six, an increase of nine over 1890, the first time in a score of years that the yearly enumeration has not shown a decrease from the preceding year.

CHAPTER XXXI.

MORALS AND RELIGION.

Morals of Early Settlers — Order Introduced by Massachusetts — Intemperance — Washingtonian Movement — Prohibition of Liquor Traffic — Riot in Portland — Repeal of the Law — Re-enacted in 1858 — Sustained by the People — Prohibition put into the Constitution — Good Results of the Law — Maine not Settled Through Religious Impulse — Catholics and Episcopalians Failed to Obtain a Controlling Foothold — Puritan Worship Introduced by Massachusetts — The Standing Order — Struggles of Other Denominations to Escape from Taxation — All Placed on an Equality by the Constitution of 1820 — Religious Denominations in the State.

THE early settlers of Maine were of good English stock. Among them were men of character and ability who sought to lay deep the foundations of an orderly state of society. But the misfortune of the province was that for the greater part of the first century of its existence it lacked a stable form of government. The multiplication of grants, often overlapping each other, brought about disputes as to jurisdiction, and forms of government were set up only to be quickly overthrown. The proprietors of the soil did not reside upon their domain, and their attempts to set up the complicated machinery of a feudal state of society utterly failed. Left to their own devices, with only spasmodic attempts to establish courts for the trial of offenders, it is not surprising that the inhabitants fell into a state of disorder, or that morals were at a low ebb. Little provision was made for the establishment of the institutions of religion, and none whatever for the education of the rising generation. Wearied with the strife of contending grantors, and finding protection from the savage foe only from Massachusetts, the settlers, though at first resisting, were glad in the end to accept the jurisdiction of that colony. With it came a stable and orderly form of government; with it came schools and churches, and in the end an improved state of morals. The disorderly element was brought under control, and Puritan institutions gave a new tone to society.

In 1677 Massachusetts purchased of the heirs of Sir Ferdinando Gorges his grant of the territory extending from the Piscataqua to the Kennebec, but it was not until 1716 that she came into possession of the whole territory now included in the State of Maine. The province was then for the first time united under one form of government. A new order of society arose. The inhabitants were freed from the vexatious exactions of the feudal system. Towns were organized distinct from the feudal boroughs of the original proprietors. For a century following order reigned under the rule of Massachusetts, and few offences were committed against the welfare of society. Capital crimes were rare, and were promptly punished. If of late years crimes of this character have increased in a greater ratio to the number of inhabitants, the fact is largely due to the emigration from the State of a vast number of the better class of its people, leaving the disorderly element in undue proportion to the whole number of inhabitants.

As early as 1835, a movement was begun for the establishment of humane and reformatory institutions, resulting in the erection of an asylum for the insane at Augusta, where the unfortunates who had formerly been left to wander at large, or, when violent, were confined in almshouses, were gathered and subjected to curative influences. The buildings have been twice enlarged and more room is still needed. The number of inmates in 1892 was eight hundred and fifty; four hundred and seventy-five men and three hundred and seventy-five women. Statistics showed, however, that the number of insane in the State, in proportion to population, was less than in any of the other New England States. A Reform School for boys was established in Cape Elizabeth about 1850, which has resulted in saving many neglected boys from vicious courses. The number of inmates, December 1, 1891, was ninety-three, and the whole number received into the institution since it was opened is one thousand nine hundred and eighty-three. In 1872 an Industrial School for Girls was opened in Hallowell, which has done a humane work in training for usefulness young girls who would otherwise have gone astray. The number of inmates, December 1, 1891, was sixty-five; whole number since opened three hundred and forty-three. The Maine General Hospital was opened in Portland, 1874, completed, 1892, has a number of free beds, and affords the best surgical and medical treatment.

One prolific source of vice and crime existed from the earliest times in the drinking habits of the people. During the colonial period rum was the common beverage, often taken hot in the form of flip. As other spirituous liquors were introduced they were indulged in on all occasions; at marriages and at funerals, at all social gatherings, and on every public occasion. They formed a large part of the stock of every grocer, and of every country store, and every tavern had its bar-room where gathered all the idlers and tipplers of the neighborhood. A general prevalence of intemperance, with all its numerous train of evils, was the result. Every town had its share of drunkards who neglected their farms, abused their families, and were ultimately reduced to poverty. On every holiday the streets were filled with reeling men, and drunken rows made the night hideous. The evil was confined to no class of society. The high as well as the low, the rich as well as the poor, fell victims to the insidious habit, and the brightest and most promising young men of the community were destroyed, body and soul, by it. Vice and crime were promoted by it, and a general demoralization fell upon society.

The few sober men remaining saw the need of reform, and in the early part of the present century societies for the suppression of intemperance were formed. But they did not advocate *total* abstinence, and therefore accomplished but little good. Moderation in the use of spirituous liquors was thought to be the safe rule, and the toast was, "here 's to use and not abuse." But the abuse grew with the use, and at last, in 1833, the Massachusetts Society took its stand upon a pledge of total abstinence.

Relief from the evil came at last from the victims of it. The drunkards themselves were awakened to a sense of their condition, and in 1840, the Washingtonian movement, originating among a number of hard drinkers in the city of Baltimore, swept over the land like a purifying flood. The pathos of John H. W. Hawkins and the dramatic eloquence of John B. Gough carried all before them. They pictured the evils they had themselves endured, and their appeals came home to the bosom of every intemperate man.

In Maine the movement found a ready reception. "Experience" meetings were everywhere held, the pledge of total abstinence was offered and taken by multitudes, and Washingtonian

Societies were formed in every village and hamlet. Thousands were turned to a sober life, and a general reformation took place in the habits of society. Decanters became a drug in the market, no longer finding sale, and the intoxicating cup was banished from social gatherings.

Temperance organizations sprang up, and everywhere flourished. "The Sons of Temperance," organized in 1842, had a large membership in Maine, as did also the Independent Order of Rechabites. The Cadets of Temperance followed in 1845, the Temperance Watchmen in 1849, and later the Good Templars, and the Reform Clubs.

Up to the time of the Washingtonian movement there had been a pretence of regulating by license the traffic in intoxicating liquors, but the sale was practically free. As the reform went on respectable dealers gave up the sale of liquors, but not a few persisted in the traffic, and even endeavored to entice back their former customers. This led to remonstrance, and the application of that moral suasion which was the distinctive feature of the Washingtonian movement. But these men were impervious to appeal, and continued the sale to the destruction of many reformed men. Some of the reformers now saw the necessity of restraining the traffic by law, while others were reluctant to resort to what they considered "force measures." This led to a temporary division in the ranks of the temperance men, but the necessity of the case in the end united all in a demand for the protection of law, as a hold-fast for that which had been gained. The prohibition of the liquor traffic had been advocated as early as 1837, by Gen. James Appleton of Portland, and in 1844 and 1845 the Legislature was petitioned for the enactment of a prohibitory law, but the prayer was not granted until 1846, when a law was enacted prohibiting the sale of alcoholic liquors, except for medicinal and mechanical purposes. This was a new feature in legislation, the beginning of the prohibition movement which has since made "the Maine Law" famous. But the teeth of the law were not sharp enough; its penalties did not close the dram shops. The movement, however, was onward. The people had been enlightened, as never before, as to the evils of indulgence in strong drink, and the necessity of at least restraining the traffic in them. The Supreme Court of the United States decided that prohibition was constitutional, and in 1851 the

temperance men in the Legislature were strong enough to enact the first effective prohibitory law, and it was signed by Governor Hubbard. He was a physician and knew what were the effects upon the system of an indulgence in strong drinks. The framing of the law was procured by Neal Dow of Portland, and he both at home and abroad, became its zealous advocate and defender, his name being indissolubly associated with the prohibitive principle.

The law at once put a check upon the sale of intoxicating liquors; the dram shops were closed. But there was strong opposition to its enforcement, and it split the Democratic party, which had re-nominated Governor Hubbard. Under the majority law he failed of an election by the people, and the Legislature made choice of William G. Crosby, a Whig.

The sale of liquors now fell into the hands of a disreputable class of men, who resorted to evasions of the law, necessitating amendments in 1853 and in 1855. One feature of it was a provision allowing the establishment of city or town agencies for the sale of liquors for medicinal and mechanical purposes. Under this provision, in the spring of 1855, Neal Dow, who had now become mayor of the city of Portland, as chairman of a committee appointed by the Board of Aldermen for the purpose, purchased a quantity of liquors and had them invoiced to "The City Agency of Portland," which invoice was accepted by the aldermen. The liquors were stored in the basement of City Hall, in Market Square, where the Agency was to be opened. The opponents of the law, and the personal enemies of Dow, made such by his zealous denunciation of dram-selling, and all who supported it, seized the occasion to catch him on the hip by circulating a statement that he had engaged in the liquor business himself, in violation of the law of the State. Inflammatory articles appeared in the press, and it was determined to seize the liquors as being in his possession. To prevent this the aldermen met to transfer the liquors to the city as had been intended, but before this could be accomplished, a warrant was put into the hands of Deputy Marshal Ring, who under it took possession of the liquors, but did not remove them from the building, much to the disappointment of a crowd which had gathered about it.

These proceedings caused much excitement throughout the city, and in the evening — June 2, 1855 — a crowd gathered

about the building, some of whom had come with the evident intention of destroying the liquors, while others were there only as lookers-on, though mostly sympathizing with the mob. The city marshal, with six or eight of the police, armed with pistols, entered the room where the liquors were stored. The mob began by throwing stones against the doors and windows. The marshal warned them to desist upon peril of their lives. They continued their assaults, and were ordered to disperse by the sheriff of the county, and also by the mayor. The riot act was read, and several arrests were made of persons in the crowd, some of whom were rescued by the mob, which now became more determined, and threw a great number of stones, and also discharged a pistol or musket at the police.

A ring-leader now appeared, who denounced the police as cowards who dared not fire, harangued the mob, and led them in a violent rush for the door, which, however, proved too strong for them. The police now fired over the heads of the mob, which checked them for a moment, but they soon rallied again. By this time the militia had been called out, and part of the company of Light Guards took a position in front of the door, when the mob began to pelt them with stones, and several of the soldiers were severely injured. An order to fire was not executed, and the company finally returned to their armory. An alarm of fire was raised with a view of diverting the rioters, but it only resulted in increasing the crowd about the building.

The Rifle Guards were now called upon, and with Mayor Dow and Aldermen Carleton and Brooks (the liquor committee appointed by the Board of Aldermen), at their head, marched into the room, through a door opposite to that which the mob was assaulting. Orders were given to fire through the door in squads of four. It was executed, and John Robbins of Deer Isle, second mate of a vessel in the harbor, who at the moment was making an assault upon the door, was killed, and ten or twelve persons were wounded. The mob now dispersed, and the authorities were left in quiet possession of the room.

Great excitement ensued throughout the community. Mayor Dow was severely censured for ordering the militia to fire upon the mob. A public meeting was held at which his action was denounced, and a resolution was passed requesting him to resign his office. An inquest on the body of Robbins was held,

the jury in their verdict declaring that he was "shot through the body, by some person unknown to the inquest, acting under the authority and order of the mayor and aldermen of Portland, in defence of the city property from the ravages of an excited mob, unlawfully congregated for that purpose near the City Hall, of which he, the said John Robbins, was proved to be one." The prosecution of Mayor Dow for alleged violation of the liquor law was shown to be evidently malicious, and he was acquitted. At his suggestion a committee of citizens was appointed by the Board of Aldermen to investigate the matter, which committee sustained his action. On the other hand, a committee appointed at the meeting of citizens called for a second inquest, the jury being composed of citizens well known to be opposed to Mr. Dow. Their verdict was "that the said John Robbins came to his death by and through the agency of the said Neal Dow, mayor of the city of Portland, in the manner and by the means aforesaid, and in consequence of the rash and illegal order to fire, given as aforesaid, by the said Neal Dow, to the said military company called the Rifle Guards, and that the homicide of the said John Robbins, by the said Neal Dow, in the manner and by the means aforesaid, was and is without any legal justification or excuse."

The killing of Robbins was seized upon as party capital by the opponents of the law, and in the ensuing State election a majority of members opposed to prohibition was elected to the Legislature, and the prohibitory law was repealed, and a license law, intended to be stringent, was substituted. But it did not restrain the traffic, and under it liquors were freely sold. The friends of prohibition rallied, and in 1857 elected a Legislature which in March of the following year enacted a prohibitory law, with provision that it should be submitted to the people. It was approved by a large majority, and went into effect July 15, 1858. During the thirty years that have since elapsed, it has been many times amended and strengthened to meet the evasions practiced by those who for gain engaged in the surreptitious sale of liquors. The relation which political parties have sustained to it has been governed by public opinion. The first effective prohibitory law was signed by a Democratic governor of the State. It was re-enacted in 1857 by a Republican Legislature. The Democratic party, though comprising many opponents of the law, has since refrained from taking

ground against it. The Republican party has generally sustained it, though not unanimous in its support. The people as a whole, disregarding party lines, have made it the settled policy of the State. In 1884, by popular vote, they put the prohibitive principle into the Constitution of the State, and that instrument now prohibits forever the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors, except for medicinal or mechanical purposes and the arts. This amendment went into effect on the first Wednesday of January, 1885.

During the third of a century in which the prohibitory law has been in force in Maine, there has been a great reform in the drinking habits of the people, and consequent improvement in morals and the general well-being of the community. The saloon element has been suppressed. In the cities and larger towns the liquor traffic has been driven into holes and corners, and temptation largely removed from the path of the young. The sale has not been entirely suppressed, but there are no splendid bar-rooms in Maine. In the country towns, as a rule, liquors are no longer sold, and drunkenness is rare. In some portions of the State the law is but laxly enforced, but even there it is held over the dealers *in terrorem*, and has a restraining effect. Its efficacy, like that of all laws, depends upon public opinion. Where it is sustained by the sentiment of the community it is most beneficial in its results. Backed by the reformatory efforts of temperance organizations it has made sobriety the rule where once intemperance greatly prevailed. Scientific instruction in the evil effects of alcoholic beverages has been introduced in the public schools, thus throwing a safeguard around the rising generation.

Unlike some of the other colonies, Maine was not settled through a religious impulse. The early attempts of the French to obtain a permanent foothold upon its territory proving abortive, the church of Rome, though the first to hold religious services on its soil, made no lasting impression upon its population, save among the aborigines. The English brought Episcopacy with them, but it succeeded little better than Catholicism. Setting up, at the mouth of the Kennebec, in 1607, the first Protestant worship and preaching by an ordained minister, in any portion of the United States, north of Virginia, the Church of England yet failed to establish itself in Maine. The patent by which Gorges held the territory from the Piscataqua to the

Kennebec, required its establishment, and made the proprietor the patron of the church. He was to set up its ecclesiastical government, the city charter of Gorgeana plainly foreshadowing the arrival of a bishop of Maine; but he never came. The truth is, the adventurers who sought their fortunes by the fisheries, fur traffic, and lumbering of the new country were not very strong in their adherence to the English Church. They were less eager to establish church organizations, than to enrich themselves by the various industrial enterprises open to them. The first Episcopal Church was established by the Rev. Richard Gibson, at Saco, as early as 1637. The Rev. Robert Jordan, introduced by Trelawney at Cape Elizabeth, maintained the service of the Church of England for a time, not without some persecution by the Puritans, but was more successful in getting possession of a great estate, which his numerous descendants enjoy to this day, than in establishing a form of worship. Some dissatisfaction at the settlement of Mr. Deane as the colleague of Mr. Smith, at Falmouth, led to the formation of an Episcopal Church, under the ministry of Rev. Mr. Wiswell. But he was a Tory, and fled the country at the outbreak of the Revolution. So did the Rev. Jacob Bailey, sent as a missionary into Maine by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. He suffered some political persecution because of his adherence to the mother country, and was fain to betake himself to Nova Scotia, where Mr. Wiswell ultimately found an abiding place. The Episcopal Church thus became discountenanced through the Tory proclivities of its ministers.

The proprietors of grants, holding them under the condition of settling the lands given them, introduced various bodies of immigrants into Maine, who brought their religions with them. Thus Col. David Dunbar, who had a grant of the Province of Sagadahoc, introduced a body of Scotch-Irish from the north of Ireland, who were Presbyterian in religion. They established a Presbytery which included ten churches, but difficulties arose which disturbed their harmony, and the last meeting of the Presbytery was held at Gray, in 1791. The churches ultimately became Congregational in form. Samuel Waldo brought from Germany many families of the Lutheran sect, who in 1739 founded the town of Waldoboro. They had to contend with many difficulties. The rigors of the climate, and the hardships of a new settlement killed many; the Indians fell upon

them, and isolation from others of their own faith gradually led them to find a home in the churches erected by the Puritanic settlers.

The church ultimately destined to become dominant in Maine was that of the Puritans of Massachusetts. They were compelled from the first to have an eye on this province. They were called upon to compose the quarrels of the contending proprietors, and to protect the settlers from the raids of the savages. Their people pushed into this frontier land, and made settlements here. They found it a region without schools or churches, and in the end they set up both. On coming into possession of the province they introduced their peculiar system of maintaining public worship after the Congregational plan. The ideal church was to be universal and supported by the entire community. The theocracy of Massachusetts required a unity of religious sentiment which was not to be found in Maine. The system therefore met with no little opposition, and there was much friction in its operation. Still it was not unsuccessful in the end, nor without beneficial results on the whole. It introduced the observances of religion into a community where before little or none existed; gave unity to society, and compelled attention to those institutions — the church and the school — without which no civilized community can exist. Whereas the feeble denominations which had attempted to set up worship had been afflicted by incompetent or unworthy ministers, the Puritans introduced a learned clergy, men who had been educated at Harvard, and were conscientiously devoted to the work of the Christian ministry. They were men of high character, and as they appeared in the pulpit in their black gowns and flowing wigs, they had an awe-inspiring dignity. During their long pastorates they became standards in the community, around whom clustered all the moral and religious influences which strengthen and preserve the family and the State. They became known as "The Standing Order," not less because they stood for all the preservative elements of society, than because their order was recognized by law. Such men were Parson Smith of Falmouth, and the Rev. Mr. Coffin of Buxton, who during their pastorates, the one of over sixty and the other of over fifty years, were the central and supporting figures of the communities in which they dwelt.

The system introduced into Maine by the Puritans of Massachusetts compelled each town of a certain number of inhabi-

tants, under penalty of a fine, to maintain a minister of the gospel, and a public school. Proprietors of townships were obliged to set aside certain lots for the support of the ministry. At first none but church members could be voters. Non-attendance at church subjected the delinquent to a fine, and as those who attended were always ready to complain of those who did not, it was cheaper to go to meeting than to stay at home. As the parish limits included the whole town, many were obliged to travel six or seven miles to meeting. One woman in Wells was indicted for not attending meeting on the Sabbath, though at that time women were not admitted to the sacrament.

The minister was the minister of the town rather than of a church, and all the inhabitants of the town were taxed for his support. The town minister was not settled, but hired temporarily. In one instance the town supported a minister for fifty years before a church was organized. At first towns employed ministers, not so much because they felt the need of religious instruction, as to escape paying a fine for non-compliance with the law. But with the minister came the habit of attending meeting on Sunday, and the church sprang from the seed planted by compulsion. In some instances, the town and the church disagreed as to the choice of a minister, which led to none being chosen until complaint was made to the court. The minister, being chosen in town meeting, was subject to the criticism of the voters, and they did not refrain from expressing their opinion of him. In North Yarmouth an article in the warrant for town meeting read, "Is the town easy or uneasy under the preaching of the Rev. Mr. Brown?" The record is, "*Voted*, uneasy. Adjourned."

With the minister came the necessity of building a meeting-house. As all were to be taxed for its cost, and its site involved questions of convenience in attendance, the matter led to controversies which were not conducive to the growth of the Christian virtues. In Wells the people were called together forty-seven times to act upon the subject, and twenty-seven years elapsed before the meeting-house was actually complete.[1] In Waterford the struggle over the meeting-house delayed the incorporation of the town two years, and when at last a compromise was effected, McWain, the first settler, was so angered by the location chosen that he would not enter the meeting-

[1] Bourne's History of Wells and Kennebunk.

house during the remainder of his life, even when the town meetings were held in it. At the raising of the walls there was always a liberal allowance of rum, and in Waterford the company assembled passed a vote that "Whoever gets drunk today must come to-morrow and dig a stump." Tradition adds that four or five came the next morning.[1]

The house completed, the meeting was seated according to rank. There being many aristocratic distinctions in society in those days, the seating of the house caused many heart-burnings. To avoid this it was voted, in some instances, to seat the house by age. Every one, under penalty of a fine, was compelled to attend the meeting at least once in three months.

At first, though there was much indifference, no denominational division had sprung up. The Episcopalians did not sustain themselves after the province was adopted by Massachusetts. The Baptists were the first to intrude, making their appearance at Kittery in 1681. Persecuted by the Puritans, they removed to South Carolina, and nothing more is heard of this sect in Maine for eighty-three years. Meantime, frequent fasts were held on account of the spread of Quakerism, but the case of the Baptists is the only instance of persecution in Maine on account of religion.

As new sects sprang up there was much opposition to the payment of the ministerial tax. The Quakers were the first to move in the strife that followed before it was abolished. They were soon joined by the Baptists, and the question was carried into town meeting. Articles were inserted in the warrant to test the question whether these sects should be excused from paying their proportion of the regular ministerial tax. They were repeatedly voted down. Then attempts were made to have the money raised by the town for the support of the gospel, divided among the different denominations in proportion to their relative numbers, but this, too, was refused. Still the opposition grew, and in the process of time was re-inforced by the Methodists and the Universalists. The restriction to the "Standing Order" was ultimately omitted from land reservations for church purposes, and the first settled minister was made the beneficiary. The town of Paris being settled by Baptists, their minister, the Rev. James Hooper, was elected minister of the town, and he received the benefit of the lots set off for the support of the ministry.

[1] History of Waterford.

In New Gloucester protests were made against payment of tax for the support of the "Standing Order," and one of the protestants refusing to pay, his cow was seized and sold to satisfy the demand. Opposition increasing, to prevent further disputes the town voted to set off all who were dissatisfied, representing all shades of belief. This was the first decisive step toward toleration, but the victory was incomplete, for by law, towns were still compelled to maintain a public religious teacher of the Orthodox faith. At last, in 1786, by the joint strength of the Baptists and Universalists, a vote of the town was carried by two majority, to absolve the former from obligation to support the town minister. But at the same meeting the Baptists ungenerously turned against the Universalists and refused them a like favor by voting with the Orthodox. The Universalists were not absolved from the tax until three years later, when it was voted them, they in turn voting with the Baptists a free consent of the town for the latter's incorporation into a separate religious society. The controversy over this matter became so bitter that the Rev. Samuel Foxcroft, the minister of the "Standing Order," advised that a day of fasting and prayer be held, which was duly observed.[1]

In Bristol the Methodist ministers brought an action against the town to recover payment for their services. As late as 1811 an action was brought against that town for not providing properly for the support of the gospel.[2]

Although this opposition to the ministerial tax existed, there was still remarkable unanimity among the people as to their religious sentiments. At the close of the Revolution there were forty-one incorporated towns in Maine, and there were in them thirty-one resident located ministers of the Congregational and Presbyterian orders. Other sects as yet existed principally as individuals, there being few incorporated societies outside of the "Standing Order." But the opposing sects now grew apace. Methodism, introduced into Maine by Jesse Lee, in 179?, was rapidly spreading, and Baptist societies were gathered in many places. Their opposition to the ministerial tax grew so loud, that at last, in 1800, by act of the Legislature, the people were no longer bound to maintain the regular ministry, if they chose to sustain one of different character, and actually did so. They were required only to contribute to the support of some

[1] The New Gloucester Centennial, by T. H. Haskell.
[2] Johnston's History of Bristol and Bremen.

religious teacher. This had a serious effect on the Congregational societies. It did not, however, wholly emancipate the opposing sects, since the enforcement of the law still lay with the towns, and it was necessary to prove the fact of organization, and to obtain a vote of the town enabling the separatists to draw the amount of their ministerial tax from the town treasury, in order to apply it to the purposes of their own society. This led to controversies. Some of the citizens who wished merely to be freed from the payment of the ministerial tax would join with others who really wished to form a separate society, and the town would object to their incorporation on the ground that "pecuniary motives and not religious principles influenced the conduct of the body of them." A heterogeneous class was undoubtedly ready to join any movement for a new society in order to escape taxation, and it is probable that their subscriptions to the funds of the society petitioned for were not large. Indeed, there was a suspicion that they would adhere to the new society only long enough to escape from the yoke of the "Standing Order." To prevent this a proviso was sometimes put in to the effect that if they withdrew from the new society within a year, they should be again taxed, but this was seldom more than a dead letter. Once free the citizen so remained. In opposition to petitions for the incorporation of new societies, it was sometimes urged by the town that if all who asked to be freed from taxation had their petitions granted, the burden of supporting the town minister would be too great for those who remained.

These disputes led to the passage by the Legislature, in June, 1811, of an act entitled "An act respecting public worship and religious freedom," by which it was provided that every citizen might direct the appropriation of his tax to the support of the religious teacher of his choice. This left public worship to depend largely upon voluntary support, though all were expected to support some society, the tax still remaining. It was feared by many good people that public worship could not be maintained in this way, and that the attempt would result in its abandonment. There was much opposition to the passage of the bill, hard to be understood now, when the fears that were entertained have proved groundless, and the beneficent effects are seen and admitted.

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Under this law, Parson Church, of Bridgton, felt it incumbent upon him to relinquish a portion of his salary, though he thriftily stipulated that in return he should be granted a vacation, during which he might preach elsewhere. He still remained minister of the town. This condition of things continued until Maine was admitted as a State of the Union, in 1820, when by its constitution it was provided that "no subordination nor preference of any one sect or denomination to another shall ever be established by law." The maintenance of religious worship was left entirely voluntary, and it has thus found a more adequate support than taxation ever gave it.

When Maine became a State the religious denominations within its borders had increased to nine — Congregationalists, Methodists, Baptists, Universalists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Friends, Catholics and Shakers. All being now placed on an equality under the law, sectarian asperities were assuaged. In some instances, notably that of the First Church in Portland, the original Orthodox faith of the Puritan gradually softened into the Unitarian belief. The churches of what had been the "Standing Order," now known as Congregational, however, still maintained the numerical supremacy, as they do at the present day. Working together in the common cause of Christianity, the institutions of Sunday-schools, Bible societies, missions and charities, have grown with the increase of population, and the sound of the church bell is heard all over the land.

The denominations within the State in 1892, numbered sixteen, standing in the following order: Congregational, churches, 246; membership, 21,817; clergymen, 171. Methodist Episcopal, churches, 278; membership, 19,878; ministers, 227. Baptist, churches, 250; membership, 19,209; ministers, 140. Free Baptist, churches, 255; membership, 14,214; ministers, 182. Advent Christian, churches, 110; membership, 5,000; ministers, 70. Catholic, churches, 70; chapels, 10; priests, 73. Universalist, churches, 91; membership, 2,500; preachers, 37. Christian, ministers, 35; membership, 3,600. Protestant Episcopal, parishes and missions, 46; communicants, 3,168; clergy, 27. Friends, churches, 24; membership, about 1,500. Unitarian, churches, 21. Church of God, communicants, about 1,500. Disciples, churches, 7; membership, about 500. New Jerusalem, churches, 4; membership, 347. Evangelical Lutheran, churches, 2; membership, about 500. Presbyterian, churches, 2; membership, about 106; ministers, 2.[1]

[1] Maine State Register, 1892.

CHAPTER XXXII.

EDUCATION.

No Public Schools in the Early History of the Province — Introduced by Massachusetts Under Penalty of a Fine — New Interest in Education after the Revolution — Establishment of Academies by Grants of Land — Establishment of Colleges — The District System — Establishment of Normal Schools — Schools Graded, and a System of Free High Schools Introduced — Improvement in Schoolhouses — State Supervision of the Public Schools — Compulsory Attendance — Parochial Schools — Small Percentage of Illiteracy in Maine — Newspaper Press — County Papers — Leading Journals — Number of Periodicals Published in the State — Public Libraries.

THE early settlers of Maine took little thought for education. There were no schools until Massachusetts obtained control of the province. Her laws required every town, under penalty of fine, to support one schoolmaster constantly, and those containing one hundred families to maintain a grammar school. It was long before schools were established, even under these requirements. In Wells the people lived fifty years without schools, and their children grew up ignorant of the rudiments of education. It was not until 1715 that it was voted to procure a schoolmaster at the town's charge, "not exceeding £20 per annum and his diate."[1] Falmouth did not move in the matter until 1729, when the selectmen were requested to look out for a schoolmaster "to prevent the town's being presented." The people, it will be seen, were moved thereto more by fear of being mulcted, than by regard for the cause of education. The first schoolmaster engaged was obliged to bring a suit against the town to secure his salary. In Scarborough, in 1730, it was voted "that there be a schoolmaster hired in town this year that can read and write well." In 1837 it was voted that a school be kept all the year, and that the master "be paid 75 pounds *in lumber* for his services."[2]

The early schools were all taught by masters. Some of them were men of ability. They ranked among the professional classes, and were exempt from military trainings, and duties

[1] Bourne's History of Wells and Kennebunk.

[2] Southgate's History of Scarborough.

of watch and ward, and in the case of grammar masters they were exempt from payment of taxes. Yet the cause of education was at a low ebb. The towns were grudging in their appropriations, and public instruction was eked out by private schools.

After the Revolution, with increasing prosperity came a spirit of general improvement, and a new interest in the cause of education. The need of better opportunities than those afforded by the common schools was felt, and academies were endowed with grants of wild lands. These institutions for many years did a good work in the cause of higher education, and prepared the way for a collegiate course. Bowdoin College, which had been chartered in 1794, entered its first class in 1802. The Baptists, in 1813, started at Waterville "The Maine Literary and Theological School," which a few years later was chartered as the second college in Maine, and is now known as Colby University. The Maine State Seminary at Lewiston, incorporated in 1855, became Bates College in 1863, so named in honor of Benjamin E. Bates of Boston, its munificent patron. To it was added in 1870 a Free Baptist Theological Seminary. The State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts was established at Orono in 1868, and has done a good work in giving many young men of small means a technical education. If it has not as yet turned out many educated farmers, it is because the farmers themselves have not been educated up to the point of seeing the necessity of education in the practice of agriculture.

The Congregationalists established a theological seminary at Bangor in 1814, the Methodists a classical and theological school at Readfield in 1825, and the Universalists a collegiate seminary at Westbrook in 1831.

The early schools were established on the district system, every town being divided into districts, each of which was independent in the management of its schools, the town only voting a sum for the payment of teachers. This system, adapted to a primitive and isolated state of society, worked unequally, and has retarded the improvement of the schools and the school buildings. It is now giving way to town management, which is much more efficient in its operation.

The teachers were usually college students or graduates who took this means of maintaining themselves while getting an

education or studying a profession. There was no professional class of teachers. The need of trained instructors, who would make teaching a profession, was felt, and a normal school was established at Farmington, another, in 1867, at Castine, and still another at Gorham in 1878. A training school for teachers was also established at Madawaska, among the Acadian French population, and provision made for normal classes in several seminaries in the State. These institutions have done a good work in turning out a class of trained teachers who have accomplished much in the improvement of the schools.

The common schools were of a mixed character, including in their instruction everything from a, b, c, to the higher English branches. The first step toward improvement was the grading of the schools, and the opening of grammar schools. Then came the establishment of town free high schools, for which the State pays a sum equal to that raised by the town, not to exceed $250 for each school. This system, calculated to bring home to the scholars of each town the benefits enjoyed by those who were able to leave home to attend the old academies, at first met with much opposition, resulting in their suspension in 1878. They were re-established in 1879, and have since been constantly improving in character and efficiency. In 1892, 228 towns are supporting free high schools at an expense of $147,575, of which the State pays $39,521. These schools are now permanently fixed in the public school system of the State.

With the improvement in the school system has come a better style of schoolhouses. The "little red schoolhouse on the hill" has given place to buildings of tasteful architecture, with modern improvements conducive to the comfort and health of the scholars, and the refining influence of neat surroundings is beginning to be understood.

The schools were under no general supervision by the State until 1846, when a State Board of Education was established, with provision for holding teachers' institutes in each county. This system brought about great improvement, but was soon swept away and followed by vacillating legislation which built up only to tear down, and the schools are now left to the supervision of a State Superintendent, with county associations which hold meetings for the discussion of educational methods by teachers and others. The Pedagogical Society is an association of teachers for the same purpose. The annual report of

the Superintendent for 1892 shows the total number of scholars in the public schools of the State, drawing school money, to be 210,997.

A law making compulsory the attendance at some school of every child between the ages of nine and fifteen years, for at least twelve weeks in each year, was enacted in 1875, but its provisions were not enforced, and another law intended to be more effective has been passed as a substitute. Children employed in factories are now required to attend school a portion of the time, and this law is having the effect of increasing the attendance at schools.

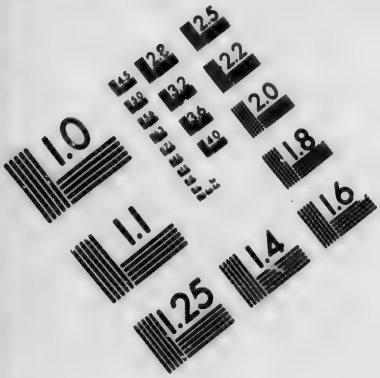
While the State has thus been engaged in providing for the education of its children on the New England plan of qualifying the rising generation for the duties of citizenship, a foreign influence has been at work withdrawing children from the public schools and sending them to other schools established in the interest of a religious sect. The Roman Catholic priesthood have sixteen parochial schools, which, in 1892, were attended by six thousand scholars. These are withdrawn from the instruction of the public schools and educated in the interest of a foreigh hierarchy. The parochial schools are attended chiefly by the children of Irish and French Canadian immigrants. They constitute a menace to the public school system of the State.

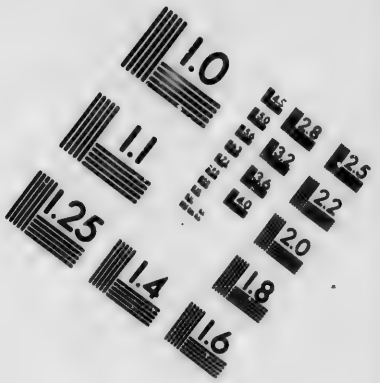
This system, though far from perfection, has resulted in placing Maine among the States showing the least amount of illiteracy. By the census of 1880, of persons in Maine of ten years of age and upward, only 3.5 per cent were unable to read, the only States and Territories having a lower percentage being Dakota, Iowa, Nebraska and Wyoming. Of those unable to write the percentage was but 4.8, only Iowa, Nebraska and Wyoming showing a less percentage.

Among the instrumentalities tending to enlighten the public mind, the newspaper press holds an important position. For more than a century and a half there was no printing press in Maine. The first newspaper was started in Falmouth (now Portland), January 1, 1785, by Benjamin Titcomb and Thomas B. Waite. It was called the *Falmouth Gazette and Weekly Advertiser*. The return of peace had brought reviving prosperity, and Falmouth was rapidly increasing in population. Still the times were hard, and the people were poor. The cur

rency was deranged, the roads were few and very bad, there were no stage lines, and only three or four post-offices in the whole district. Falmouth had a mail from Boston but once a week. In times like these it required courage to undertake the establishment of a newspaper. Yet the *Gazette* managed to exist, and after undergoing many changes of name its lineal descendant is still found in the *Portland Advertiser*. Population was now flowing from Massachusetts into the eastern counties, and the press went with it; though as late as 1824, when Joseph Griffin started the *Maine Baptist Herald* at Brunswick, he was obliged, at his own expense, to establish a weekly mail route as far as Jay, about forty-five miles. The first newspaper in Kennebec County was the *Eastern Star*, started at Hallowell, August 4, 1794. Lincoln County followed next with *The Telegraph*, published at Wiscasset in 1798. Oxford County started in the same year, with *Russell's Echo* or *The North Star*. Hancock followed next with the *Castine Journal and Advertiser*, the publication of which was begun by David J. Waters, in 1799. York, the oldest county, did not possess a newspaper until 1803, when *The Annals of the Times* appeared, and was continued about two years in Kennebunk. After the lapse of twelve years Penobscot entered the newspaper ranks with the *Bangor Weekly Register*, the first number of which appeared Nov. 25, 1815. Washington County next entered the list with the *Eastport Sentinel*, August, 1818. Within the limits of what is now Waldo County, no newspaper appeared until July 6, 1820, when the first number of the *Hancock Gazette* was published at Belfast. The *Maine Gazette*, published at Bath, December 8, 1820, was the first newspaper within the limits of what is now Sagadahoc County. Somerset issued its first newspaper at Norridgewock, May 15, 1823. It was called *The Somerset Journal*. Knox followed with the *Thomaston Register*, May 17, 1825. Franklin came next with the *Sandy River Yeoman*, which appeared at Farmington in 1832. *The Piscataquis Herald* appeared at Dover, June 1, 1838. The first newspaper within the limits of the present county of Androscoggin was the *Lewiston Falls Journal*, established May 21, 1847, by Wm. H. Waldron and Dr. Alonzo Garcelon. Lastly the forest county of Aroostook entered the list with the *Aroostook Pioneer*, in the fall of 1857.

These were the first county newspapers. They were rapidly





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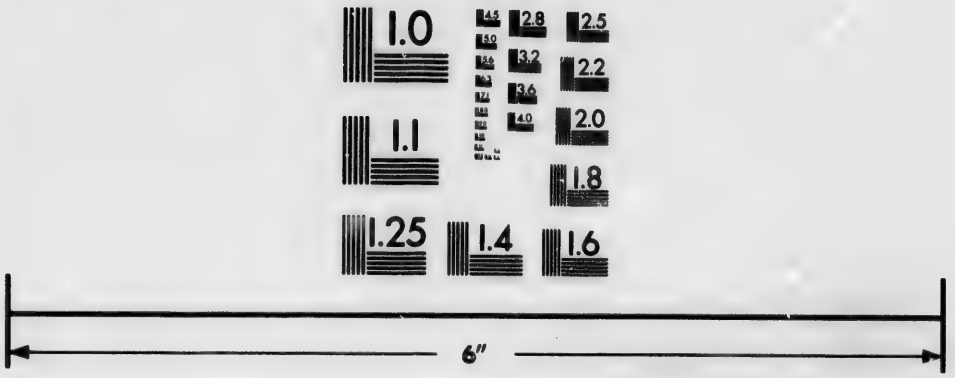

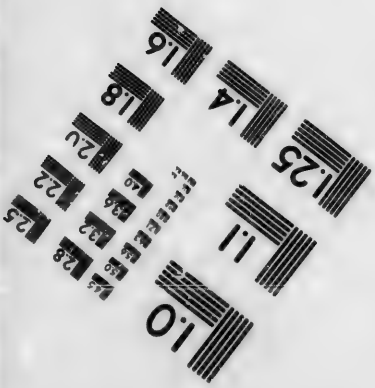

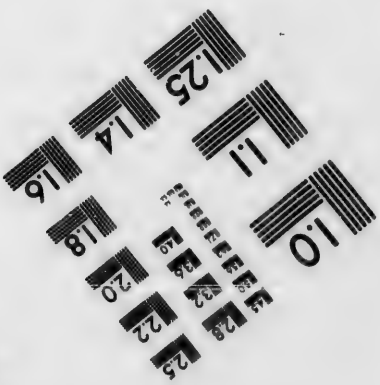

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followed by others, until now nearly every village has its local sheet. Among the political journals which have exerted a wide influence may be mentioned the *Portland Advertiser;* the *Eastern Argus*, started at Portland in 1803, which through an unbroken existence of eighty-six years has remained the able advocate of the Democratic party; the *Kennebec Journal*, Augusta, 1823, organ of the Whig and Republican parties; the *Bangor Whig and Courier*, dating from September 22, 1833; the *Lewiston Journal*, which through the enterprise of its publishers in gathering the news has attained a wide circulation, and the *Portland Press*, established as the organ of the Republican party in June, 1862. The first religious journal published in Maine was the *Christian Intelligencer*, an organ of the Universalists, which appeared in Portland in 1821, under the editorship of the Rev. Russell Streeter. The *Christian Mirror*, issued in the interest of the Congregational church, appeared in Portland in August, 1822, and still exists. *Zion's Advocate* has ably represented the Baptist denomination since 1828. The first attempt at a literary journal was made by John Neal, in *The Yankee*, the first number of which was issued in Portland, January 1, 1829. It had but a brief existence. The first literary and family journal which obtained a permanent footing in Maine was the *Portland Transcript*, ushered into existence by Charles P. Ilsley, April, 1837. The *Transcript* has attained a wide circulation and maintained a high literary character. Of agricultural journals the *Maine Farmer*, dating from 1833, has done much for the education of the people in matters pertaining to the cultivation of the earth.

In 1880 there were one hundred and twenty-three newspapers and periodicals published in Maine, the State then ranking twenty-sixth as regards numbers, while as regards circulation it ranked sixth, having an aggregate circulation of 1,214,469, the number being swollen by the wide extended circulation of a class of papers devoted to light literature, published in the State. In 1810 there were eight periodicals published in Maine; in 1840, thirty-six; in 1850, forty-nine; in 1860, seventy; in 1870, as a consequence of the hard times of the civil war, the number had fallen to sixty-five; in 1880, however it had made a rapid increase to 123; and in 1892, the number is 190, circulating 3,511,000 copies.

Of these depositories of learning and literature — public

libraries — Maine has a fair equipment. The State library at Augusta is well supplied with works pertaining to governmental matters, and is rich in general literature. The library at Bowdoin College numbers 50,000 volumes; of Colby University, 29,000 volumes, and of Bates College and accessories, 16,000 volumes. The State College of Agriculture has 6,856 volumes. There are in the State about sixty libraries of over 1,000 volumes each. Many towns have established public libraries, and some possess neat library buildings. The most costly and elegant of these buildings is that presented to the city of Portland by the munificence of a citizen, Mr. James P. Baxter, which affords accommodation to the public library containing 37,000 volumes, and the library of the Maine Historical Society, comprising about 6,500 volumes, and as many more pamphlets.

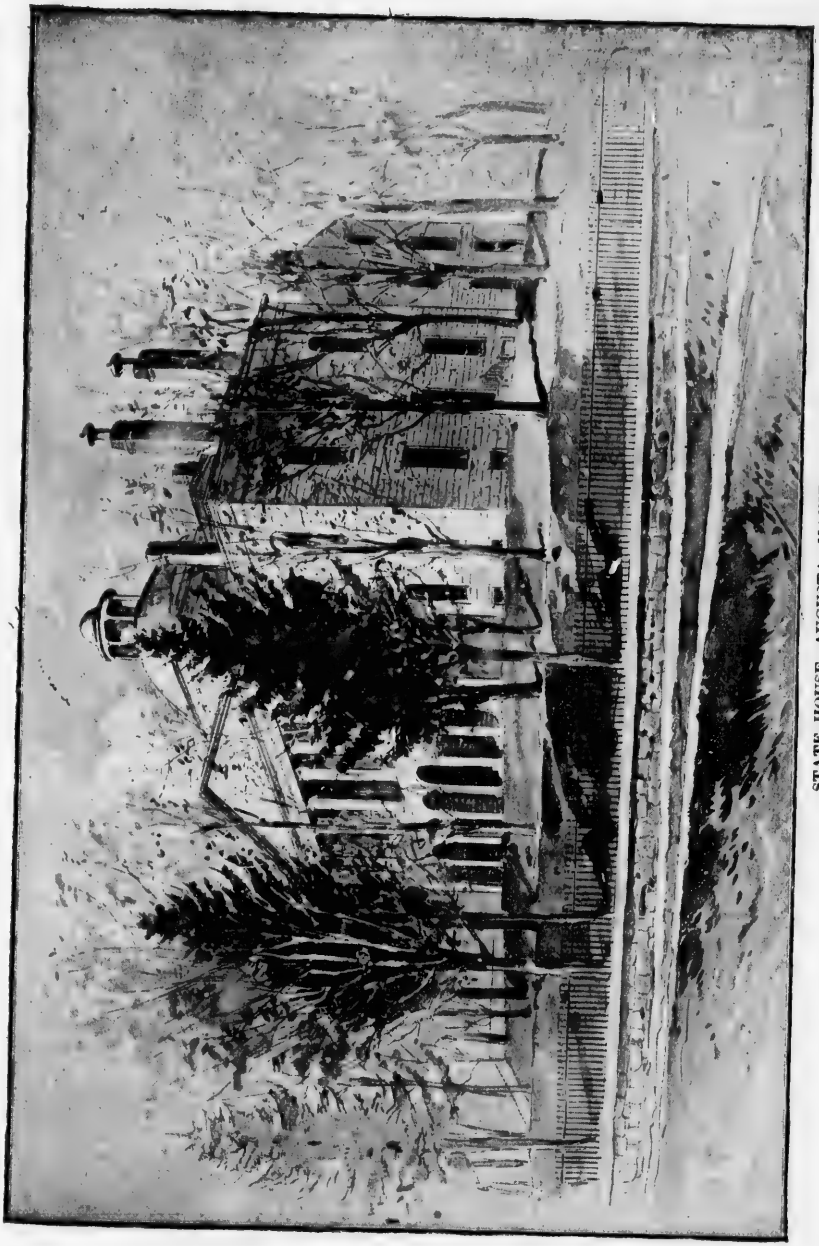
CHAPTER XXXIII.

POLITICAL.

Division of Legislative, Executive and Judicial Powers — Maine Entered the Union as an Anti-Federalist State in 1820 — Became Democratic in 1834 — Republican in 1856 — Fusion in 1879 — The "Count Out" — Its Proceedings Condemned by the Supreme Court — Fusionists Elect Governor by Plurality Vote in 1880 — Republicans Return to Power in 1882.

THE legislative power of the State of Maine is vested in two distinct branches, a House of Representatives, composed of one hundred and fifty-one members, representing the towns, and a Senate, comprising thirty-one members, representing the sixteen counties. The supreme executive power resides in a Governor, elected by a plurality vote of the people, and a Council of seven members, representing as many districts of the State, but chosen by the joint ballot of the two houses in convention, as are also the Treasurer and Secretary of State. The judicial power is vested in a Supreme Judicial Court, and Superior Courts in such counties as have sufficient business to require them. The justices are appointed by the Governor and Council, and hold their offices for a term of seven years. Sheriffs, judges, and registers of probate are elected by the people of their respective counties. The justices of the Supreme Judicial Court are obliged to give their opinions upon important questions of law, and upon solemn occasions, when required by the Governor, Council, Senate, or House of Representatives. Until the year 1880, the State elections were held annually, and the Legislature held annual sessions. In that year the Constitution was so amended that the State elections and sessions of the Legislature are now held biennially.

Maine entered the Union in 1820 as an Anti-Federalist State, and became Democratic when the party adopted that name in 1834. The Federalists, after being known as National Republicans, now chose to call themselves Whigs. The State remained Democratic up to the year 1838, when Edward Kent, the Whig candidate, was elected Governor. He was succeeded by John Fairfield, Democrat, in 1839 and 1840, but was again chosen in 1841. A succession of Democratic governors followed until 1853, when through a division of the Democratic party, caused by the question of prohibiting the liquor traffic, William G.



STATE HOUSE, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

Crosby, the Whig candidate, was elected by the Legislature, and was also chosen the succeeding year by that body, the Constitution then requiring a majority vote of the people to elect, which neither candidate received. In the following year the old parties were again broken up by the question of the Maine Law and the formation of the "Know Nothing" or American party, organized in opposition to foreign influence in our elections, and Anson P. Morrill, the candidate of these two parties was chosen Governor by the Legislature, the people having again failed to elect. In 1855, the people failing to elect, Samuel Wells, the Democratic and anti-Maine Law candidate, was chosen Governor by the Legislature. Meantime a new party, destined to become the nucleus of a great national party, had been slowly gaining ground in the State. This was the Liberty party, formed in opposition to the existence of slavery. The question of the slave power was now becoming supreme in national politics, and was breaking up the old parties. The Democrats divided on it, a part being known as "Free Soil Democrats." The Anti-Slavery Whigs split off from their party, those who remained being called "Straight Whigs," and ultimately joining the old Democratic party. The Liberty party, Free Soilers and Anti-Slavery Whigs coalesced and formed the Republican party in 1856, which that year elected Hannibal Hamlin Governor of the State. Mr. Hamlin had been elected to the United States Senate by the Democratic party, but left it on the question of slavery, and after being elected Governor by the Republicans was sent back to the Senate by them. The Republicans now held unbroken possession of the State for a period of twenty-two years, Israel Washburn jr., Abner Coburn and Samuel Cony serving as Governors through the period of the civil war, and being succeeded by Joshua L. Chamberlain, who had served with distinction in the war, by Sidney Perham and Nelson Dingley jr., who represented the Maine Law wing of the party, and by Selden Connor, another gallant soldier, who had been maimed in the service of the Union.

In 1878, a disturbing element appeared in the politics of the State in the shape of the new Greenback party, formed in opposition to the resumption of specie payments, which had been suspended during the war. This party, on the plea of cheap currency, caught the popular favor, especially in the eastern part of the State, and in 1878 drew off the great body

of the Democrats, and also a considerable number of Republican voters. The result was no election of Governor by the people, and the Legislature chose Dr. Alonzo Garcelon, the Democratic nominee.

The administration of Governor Garcelon was marked by the most exciting political event in the history of the State, at one time threatening civil war. The election in 1879 resulted, as before, in no choice of Governor by the people. There were three candidates in the field, the nominees of the Republican, Greenback and Democratic parties. On minor officers the Greenbackers and Democrats had already begun to coalesce, and in the Legislature their members acted together. On the face of the returns the Republicans had elected a majority of the Legislature, which would give them the election of Governor and the control of the State. Just here a great temptation assailed the Governor and Council, who acted as a returning board. Through the negligence or incompetency of many of the town officers, there were always many clerical or technical errors in the returns. It had been customary to allow the correction of these, and a law had been passed for that purpose. Governor Garcelon and his Council set this law aside as unconstitutional, thus usurping the office of the Supreme Judicial Court, and determined on a strict construction of the law in counting the returns. Some were thrown out because they were not made up and sealed in open town meeting, others because they were not attested by the town clerk, others again because they did not set forth the whole number of ballots, or because they did not state for whom the "scattering" votes were thrown, while in the case of several cities, they were not signed by a majority of the aldermen. It was noted that the informalities resulted in throwing out only Republican members, and it was charged, and afterward proved before an investigating committee of the Legislature, that the Fusionists were allowed to secretly correct their imperfect returns. The result of this proceedure was that by certification of the Governor and Council, the House was understood to stand Republicans, sixty-one; Fusion, seventy-eight, with twelve vacancies, and the Senate, Republicans, eleven; Fusion, twenty.

When it was learned that the number of those members who had been "counted in" by this process, together with those who had been "counted out," gave the Democrats and Greenbackers a majority of the Legislature, thus reversing the result

of the election, great excitement ensued throughout the State. Indignation meetings were held in all the cities and larger towns, and the clergy thundered from their pulpits. So great was the popular indignation that the Governor and Council thought it necessary to fortify their position by military preparations, and the capitol was placed under guard. These proceedings but added fuel to the flame. An attempt to remove guns from Bangor to Augusta was frustrated by an uprising of the people of the former city.

The Republican leaders demanded that the question of the legality of the returns should be submitted to the justices of the Supreme Court, as provided in the Constitution. The Council objected to this, but the Governor, being advised thereto by leading members of his own party, took the responsibility of complying with the demand. A series of carefully guarded questions was submitted to the justices. They did not confine themselves to these, but reviewed the whole matter, and explicitly condemned at every point the action of the Governor and Council, declaring that the returns made by municipal officers, in the hurry, bustle and confusion of an election, are not required to be written with scrupulous nicety, and are not to be strangled by idle technicalities. They were unanimous in their decision, one of the justices being a Democrat.

The Governor, however, refused to recall any certificates issued, or to issue new ones, as his work had been performed under the Constitution and statutes as he understood them. It was determined to organize the Legislature under the certificates issued. When that body met a contest for supremacy took place in both Houses. In the Senate, the Republicans, led by Senator Joseph A. Locke, moved to substitute the names of the Senators really elected for those read by the Secretary. This was refused, and the Fusion members elected James D. Lamson of Waldo, President, the Republicans abstaining from voting. In the House the Republicans, led by Eugene Hale, protested against the organization of the House in the absence of a quorum. The protest was disregarded, and John C. Talbot of East Machias was elected Speaker by the votes of the Fusionists, the Republican members leaving the House in a body.

As the Legislature was the judge of the election of its members, it had been stated that on its assembling the Representa-

tives of cities excluded because of informalities would be immediately admitted. But the Fusionists did not proceed to admit them; they improved the opportunity of their absence to organize both Houses, elect minor officers, and so far as they were able to take possession of the government.

A complication now arose from a charge made by two Fusion members of the House, Swan of Minot, and Harriman of Kennebunk, to the effect that an attempt had been made by the Republicans, by offer of a bribe of one thousand dollars, to induce them to refuse to take their seats. The money was displayed by them, having been taken, as they alleged, in order to expose the attempt at bribery. Wallace R. White of Winthrop, who it was alleged made the offer, denied the charge.

The President of the Senate refusing at first to qualify as Governor, and the term of Governor Garcelon having expired, he issued an order authorizing Gen. Joshua L. Chamberlain, commanding the militia of the State, to protect the public property, and maintain order until his successor should be elected. Meantime, President Lamson of the Senate, having become convinced that it was his duty to qualify as Governor, attempted to assume the duties of that office, but was not recognized by Gen. Chamberlain, whose authority was acknowledged by all parties. He dismissed the guard at the capitol and placed the building in charge of the police of Augusta under Mayor Nash. Despite the protests of the Fusionists, he permitted the Republican members of the Legislature to occupy the halls in the evening, after the Fusionists had adjourned. The Republican members of the House, on meeting, numbered eighty-four, the number in the Fusion House being seventy-five. Both branches proceeded to organize, the Senate electing Joseph A. Locke of Cumberland, President, and the House choosing George E. Weeks of Augusta, Speaker. The members counted out were admitted to their seats, and an order was passed calling upon the Supreme Court for its opinion in regard to the legal organization of the Legislature. "Governor" Lamson sent a messenger to the court warning it not to "give countenance to revolutionary proceedings."

There were now two Legislatures, meeting alternately. The Fusion body proceeded to the election of Governor, and Joseph L. Smith, the Greenback candidate, was declared elected in due form. Councilors were also elected, and "Governor" Smith delivered his inaugural address. Meantime, the reply of the court, sustaining in every particular the positions assumed by

the Republicans, having been received, they proceeded to elect Daniel F. Davis as Governor, who appeared and took the oath amid tremendous cheering, and a scene of great excitement.

"Governor" Smith had previously ordered three companies of militia to meet at Augusta, but they did not respond. Governor Davis notified the militia to be ready at a moment's call, and a very large police force was placed in the capitol. It was necessary to force an entrance to several of the department offices, and the State seal was found to be missing.

During all this time the excitable men on both sides were sending despatches to Lewiston, Portland, Bath, Waterville, and other places, now calling for reinforcements, and again sending them back. This state of things forced Gen. Chamberlain to issue a proclamation giving assurance that there was no occasion for public alarm. The guards at the capitol were increased to one hundred and fifty men, a large force of Hallowell stone-cutters being called in. Mayor Nash gave notice that admission to the capitol was to be confined to members elect, those claiming seats, State officers, and those having passes from Gen. Chamberlain.

Upon learning that the Supreme Court had decided in favor of the Republicans, "Governor" Smith issued an order relieving Gen. Chamberlain of his command of the militia, and revoking the special order directing him to protect the public property. Gen. Chamberlain replied by asking the Governor for the proper evidence of his authority, to which he promised a prompt obedience. Meantime, Gov. Davis wrote to the General, informing him of his election and qualification, and submitting the opinion of the court. To this Gen. Chamberlain replied, resigning the trust conferred on him by the special order of Gov. Garcelon as his last official act.

When the Fusion Legislature next attempted to enter the capitol, headed by "Governor" Smith, they were refused admission by Mayor Nash, acting under orders of Governor Davis. They held a brief session on the sidewalk, and adjourned to meet next day at a hall in the city. When they met there was evidence of divided counsels, but finally a vote was passed *requiring* the opinion of the Supreme Court on the question as to which was the legal Legislature. The court gave a unanimous decision, declining to recognize the Fusion bodies, and explicitly declaring the House and Senate then holding sessions in the capitol, to be the legal Legislature of Maine. Thereupon the Fusion bodies dispersed, the members legally elected, with

a few exceptions, taking their seats in the Legislature. Those remaining finally adjourned in secret session, on the 28th of January, 1880, to meet on the first Wednesday in August. They never came together again. Under stress of a warrant for his arrest, the Fusion Secretary of State returned the State seal, and the legally constituted government took possession of the offices.

During this period of heated controversy there was great excitement throughout the State. Rumors of plots and counterplots flew thick and fast. Extreme partisans counseled violent action, and at one time a report that the Fusionists were about to seize the capitol, induced Gov. Davis to order several companies of militia to its defense, but the sound, sober sense of the people prevented any overt acts, and no deeds of violence were committed by members of either party. Gen. Chamberlain won great praise for the firmness and impartiality with which he discharged the duties of his responsible position.

The exciting question was carried into the next State election. The Democrats and Greenbackers united on Gen. Harris M. Plaisted as their candidate for Governor, and strained every nerve to procure a popular vindication of their course the previous year. The Republicans renominated Gov. Davis, and made a vigorous canvass on "the count out," but they were handicapped by the charges of bribery which had not been satisfactorily disproved. The result was that while the Republicans carried the Legislature, Gen. Plaisted received a plurality of 169 votes, or of 226 votes, counting 57 cast for *Harrison* M. Plaisted. The amendments to the Constitution providing for the election of Governor by plurality vote, and for biennial elections and sessions of the Legislature, having now come into effect, Gen. Plaisted was declared duly elected, and served the term of two years. The Legislature, being Republican, elected a Council between whom and the Governor there was a considerable amount of friction during the term.

In 1882, the Greenback movement having begun to subside, the Republicans elected Hon. Frederick Robie Governor by a plurality of 8,560 votes. They have since held possession of the State, electing Frederick Robie Governor in 1884, and Joseph R. Bodwell in 1886. Gov. Bodwell died December 15, 1887, and Hon. Sebastian S. Marble, President of the Senate, acted as Governor during the remainder of his term. In 1888 Edwin C. Burleigh was elected Governor, and re-elected 1890.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

RESOURCES AND INDUSTRIES.

Temperature and Climate — Area — Water Power — Forest Products — Fish and Game — Agriculture — Shore and Deep-Sea Fisheries — Shipbuilding — Granite, Slate, Limerock and Ice — Manufactures — Condition of Operatives — Deposits in Savings Banks — Railroad Systems — Pleasure Travel — Lake and Seaside Resorts — Reasons why the People Should Be Contented with their Lot.

TEMPERATURE AND CLIMATE.

THE State of Maine lies between the 43d and 47th degrees of North latitude, along the 45th parallel, which position gives it a moderate temperature and variable winds. The mean annual temperature of the whole State is about 40 degrees. The summer is cool, the winter not so severe as in corresponding latitudes in the interior.

The climate is healthful, malarious fevers being unknown; although on the coast, where the moisture is excessive, diseases of the respiratory organs prevail.

AREA.

Presenting a broad base of 226 miles to the sea, with a hundred harbors opening on the great Gulf of Maine, the State extends in a triangular form nearly to the St. Lawrence, a distance of 250 miles. It has a width of 224 miles at its widest part, and an extreme length of 301 miles. The whole circuit of its boundaries is nearly 1,000 miles, and it has an area of 31,766 square miles, being nearly as large as all the rest of New England.

WATER POWER.

Few, if any portions of the earth's surface approach Maine in the extent, the volume, momentum and constancy of its water power. Its northern forests absorb the abundant rainfall like a sponge. More than 1,500 lakes serve as so many reservoirs for its retention, while their outlets, flowing through rock-bound beds, and falling in the short distance of 150 to 200 miles, from an average elevation of 600 feet, leap in a series of cascades to the sea.

These conditions give the State great advantages for the prosecution of commerce and manufactures, while its agricultural capabilities are greater than has generally been supposed.

FOREST PRODUCTS.

A prime source of the wealth of Maine is found in her forests. These cover the northern portion of the State, and comprise twelve million acres, or 62.7 of its entire territory. Of this percentage 22.4 per cent is in farm lands and the remainder in wild lands. The entire forest area of New England is but 19,193,028 acres, of which it will be seen Maine possesses nearly two-thirds. Originally her forests abounded in pine, which, at one time, was considered almost the only timber worth cutting. As a consequence the pine has greatly diminished, yet the product is still large and quite constant; in 1888 over 29,000,000 feet of pine timber were surveyed at the port of Bangor, and this is not far from the average yearly survey for the years since 1860.

As the pine has diminished other woods, once thought to possess no commercial value, have come into use, notably spruce, birch, maple and other hard woods. Great quantities of the softer woods are consumed in the manufacture of paper pulp, and birch is worked up into spools. New uses for what once were considered nearly worthless woods are constantly being found, thus adding to the value of the forest product. From 1855 to 1891 there were surveyed at Bangor 6,267,403,785 feet of lumber, 23,114,771 feet of which was pine. In 1888 there were shipped from the port of Portland to South American ports 36,654,610 feet, valued at $769,911.61, and in 1891, 10,000,000 feet, valued at $1,100,000.

This industry gives employment to a large number of men. The hardy lumbermen enter the woods in the late autumn, making their homes for the winter in the logging camps. They cut the timber, draw it to the streams, and in the spring come out with the floods, and drive the logs down the swollen rivers to the great saw-mills on the Penobscot and other rivers. Some of these mills are the largest in the world, and the timber is there manufactured into all the forms of building materials. The annual value of this forest product may still be placed at $11,000,000 to $12,000,000 for timber and firewood.

The State having unwisely parted with all its wild land, it is

now largely held by private owners, in immense tracts, often comprising one or more townships. These owners clear no land, and sell no land, thus obstructing its settlement and the making of roads.

The forests must remain an important source of the commercial and industrial importance of the State. Their preservation has therefore become a matter claiming the attention of its people, and the demand is now made that greater precautions shall be taken against fires. Trees below a certain size are not allowed to be cut, a condition which enters into the landholders' leases to the loggers. The art of forestry must henceforth demand the attention of all interested in the preservation of one of the great resources of the State.

FISH AND GAME.

A source of wealth and healthful recreation is also found in the pursuit of the fish and game abounding in these forests. The numerous lakes and streams afford good fishing, while deer, moose and caribou are found in the woods. These, of late years, have been protected by game laws, more or less enforced, and the result has been an increase in the deer, which, under the indiscriminate slaughter of pot hunters, had become nearly exterminated.

Under the operations of a fish commission the lakes and streams have been restocked with edible fish, and the salmon is now caught on the Penobscot, from which it had been driven by dams and sawdust. The wise preservation of the fish and game will conserve to the State a source of revenue and of food for the people.

AGRICULTURE.

Though the soil of Maine, as a whole, is not noted for its fertility, yet in the rich intervale lands of its river valleys and the broad fields of Aroostook the State has regions of great productiveness. Agriculture must always form one of its leading industries. Taken in connection with the related industries for which Maine is so well adapted by its abundant water power, it offers a promising field for the enterprise of the young men of the State. Though capital invested in farms does not pay a large interest, it gives a good return in the independent position of the farmer; and the sturdy manhood and genuine womanhood of the State are nurtured on the home farm.

The leading crops of Maine, in the order of amount raised, are hay, potatoes, oats, Indian corn, wheat, buckwheat and barley.

The orchards, which, in the past, have been much neglected, are now becoming a prominent source of income through the foreign demand for Maine apples, which are noted for their excellent flavor and keeping qualities. Large shipments of them are now annually made to England. The value of the orchard products of the State, given by the census of 1880 at $1,112,026, must now be much increased.

Potatoes form the leading product of the fertile lands of Aroostook. The crop, which, by the census of 1880, was 2,248,594 bushels, has now reached 3,000,000 bushels. It is largely consumed in the manufacture of starch on the spot, thus sustaining an important local industry, the annual product of which is over 7,000 tons.

Sweet corn is another crop which maintains a related industry in the canning business. The preserving of green vegetables by hermetical sealing, in this country, was first practiced in Maine, and its silicious soil and sparkling atmosphere are peculiarly adapted to the growth of sugar corn. The canned product has a wide reputation, and gives employment, in its season, to a large number of hands. In 1888 the number of cases packed was 496,200, which was 247,969 cases less than were packed in 1887, the shrinkage being due to unusually severe frosts in September.

The annual wool clip is an item of much importance, reaching in 1880 no less than 2,776,407 pounds.

The establishment of butter and cheese factories has had the effect to increase these products of the farm, and the canning business has created a market for various vegetables.

The census of 1880 gives the number of men engaged in agriculture in Maine as 89,176 out of 258,587 men, and 243 women out of 261,082 women. The number of farms was 64,309; acres of improved land, 3,484,908; value of farms, $102,357,615; value of farm products, $21,945,489. The value of the products of all mechanical and manufacturing industries was $106,780,563. The valuation of the State was fixed by the census at $511,000,000.

The agricultural industry of the State is now well organized, having as agencies for its advancement two State agricultural

societies, one State pomological society, a State branch of the National Agricultural Experiment Station, a State Board of Agriculture, a State Grange, having 16,000 members, forty-one incorporated county agricultural societies receiving bounty from the State, and many other organizations of a similar character not directly aided by the State.

FISHERIES.

The shore and deep-sea fisheries were the earliest industries of Maine. The first adventurers who made a lodgment on the islands along the coast came in pursuit of fish and trade with the Indians. Fishing, with the coast population, has taken precedence of agriculture, causing neglect of the cultivation of the soil. The harvest of the sea has been, at times, of greater value than the product of the land, though at other times the yield has been next to nothing. Yet the chances of lucky hauls have lured men from the steady pursuit of the more certain gains of agriculture. The fisheries have bred a race of hardy men, who have supplied sailors for the navy and the mercantile marine.

In the amount of tonnage employed in the fisheries, Maine ranks next to Massachusetts. By the census of 1880, Maine had 11,071 persons engaged in the fisheries; capital invested, $3,375,994; value of product, $3,614,178; number of vessels, 606; tonnage, 17,632.65 tons; value of vessels, $633,542. Owing to the fluctuations in the business caused by the migratory habits of certain species of fish, the number of men and vessels employed varies much from year to year. In the year ending June 30, 1888, Maine had but 453 vessels engaged in the cod and mackerel fisheries, with a tonnage of 16,301 tons. The catch of mackerel for 1888 was the smallest known for fifty years, being 25,511 barrels, against 56,919 for 1887, 58,557 for 1886, and 258,900 for 1885. The total catch of codfish by the Maine and Massachusetts fleets was 585,581 quintals, against 676,723 quintals in 1887, a falling off of 91,142 quintals. The fleet numbered 305 sail from Massachusetts and 190 sail from Maine, a total of 495 sail against a total of 560 sail in 1887 and 589 in 1886.

The lobster fishery is an important industry, calling for much legislation in the way of close time and limitation of catchable length, to prevent the extermination of this delicious crustacean. The contention is that the nine-inch lobster should not be used,

as it has not yet come to maturity and has no eggs attached to it, while the ten and one-half inch lobster has from 15,000 to 25,000 eggs attached to it. The yearly catch is estimated at 15,000,000 lobsters, sustaining a large canning industry, while many are shipped to markets in barrels.

The smelt and alewive fisheries form a considerable item in the yearly product of the sea, though the latter is gradually falling off. The herring-sardine business, an enterprise which originated in Maine, has attained considerable magnitude. There are forty factories in the State, their product for 1887-88 being 500,000 cases, each case containing 100 boxes, and each box ten or twelve little fishes.

SHIPBUILDING.

Shipbuilding is also to be numbered among the earliest industries of Maine. In 1607 the Popham colonists built at the mouth of the Kennebec the first vessel constructed in New England, and that river is today the scene of the largest ship-building industry in the country. For many years the building of wooden vessels ranked among the most important manufactures of Maine, but the famous clipper ships which flourished from 1848 to 1870 have given place to iron steamships, and the building of wooden vessels has greatly declined.

The number of vessels built in Maine in 1880 was 88, with a tonnage of 41,396, giving employment to 1,390 hands, whose wages amounted to $576,502. In 1888 were built 22 vessels, 12,227.35 tons; 1889, 81 vessels, 39,623.72 tons; 1890, 105 vessels, 62,859 tons; 1891, 124 vessels, 49,616.88 tons. Of those for 1891, 39 with a tonnage of 32,063.14 were built at Bath, which is the leading shipbuilding port of the country. The domestic or coastwise tonnage is increasing, as is also the size of vessels. In the coasting trade a two-masted schooner of three hundred tons was formerly considered a good-sized vessel. Now fore-and-aft vessels are built to carry three, four and even five masts, and their tonnage is many times three hundred tons. The five-masted schooner, Governor Ames, which sailed from Portland April 30, 1889, took out to Buenos Ayres a cargo of 1,896,000 feet of spruce and pine lumber, the largest cargo, with one exception, ever taken by an American vessel.

Another change in the coastwise trade is the tendency to use barges towed by steam tugs, instead of sailing vessels, old ships

being utilized for this purpose. The change in the rig of vessels is seen in the fact that of the vessels built in the United States during the year ending June 30, 1888, 275 were schooners, and only four—two barks and two barkentines—were square-rigged vessels. Not a brig nor a ship was built during the year.

While the foreign tonnage of the country has fallen off the coastwise tonnage is increasing, and the indications point to a revival of shipbuilding in Maine.

QUARRIES.

Among Maine's natural sources of wealth must be counted her granite, slate, limerock and ice. The islands along her coast are largely composed of granite, which is also found of excellent quality in the interior. Quarries in Penobscot Bay have been operated to a large extent, and the white granite of Hallowell has long been used in fine ornamental work. Black granite is found at Addison, red and variegated at Jonesport and Calais. For paving, the construction of public buildings, and monumental work, Maine granite is in demand throughout the country. It gives employment to three thousand men, whose wages, on the average, amount to $1,500,000 annually.

The slate quarries of Piscataquis county afford excellent slate for roofing and all kinds of slate goods. For strength, durability and permanence of color it has no superior. Some of the quarries have been operated irregularly, but the demand for their product, the annual value of which has amounted to about $200,000, is steadily increasing.

The limerock of Knox County has long sustained a considerable industry, the annual product amounting to about 1,500,000 barrels of lime.

Ice is a sure crop in Maine, and consequently has the advantage of its failure elsewhere. It affords a winter industry, which gives employment to more than 7,000 men and many teams. The operations on the Kennebec, the principal field of the industry, where large crews of men and horses are employed in sweeping the snow from the surface of the ice, cutting it into blocks and hauling it into the huge storehouses on the shore, present a busy and picturesque scene on a bright winter day. The business gives employment to a large fleet of schooners, engaged in transporting the ice to Southern markets. The annual storage usually amounts to a million tons.

MANUFACTURES.

The immense water power of Maine afforded by her swift-flowing and rock-bound rivers early led to the introduction of saw-mills, which utilized the abundant forest growth, and cleared the fields for the farmers. These were followed by woolen mills, which took from the hands of the housewife the domestic industry so long carried on by her for the clothing of her family. But as late as 1810 she made more than half the woolen cloth manufactured in Maine, turning off 453,410 yards, while the fulling mills dressed but 357,386 yards annually. By 1850, however, the manufacture had largely passed out of her hands, though the number of woolen mills was then but thirty-six. In 1880 they had increased to ninety-three, giving employment in the interior villages to 3,045 persons, and producing an annual product valued at $6,687,073.

Cotton mills soon followed, their product in 1810 amounting to 811,912 yards. The attention of capitalists in other States was turned to Maine's superior water privileges, and though at first encountering opposition from hostile laws, the jealousy of local feeling and the short-sighted policy of putting too high a price upon land, they ultimately gained possession of the best sites, and cotton factories sprang up at Saco in 1831, at Hallowell in 1844, Biddeford in 1845, and Lewiston in 1846, adding greatly to the population and prosperity of those towns. At a later period factories were established at Augusta, Saccarappa, Waterville, and other towns, and the annual production of cotton cloths in Maine, by the census of 1880, was 144,368,675 yards, valued at $13,319,363, and giving employment to 11,864 persons. This product has since been largely increased. Lewiston is now the chief cotton manufacturing city of Maine, having in 1892 over nine millions of dollars of incorporated capital invested in its mills. The profits of these investments are chiefly reaped by outside capitalists and do not enrich the State, but the disbursements for labor and improvements add a very considerable item to the annual income of its people. The advantage of applying home capital now largely invested abroad, to this branch of manufacture is beginning to be appreciated, and has led to the establishment of a home mill at Lewiston.

Among other manufactures which diversify the industry of Maine are her machine shops, which turn out various products, from farming tools to locomotives; her factories for the utilizing

of her woods in various forms; her shoe factories which have gathered in and largely increased the scattered industry of the roadside shoeshops, giving, in 1880, employment to 3,919 persons, with a product of $5,823,541; and her paper mills, the largest of which, established at Cumberland Mills, in the town of Westbrook, has built up a model village, which, together with the neighboring village of Saccarappa, promises to grow into a busy and prosperous manufacturing city.

LABOR.

In 1880 the manufactories of Maine numbered 4,481, employing 52,954 persons, and yielding an annual product of $79,829,793. These establishments have given a new direction to the employment of the people, originally almost exclusively engaged in lumbering, fishing, sea-faring and agriculture. They have largely changed their pursuits from out-door labor to sedentary employments, less conducive to health, and have brought in a large foreign element.

The necessity of self-help and self-protection has led the operatives to unite in labor organizations, whose measures, though not always wise and well-considered, have at least called public attention to the need of laws for their protection, and led to beneficial legislation regulating the hours of labor of women and children, and giving to the latter an opportunity to obtain some schooling.

In 1886 a State Bureau of Industrial and Labor Statistics was established, and the report of the Commissioner for 1888 contains some valuable information concerning the condition of the manufacturing population. Eight boot and shoe factories, employing 1,197 men and 413 women, report the weekly earnings of the men $11.17; annual earnings $499.25. Boys and girls earn $4.50 per week. Fifteen per cent of the employés own homes. Eleven cotton mills, employing 4,402 men, 6,438 women, 239 boys under fifteen years, and 178 girls under fifteen, report the weekly earnings of men $8.46; annual earnings, $433; weekly earnings of boys, $3.45; of girls $3.59. Percentage owning homes, 1½ per cent. Fourteen woolen mills, employing 890 men, 649 women, 26 boys under fifteen, and 13 girls under fifteen, report weekly earnings of men $9.18; annual earnings, $502.00; weekly earnings of women, $7.17; annual earnings, $353.00; weekly earnings of boys, $4.64; of girls, $4.19. Per-

centage owning homes, 15 per cent. While no general system of relief prevails, many employers are disposed to be liberal toward their faithful employés who have fallen into distress while engaged in their service. The percentage of minors from 12 to 15 employed in sixty-four cotton, woolen, and boot and shoe factories is but 2½, of minors from 15 to 16 is 5 per cent of the whole number employed. The tendency is to reduce the number of children employed in factories. The law, requiring children employed in them to have at least sixteen weeks schooling in each year, has increased the attendance in school, in manufacturing districts, from 5 to 10 per cent.

Many factory employés have sums deposited in savings banks, varying in amounts from $300 to $2,500. In 1891 the total deposits in the savings banks of Maine, in round numbers, amounted to $50,000,000, and there were 146,668 depositors, or nearly one in every five of the inhabitants. 114,889 represented a deposit of less than $500.

These facts go to show that while there is yet room for improvement in the condition of the manufacturing class, they are, on the whole, able to earn fair wages and to maintain comfortable homes, while by thrift and economy they can lay aside something for their support in sickness and old age.

RAILROADS.

The resources of Maine are made available by her railroads. They facilitate transportation of products and open new regions to the settler and the tourist. The systems now in operation have sprung into existence within the past forty years.

The first railroad in Maine, connecting Bangor with Oldtown for the transportation of lumber, went into operation in 1836. The Portland, Saco and Portsmouth railroad was chartered in 1837, completed in 1842, leased to the Eastern Railroad in 1871, and with the latter came under the management of the Boston and Maine Railroad in 1884. This system, comprising two routes from Portland to Boston, now also controls, by perpetual lease, the Portland and Rochester, opened to the Saco river in 1851, and later extended to Rochester, N. H.

The Androscoggin and Kennebec and the Penobscot and Kennebec were chartered in 1845, completed in 1848 and 1855 respectively, consolidated in 1862, united with the Portland and Kennebec in 1871, forming two trunk lines from Portland to

Waterville, which, with various lateral branches and leased roads, were in 1878 consolidated into the Maine Central system, which, in 1888, including the Portland and Ogdensburg, perpetually leased to it in that year, had an extreme length of 650 miles. This combination of railroads commands the greater part of Maine, connecting Portland, by one line, through Brunswick, with Augusta, the capital of the State, and the upper towns on the Kennebec as far as North Anson, and by the other line with Lewiston and Waterville, at which latter point the two unite in a line to Bangor, there connecting with the Bangor and Piscataquis, which gives approach to the lakes and woods of Northern Maine, and with the European and North American, which with connections extends as far east as Halifax, N. S. By way of the Knox and Lincoln, from Bath to Rockland, connection is made with steamers running to the great sea-side resort, Mt. Desert, and by an extension of the Maine Central east of Bangor, the same point is reached by rail with the exception of a short ferry. The system is well managed and affords great convenience to the traveling public.

An important event in the railroad history of the State was the connection of Portland with Montreal in 1853, by means of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad, which, leased to the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, gave connection with the great Northwest and built up a line of European steamships running from Portland in the winter season, thus making that city the winter port of Canada and the Northwest.

The total length of these railroad systems in Maine, 1892, including horse railroads in Portland, Auburn, Lewiston and Waterville, was 1,210.03 miles. In 1888, 127 miles of railroad were built in Maine, which was more than was built in any other New England State. Projected railroads, giving direct communication with the Northern county of Aroostook, and along the shore line through Eastern Maine, when completed, will round out the systems in the Southern portion of the State.

There remains the great northern wilderness, so long lying unimproved, a forest land full of great resources and capabilities. These are now to be developed by a line of railway constructed through that portion of the State by a foreign corporation. The Canadian Pacific Railway, extending from the Pacific shore across the continent, makes a short cut through Northern Maine to its objective point at Halifax, thus opening a direct

line from Yokohama to Liverpool, by the shortest, quickest, and cheapest route. It is destined to work a revolution in the route of trade between Australia, Japan and China, and England, Germany, France and the North Sea countries.

In passing through the undeveloped portion of Maine it not only opens up the grandest scenery, at many points wild and picturesque, develops industries and gives access to new agricultural regions, but suggests great possibilities in the way of extending the western trade of Portland and other ports having safe and capacious harbors on the coast of Maine, to which access will be had by connecting lines.

The little village of Brownville, in Piscataquis county, has become the headquarters of the Eastern division of the line and is destined to become an important center of operations. One hundred and forty-five miles of this road run through Maine and it is thoroughly built, having all steel rails.

PLEASURE TRAVEL.

These railroad systems, by through trains, designed for pleasure travel, give ready access from the great sea-coast cities and the far West to the lakes, the seaside resorts and the waters of the pure, health-giving springs of Maine, which constitutes one of the great natural resources of the State. These, together with the bold scenery of the coast and the lake regions attract an ever increasing multitude of summer visitors whose expenditures add largely to the revenues of the people.

In the spring sportsmen find salmon fishing on the Penobscot and excellent trout fishing in the Rangeley and Moosehead lakes, with good accommodations in the camps and hotels upon their shores. As the hot weather comes on the pent-up denizens of the great cities of the Middle and Western States flock to the breezy seaside retreats of Maine, which have come to be considered "the summer playground of America."

At Portland they find a center of pleasure travel, combining all the advantages of city and seaside life. Casco Bay, a beautiful land-locked sheet of water, with its one hundred and fifty wooded islands, dotted with summer cottages and hotels, made accessible by numerous pleasure steamers, is close at hand. Old Orchard, with the finest bathing beach in America, is but twelve miles distant. Poland Spring, with its health-giving waters, is within easy access by rail. The White Hills of New Hamp-

shire, reached by rail through one of the wildest mountain passes, are but three or four hours away, while all the eastern resorts, including Bar Harbor, by fast trains are brought within easy reach. The city itself has an elevated site, commanding magnificent views of ocean and mountain scenery, is supplied with pure water from Lake Sebago, and is well-equipped with hotels offering the attractions of a summer home.

Within the past twenty years the pleasure travel, attracted by the cool breezes and grand scenery of Maine's rugged and bay-indented coast, has built up numerous seaside resorts where wealth has lavished itself upon its summer homes. From its solitary hotel Old Orchard has grown into a separate town, crowded with hotels and summer cottages, and populous with pleasure seekers in the season. Bar Harbor, which in 1866 had but one poor tavern, has become a pleasure city magnificent in its hotels and its luxurious summer homes. The whole coast, in all its indentations, from Kittery to Eastport, and its outlying islands, is seized upon by capitalists eager to take advantage of the rise in land and to provide attractive resorts for the incoming multitude.

SUMMARY.

With these natural resources and their related industries the people of Maine have reason to be content with their lot. They have behind them a history of successful endeavor. Their climate gives them health and vigor. Their rugged soil compels to thrift and industry, which ever bring their reward. Their laws and customs tend to sobriety and uprightness of conduct. The hardships of a new land, still existing in the West, to which so many of them have been enticed, are past and gone, and they have now the benefit of long-established churches, schools, colleges, hospitals, literary, social and benevolent institutions which ameliorate, adorn and elevate the life of a people.

POPULATION, POLLS AND ESTATES, 1880 and 1890.

ANDROSCOGGIN COUNTY.

	1880.			1890.		
	Population.	*Polls.*	*Estates.*	*Population.*	*Polls.*	*Estates.*
Auburn	9,555	2,320	$3,009,446	11,250	2,903	$ 6,103,750
Durham	1,213	336	422,724	1,111	300	378,249
East Livermore	1,030	268	344,092	1,506	416	496,740
Greene	999	279	394,260	885	257	329,583
Leeds	1,193	340	415,486	990	282	331,006
Lewiston	19,083	3,432	9,521,103	21,701	5,019	12,144,424
Lisbon	2,641	677	1,115,760	3,120	846	1,636,411
Livermore	1,262	398	430,709	1,151	376	458,925
Minot	1,763	478	720,549	1,315	429	752,146
Poland	2,442	714	920,057	2,472	504	1,133,800
Turner	2,285	659	748,856	2,016	627	764,215
Wales	505	135	198,578	451	158	206,570
Webster	980	261	445,353	951	259	432,447
Total	45,042	10,312	$20,770,973	48,068	12,376	$25,260,356

AROOSTOOK COUNTY.

Amity	432	109	$ 44,476	420	95	$ 114,076
Ashland	505	108	90,725	568	150	136,433
Bancroft	220	58	48,961	264	72	72,688
Benedicta	302	68	42,810	317	76	57,846
Blaine	646	120	49,860	784	174	146,101
Bridgewater	722	154	103,406	946	234	284,324
Caribou	2,756	527	337,388	4,987	876	780,439
Dyer Brook	172			221		
Easton	835	181	88,484	978	225	208,735
Fort Fairfield	2,807	532	468,471	3,526	747	893,593
Fort Kent	1,512	243	72,666	1,826	252	138,183
Frenchville	2,288	375	107,753	2,560	539	183,303
Grand Isle	847	150	80,014	964	164	162,708
Haynesville	224	61	42,456	280	76	68,684
Hersey	159	25	26,406	151	42	63,783
Hodgdon	1,089	245	173,627	1,113	296	259,959
Houlton	3,228	535	725,469	4,015	997	1,688,450
Island Falls	236	52	47,229	223	51	111,384
Limestone	655	118	76,583	933	179	149,938
Linneus	917	193	151,349	965	210	213,908
Littleton	904	177	126,280	924	244	269,604
Ludlow	468	107	109,657	875	107	114,247
Madawaska	1,391	240	90,174	1,451	280	167,176
Mapleton	705	139	51,642	832	191	138,53[illegible]
Mars Hill	716	143	71,577	837	180	171,40[illegible]
Masardis	212	52	42,304	250	66	57,150
*Maysville	1,141	190	224,288			
Monticello	965	188	149,273	1,132	[illegible]	261,698
New Limerick	590	126	100,720	567	[illegible]	171,329
Orient	224	51	42,554	244	57	51,183
Presque Isle	1,305	295	330,325	*3,046	672	993,875
Sherman	798	177	97,844	909	220	167,142
Smyrna	237	48	60,872	303	72	93,334
Washburn	809	157	100,243	1,097	270	215,341
Van Buren	1,110	186	111,670	1,168	223	205,184
Weston	417	98	53,179	404	92	51,904
Woodland	679	137	77,539	885	224	170,612

*Maysville, annexed to Presque Isle 1883.

	1880.			1890.		
	Population.	*Polls.*	*Estates.*	*Population.*	*Polls.*	*Estates.*
PLANTATIONS.						
Allagash	2[illegible]			202		
Cary	413	74	$20,230	390	86	$ 87,578
Castle Hill	419	80	27,036	537	121	90,758
Caswell	326	64	17,379	212	41	35,238
Chapman	166	42	11,81[illegible]	231		
Connor	259			526		
Crystal	275	73	52,505	297	66	73,739
Cyr	55[illegible]	82	28,060	429	71	53,299
Eagle Lake	233			313		
Garfield	8[illegible]			86		
Glenwood	198	3	28,845	183		
Hamlin	612	84	38,637	484	72	72,039
Macwahoc	187	40	25,917	216	65	36,193
Merrill	20[illegible]	37	15,60[illegible]	244	56	64,396
Moro	17[illegible]	39	46,693	199	55	58,407
Nashville	3[illegible]			34		
New Canada	177			301		
New Sweden	517	120	22,041	707	108	107,832
No. 11, R. 1	413	74	20,230			
Oakfield	636	140	41,100	720	157	105,177
Oxbow	127	21	18,917	94		
Perham	346	99	31,07[illegible]	438	112	113,011
Portage Lake	132	29	23,01[illegible]	140		
Reed	109	26	45,45[illegible]	203		
Sheridan	85			221		
Silver Ridge	229	63	16,66[illegible]	195	66	43,200
St. Francis	299	62	20,840	461	84	38,650
St. John	166			226		
Wade	131	24	10,165	158		
Wallagrass	431	85	22,040	595	106	49,654
Westfield	103	29	34,426	166		
*Winterville	101			72		
UNORGANIZED PLACES.						
Letter A, R. 2	7			12		
Letter B, R. 2	87			109		
Letter C, R. 2	3			7		
Letter D, R. 2	6					
Letter E, R. 2	5			20		
Molunkus	76			77		
No. 1, R. 4	6			11		
No. 1, R. 5	48			62		
No. 2, R. 2	15					
No. 3, R. 2				12		
No. 4, R. 3	2					
No. 7, R. 5	38			17		
No. 8, R. 5	21			23		
No. 9, R. 5	9			8		
No. 11, R. 6	80					
No. 12, R. 13				7		
†No. 13, R. 15	57			28		
No. 14, R. 6	12			19		
No. 14, R. 14				1		
No. 14, R. 16	23			23		
No. 15, R. 4				52		
No. 15, R. 6	22			10		
No. 15, R. 11	29			43		
No. 16, R. 3				66		
No. 16, R. 4				9		
No. 16, R. 10	46			49		
No. 16, R. 11	28			13		
No. 16, R. 12				35		
No. 17, R. 4	30					
No. 17, R. 10	49					

*Formerly No 15, R. 7. †Formerly Seven Islands.

	1880.			1890.		
	Population.	Polls.	Estates.	Population.	Polls.	Estates.
No. 17, R. 11.....	79			104		
No. 18, R. 10.....	44			49		
Timber and grass on public lots						115,845
Wild Lands.....			2,339,098			5,303,054
Total.....	29,453	7,734	$7,564,932	49,589	19,031	$15,437,158
CUMBERLAND COUNTY.						
Baldwin.....	1,123	273	$ 312,101	932	329	$ 389,019
Bridgton.....	2,863	730	1,102,613	2,605	740	1,248,368
Brunswick.....	5,384	1,109	2,084,374	6,012	1,306	3,004,061
Cape Elizabeth...	5,302	1,155	1,869,199	5,459	1,316	2,328,470
Casco.....	908	237	265,259	844	252	289,597
Cumberland.....	1,619	415	556,460	1,487	550	693,499
Deering.....	4,324	1,168	2,585,825	5,353	1,392	3,288,054
Falmouth.....	1,622	382	769,470	1,580	463	936,047
Freeport.....	2,279	569	979,038	2,482	719	1,263,571
Gorham.....	3,233	756	1,398,524	2,888	790	1,500,033
Gray.....	1,708	418	572,122	1,517	404	634,552
Harpswell.....	1,773	430	499,621	1,766	454	615,003
Harrison.....	1,168	343	315,826	1,071	322	438,168
Naples.....	1,007	280	242,618	846	280	267,878
New Gloucester..	1,382	427	819,575	1,234	391	912,681
North Yarmouth.	827	252	372,510	709	231	396,448
Otisfield.....	927	214	262,027	888	224	254,196
Portland.....	33,810	8,529	30,437,541	36,425	9,984	37,956,868
Pownal.....	874	249	303,486	712	287	305,465
Raymond.....	1,132	284	227,213	927	266	222,351
Scarborough.....	1,847	498	780,702	1,794	510	820,758
Sebago.....	808	191	183,095	681	204	173,044
Standish.....	2,035	571	620,922	1,841	514	645,009
Westbrook.....	3,981	854	1,527,880	6,632	1,731	3,254,575
Windham.....	2,312	702	819,839	2,216	573	1,048,273
Yarmouth.....	2,021	503	1,022,670	2,098	556	1,256,044
Total.....	86,359	21,539	$51,530,510	90,949	24,738	$65,039,972
FRANKLIN COUNTY.						
Avon.....	571	146	$ 129,343	439	130	$ 131,748
Carthage.....	507	129	107,827	390	109	90,807
Chesterville.....	955	249	290,968	770	204	275,522
Eustis.....	302	87	64,880	321	95	93,067
Farmington.....	3,353	879	1,601,271	3,207	904	1,839,909
Freeman.....	549	128	140,269	464	130	131,803
Industry.....	715	186	148,252	545	146	117,203
Jay.....	1,291	349	483,601	1,541	450	655,842
Kingfield.....	454	122	119,095	601	175	272,981
Madrid.....	437	144	69,866	441	125	69,530
New Sharon.....	1,306	388	470,917	1,064	337	453,519
New Vineyard....	788	201	202,867	760	201	198,624
Phillips.....	1,437	379	447,905	1,394	387	527,843
Rangeley.....	563	131	103,241	616	185	163,456
Salem.....	272	67	59,868	218	83	60,224
Strong.....	596	173	223,525	627	181	249,413
Temple.....	580	150	160,245	470	124	146,157
Weld.....	1,040	317	231,911	885	258	217,803
Wilton.....	1,739	453	638,797	1,622	487	689,423
PLANTATIONS.						
Coplin.....	79	18	31,557	71		
Dallas.....	145	37	19,790	184		
Greenvale.....	50	10	13,851	52		
Letter E.....	27	8	14,545	29		

	1880.			1890.		
	Population.	*Polls.*	*Estates.*	*Population.*	*Polls.*	*Estates.*
Perkins	134	27	$ 22,067	94		
Rangeley	64	13	16,408	58		
UNINCORPORATED PLACES.						
Chain of Ponds				7		
Jerusalem	21			18		
Lang	31			51		
Letter D	5					
Lowell	3			49		
Mt. Abram				3		
No. 1, Range 3						
No. 4, Range 2	2			9		
No. 4, Range 3	12			25		
No. 6	69			26		
Reddington				28		
Sandy River	50			45		
Washington	32			29		
Timber and grass on public lots						$1,069,459
Wild Lands			340,746			24,695
Total	18,180	4,791	$6,153,612	17,053	4,711	$7,479,209
HANCOCK COUNTY.						
Amherst	400	122	$ 72,524	375	115	$ 113,853
Aurora	212	54	41,953	175	71	62,783
Bluehill	2,213	537	449,497	1,980	530	539,042
Brooklin	977	273	142,359	1,046	234	175,029
Brooksville	1,419	344	207,443	1,310	329	220,008
Bucksport	3,047	852	1,057,500	2,921	766	1,113,137
Castine	1,215	299	362,754	987	234	348,566
Cranberry Isles	343	98	52,063	330	114	104,893
Deer Isle	3,266	804	373,182	3,422	932	510,912
Dedham	406	90	98,308	366	107	96,021
Eden	1,629	330	622,901	1,946	682	5,034,958
Ellsworth	5,052	1,214	1,456,366	4,804	1,500	2,260,177
Estabrook	289	64	63,681	246	71	64,606
Franklin	1,102	289	178,220	1,264	315	293,461
Gouldsborough	1,825	493	225,244	1,709	521	398,208
Hancock	1,093	286	177,534	1,190	290	337,446
Isle au Haut	274	76	32,756	206	51	62,129
Lamoine	749	185	148,333	726	181	238,788
Mariaville	382	112	81,804	271	87	75,177
Mt. Desert	1,017	243	160,803	1,355	354	570,005
Orland	1,689	435	358,325	1,390	423	347,336
Otis	304	88	34,725	239	69	43,776
Penobscot	1,341	335	215,437	1,313	346	266,655
Sedgwick	1,128	302	188,605	1,012	293	200,204
Sullivan	1,023	245	193,477	1,379	393	625,921
Surry	1,184	309	212,582	986	267	212,499
Tremont	2,011	507	361,419	2,036	582	635,979
Trenton	639	171	111,817	528	153	144,252
Verona	356	108	50,073	323	90	69,245
Waltham	296	95	78,154	242	81	78,732
PLANTATIONS.						
Long Island	150	44	22,291	132	42	25,273
No. 7	89	26	15,502	50		
Swan (and other Islands)	765	130	49,856	632	137	95,091
UNORGANIZED PLACES.						
Hog Island	17					
No. 8				31		
No. 10				23		
No. 21	61			63		

	1880.			1890.		
	Population.	*Polls.*	*Estates.*	*Population.*	*Polls.*	*Estates.*
No. 28	13			20		
No. 32	25			25		
No. 33, Mid. Div.	118			112		
No. 39	10			136		
Timber and grass on public lots						$ 15,120
Wild lands			$377,478			705,444
Total	38,129	9,560	$8,274,96	37,312	10,408	$16,115,026
KENNEBEC COUNTY.						
Albion	1,191	345	$ 370,501	1,042	297	$ 401,524
Augusta	8,661	1,762	5,168,964	10,527	2,412	8,152,360
Belgrade	1,321	341	493,631	1,090	361	471,889
Benton	1,173	323	376,601	1,136	327	399,071
Chelsea	1,537	179	206,738	2,356	223	228,568
China	1,769	493	571.203	1,423	412	598,118
Clinton	1,665	423	586,561	1,518	427	606,752
Farmingdale	789	223	387.842	821	224	501,550
Fayette	765	217	274,592	649	193	268,983
Gardiner	4,439	1,171	2,379,129	5,491	1,548	3,358,318
Hallowell	3,154	533	1,611,320	3,181	613	1,655,999
Litchfield	1,310	382	454,330	1,126	350	383,514
Manchester	623	180	291,200	612	174	261,702
Monmouth	1,520	486	900.042	1,362	444	690,726
Mt. Vernon	1,170	320	393,381	940	319	357,275
Oakland	1,647	453	661,157	2,044	542	1,113,356
Pittston	2,458	650	669,688	1,281	386	451,980
*Randolph				1,281	276	322,265
Readfield	1,243	311	499,089	1,176	298	495,777
Rome	606	174	129,857	500	150	102,117
Sidney	1,396	435	579,764	1,334	356	592,123
Vassalborough	1,621	800	1,188,980	2,052	576	962,325
Vienna	644	176	167,316	495	143	162,724
Waterville	4,672	1,042	2,612,496	7,107	1,872	5,462,795
Wayne	950	250	338,802	775	217	283,287
West Gardiner	977	261	325,220	853	213	307,688
Windsor	1,079	279	302,088	853	253	281,196
Winslow	1,467	409	503,269	1,814	451	672,529
Winthrop	2,146	619	1,125,317	2,111	587	1,343,400
Unity plantation	61	15	14,086	62	21	18,291
Total	53,058	13,252	$23,292,164	57,012	14,765	$30,911,202
KNOX COUNTY.						
Appleton	1,348	337	$ 320,664	1,080	315	$ 318,980
†Camden	4,386	1,238	1,676,536	4,621	1,378	2,763,401
Cushing	805	215	115,474	688	195	125,483
Friendship	938	253	157,165	877	247	192,228
Hope	830	237	211,985	641	205	225,690
Hurricane Isle	220	204	40,028	266	95	33,395
North Haven	755	195	151,652	552	131	151,066
Rockland	7,599	2,318	2,951,019	8,174	2,616	4,370,556
South Thomaston	1,771	441	321,861	1,534	418	328,087
St. George	2,875	687	523,266	2,491	698	448,227
Thomaston	3,017	723	2,202,211	3,009	653	1,853,010
Union	1,548	467	597,330	1,436	417	620,023
Vinalhaven	2,855	783	470,514	2,617	640	505,682
Warren	2,166	563	789,820	2,037	517	873,398
Washington	1,249	290	294,551	1,230	334	324,438
Matinicus Isle pl.	243	62	22,387	196	65	23,333
Muscle Ridge pl.	258	73	32,273	24		
Total	32,861	9,087	$10,878,736	31,473	8,924	$13,156,997

*Set off from Pittston March 4, 1887.

† Including Rockport.

	1880.			1890.		
	Population.	*Polls.*	*Estates.*	*Population.*	*Polls.*	*Estates.*
LINCOLN COUNTY.						
Alna	687	195	$206,339	512	160	$ 210,315
Boothbay	3,575	925	769,760	1,718	473	490,638
*Boothbay Harb'r				1,699	420	639,344
Bremen	839	229	190,387	719	223	183,840
Bristol	3,196	872	589,159	2,821	735	714,500
Damariscotta	1,142	312	592,208	1,012	299	531,623
Dresden	1,032	327	326,665	1,043	296	407,734
Edgecomb	872	216	189,440	749	205	185,170
Jefferson	1,590	448	459,237	1,391	375	511,550
Monhegan Island	133	39	10,305	90	36	11,516
Muscongus Island	133			123		
Newcastle	1,282	397	827,108	1,282	337	773,647
Nobleborough	1,142	319	239,295	947	309	240,199
Somerville	539	147	106,235	453	127	94,883
Southport	679	178	132,350	533	153	299,155
Waldoborough	3,758	1,087	1,135,023	3,505	949	1,196,515
Westport	612	153	100,435	451	134	101,385
Whitefield	1,511	392	440,974	1,215	359	445,750
Wiscasset	1,847	514	319,773	1,733	461	639,324
Total	24,821	6,750	$6,634,693	21,996	6,051	$7,668,148
OXFORD COUNTY.						
Albany	693	179	$139,029	645	196	$ 139,857
Andover	780	209	122,252	740	201	170,696
Bethel	2,077	597	738,586	2,209	635	782,067
Brownfield	1,229	325	252,346	1,134	320	319,933
Buckfield	1,379	369	397,598	1,200	358	377,891
Byron	191	59	39,000	180	62	39,187
Canton	1,029	272	367,693	1,303	350	453,589
Denmark	904	270	305,185	755	238	286,392
Dixfield	913	251	320,265	988	287	306,662
Fryeburg	1,633	440	796,322	1,418	453	841,294
Gilead	293	94	72,364	336	105	145,451
Grafton	115	22	25,857	98	24	70,354
Greenwood	838	217	149,073	727	197	141,917
Hanover	203	67	64,124	212	66	82,828
Hartford	863	229	300,975	689	203	295,327
Hebron	601	146	189,113	600	162	194,428
Hiram	1,452	367	393,116	1,063	340	355,451
Lovell	1,077	316	305,632	853	278	391,298
Mason	94	26	27,446	80	24	29,108
Mexico	403	109	105,618	355	104	105,083
Newry	337	119	90,663	343	108	100,005
Norway	2,519	645	889,863	2,665	732	1,181,797
Oxford	1,655	405	483,246	1,455	394	457,128
Paris	2,931	779	985,274	3,156	949	1,267,107
Peru	825	231	247,160	692	212	207,240
Porter	1,095	307	279,359	1,015	316	282,695
Roxbury	175	43	23,201	222	49	28,882
Rumford	1,006	297	351,119	898	251	362,164
Stoneham	475	119	68,381	322	107	66,455
Stow	401	104	128,202	291	83	120,717
Sumner	1,014	283	310,985	901	259	275,963
Sweden	474	141	158,406	338	118	135,621
Upton	245	56	43,783	232	74	61,404
Waterford	1,161	349	338,987	1,001	321	312,041
Woodstock	952	248	196,035	859	253	211,387
PLANTATIONS.						
Franklin	159	42	26,110	112		
Lincoln	52	16	17,972	59		
Magalloway	45			79		
Milton	270	62	40,966	211	56	56,120

*Set off from Boothbay Feb. 16, 1889.

	1850.			1890.		
	Population.	*Polls.*	*Estates.*	*Population.*	*Polls.*	*Estates.*
UNORGANIZED PLACES.						
Andover N. and W. Surplus.....				22		
Batchelder's Gr't.				26		
Fryeburg Academy Grant.....	22			34		
No. 5, R. 4.....				3		
Public lots.....						
Richardsontown..	7					$ 12,79
Riley's Grant.....	40					
Township C.....				43		
Wild Lands				22		
						875,185
Total.....32,627		8,810	$10,058,554	30,586	8,885	$11,554,519

PENOBSCOT COUNTY.

Alton.....	419	116	$ 78,959	348	100	$ 70,020
Argyle.....	285	92	50,389	263	86	71,556
Bangor.....16,856		3,788	8,738,605	19,103	5,044	12,177,041
Bradford.....	1,460	374	252,413	1,215	378	337,416
Bradley.....	829	234	118,998	823	205	153,109
Brewer.....	3,170	796	735,169	4,143	1,113	1,307,970
Burlington.....	536	128	89,041	460	139	160,859
Carmel.....	1,220	294	291,073	1,066	295	279,542
Carroll.....	623	156	112,464	546	141	117,711
Charleston.....	1,110	293	277,883	971	299	302,753
Chester.....	362	97	42,760	368	120	60,876
Clifton.....	350	98	44,259	284	88	60,469
Corinna.....	1,503	380	421,649	1,207	291	478,587
Corinth.....	1,333	381	439,036	1,154	332	447,458
Dexter.....	2,563	679	963,029	2,732	702	1,156,488
Dixmont.....	1,132	324	308,176	919	254	282,077
Eddington.....	746	214	128,767	729	219	132,979
Edinburg	45	11	17,740	54	16	46,718
Enfield.....	489	133	64,224	769	200	215,841
Etna.....	895	216	162,209	646	200	124,068
Exeter.....	1,274	355	426,151	939	280	415,592
Garland.....	1,211	343	$331,690	973	321	381,812
Glenburn.....	655	175	138,632	583	166	152,065
Greenbush.....	681	169	91,996	659	168	82,545
Greenfield.....	337	92	44,940	231	74	45,469
Hampden.....	2,911	731	676,017	2,484	600	679,851
Hermon.....	1,394	369	399,999	1,282	355	343,799
Holden.....	717	200	174,681	609	108	157,555
Howland.....	137	42	30,341	171	58	47,004
Hudson.....	659	185	93,806	510	160	113,043
Kenduskeag.....	650	193	181,700	536	170	167,567
Kingman.....	546	165	75,455	671	153	126,154
Lagrange	721	188	202,673	721	211	204,700
Lee.....	894	220	109,933	929	250	139,558
Levant.....	1,076	279	282,149	880	275	279,079
Lincoln.....	1,659	449	365,295	1,756	455	436,375
Lowell.....	433	116	65,406	439	123	70,946
Mattawamkeag...	456	122	77,768	633	174	139,642
Maxfield.....	139	39	17,541	134	37	33,711
Medway.....	628	156	79,638	653	175	142,575
Milford.....	734	164	174,709	835	209	214,707
Mt. Chase.....	310	71	28,101	284	60	45,365
Newburg.....	1,057	304	275,102	867	260	287,521
Newport	1,451	397	378,163	1,188	348	404,376
Old Town.....	3,395	499	528,109	5,312	1,021	1,125,543
Orono.....	2,245	558	512,624	2,790	666	733,359
Orrington.....	1,529	449	405,893	1,406	386	401,309
Passadumkeag....	302	78	42,662	343	93	25,496

	1880.			1890.		
	Population.	*Polls.*	*Estates.*	*Population.*	*Polls.*	*Estates.*
Patten	710	193	$198,378	936	253	$205,730
Plymouth	828	204	183,193	689	227	195,824
Prentiss	416	103	67,789	401	116	87,659
Springfield	878	193	105,212	677	196	139,466
Stetson	729	218	219,399	618	198	244,572
Veazie	622	175	121,430	650	202	171,630
Winn	898	202	103,304	936	242	192,736
PLANTATIONS.						
Drew	137	20	33,335	110		
Indian Township	11			4		
Lakeville	136	34	48,603	114		
Mattamiscontis	64	15	12,876	47	18	14,862
No. 1	97			104		
No. 2, Grand Falls	93	23	23,822	68		
No. 2, R. 3	9					
No. 2, R. 6	20			20		
No. 3, R. 1	12					
No. 3, R. 7	95					
No. 4, R. 7				4		
No. 5, R. 7	15			1		
No. 6, R. 7	21			4		
No. 8, R. 7				9		
Public lots						31,928
*Sebois				98		
Stacyville	184	45	20,362	250		
Township A, R. 7	23			50		
Townships in R. 6, 7, 8				18		
Webster	118	20	36,120	135		
Whitney Ridge	17					
Wild Lands						1,607,076
Woodville	223	50	31,937	212	55	55,665
Total	70,476	17,407	$21,408,151	72,865	19,085	$28,523,004

PISCATAQUIS COUNTY.

Abbot	695	183	$174,669	622	200	$ 177,289
Atkinson	823	190	180,902	605	189	180,754
Blanchard	167	46	30,424	213	56	51,658
Brownville	896	210	212,452	1,074	307	326,665
Dover	1,687	452	574,943	1,942	550	674,178
Foxcroft	1,263	287	394,675	1,726	385	485,672
Greenville	586	239	253,578	781	195	316,784
Guilford	881	112	91,121	1,021	288	309,979
Medford	398	80	52,885	306	80	65,735
Milo	934	236	203,488	1,020	305	318,491
Monson	827	298	159,461	1,237	396	214,186
Orneville	501	117	73,730	492	139	84,080
Parkman	1,005	285	249,211	813	197	210,219
Sangerville	1,047	299	291,603	1,256	345	444,398
Sebec	876	227	179,940	725	189	180,103
Shirley	253	59	50,973	291	82	75,869
Wellington	647	166	116,712	584	170	169,390
Williamsburg	235	50	28,275	162	37	29,987
Willimantic	267			446	138	110,576
PLANTATIONS.						
Barnard	139			100		42,000
Katahdin Iron Works	193			76		
Bowerbank	86			87		55,100
Burbank	25					
†Chesuncook	82			66		

*Formerly No. 3, R. 8. †Formerly No. 5, R. 13.

	1880.			1890.		
	Population.	Polls.	Estates.	Population.	Polls.	Estates.
Day's Acad. Grant	12			34		
Elliotsville	55			53		$ 66,120
Gore A, No. 2				11		
Kingsbury	198	47	$ 23,244	295		
Lilly Bay	13			11		
Mt. Kineo	23			66		
N. E. Carry				19		
No. 1, R. 13				7		
No. 1, R. 14	7					
No. 3, R. 13	8			6		
No. 4, R. 3	6					
No. 5, R. 4	14					
No. 5, R. 9				8		
No. 7, R. 13	5					
Public lots				7		108,775
Roach River	13			77		
Squaw Mountain				11		
Township A, R. 14						
Wild Lands			1,913,510			4,863,228
Total	14,872	3,622	$5,255,746	16,134	4,248	$9,428,623

SAGADAHOC COUNTY.

Arrowsic	255	79	$ 86,398	177	58	$ 91,028
Bath	7,374	2,265	5,913,192	8,723	2,505	6,419,481
Bowdoin	1,136	344	394,901	940	276	298,320
Bowdoinham	1,681	443	610,409	1,508	335	714,622
Georgetown	1,080	285	147,824	849	227	194,413
Perkins	78	28	37,594	69	19	45,485
Phipsburg	1,497	329	371,836	1,396	359	442,385
Richmond	2,653	639	1,221,354	3,082	856	1,658,158
Topsham	1,544	399	819,537	1,394	365	784,971
West Bath	315	92	161,431	307	73	191,776
Woolwich	1,154	279	532,639	1,007	263	518,078
Total	19,272	5,182	$10,297,215	19,452	5,336	$11,358,702

SOMERSET COUNTY.

Anson	1,555	447	$ 585,080	1,444	442	$ 630,765
Athens	1,310	341	367,878	1,072	294	362,840
Bingham	828	236	201,471	757	240	219,092
Brighton	585	146	71,930	434	124	88,368
Cambridge	472	138	117,312	425	141	121,283
Canaan	1,281	364	350,573	1,130	340	393,411
Concord	406	109	95,136	345	103	84,387
Cornville	932	272	344,042	785	256	377,701
Detroit	661	177	117,019	590	160	147,284
Embden	674	169	171,203	579	152	272,577
Fairfield	3,044	806	1,288,582	3,510	980	1,692,630
Harmony	881	226	189,751	704	202	209,217
Hartland	1,047	296	366,221	974	290	430,256
Madison	1,315	405	546,077	1,815	490	1,016,044
*Mayfield	141	34	17,875	74		
Mercer	755	198	215,294	584	158	161,355
Moscow	522	133	95,142	422	135	93,678
New Portland	1,271	413	466,250	1,034	290	389,122
Norridgewock	1,491	442	581,847	1,656	450	582,392
Palmyra	1,271	347	357,461	1,004	290	330,140
Pittsfield	1,909	477	560,709	2,503	625	880,134
Ripley	550	187	119,253	478	121	125,739
Skowhegan	3,860	1,015	2,053,818	5,068	1,411	4,023,207
Smithfield	564	185	142,662	479	140	130,019

*Unorganized.

	1880.			1890.		
	Population.	*Polls.*	*Estates.*	*Population.*	*Polls.*	*Estates.*
Solon	1,013	274	$ 345,288	977	326	$ 336,860
St. Albans	1,394	411	418,031	1,206	334	439,855
Starks	929	269	312,264	766	223	290,181
PLANTATIONS.						
Bald Mountain	8					
Bigelow				62		
Bowtown	15					
Carratunk	173			192		
Carrying Place	35	13	9,980	31		
Dead River	113	29	22,982	104		
Dennistown	73			66		
Flag Staff	76	21	41,082	87		
Highland	121	35	18,361	76		
Holeb	2			27		
Jackmantown	95			217		
Lexington	322	83	58,421	199	71	62,547
Long Pond				53		
Moose River	102			170		
Moxie's				11		
No. 1, R. 1				30		
No. 1, R. 2	3					
No. 1, R. 7	5					
No. 4, R. 3	62					
Pleasant Ridge	128			108		
Public lots						76,355
Sandy Bay	8			31		
Taunton & Rainham	34			7		
The Forks	199			195		
West Forks	95			146		
Wild Lands			1,478,983			3,532,711
Total	32,333	8,169	$12,128,878	32,627	8,788	$17,550,150

WALDO COUNTY.

Belfast	5,308	1,530	$2,463,677	5,294	1,421	$2,973,747
Belmont	628	139	10,329	475	142	104,200
Brooks	877	215	229,437	730	207	229,386
Burnham	967	225	204,248	846	238	251,204
Frankfort	1,157	290	186,815	1,099	270	202,320
Freedom	652	192	177,241	510	159	177,989
Islesborough	1,208	290	158,033	1,006	256	266,721
Jackson	682	187	159,315	522	164	178,554
Knox	852	215	218,608	657	174	226,761
Liberty	970	226	264,757	835	230	270,668
Lincolnville	1,705	482	409,296	1,361	374	390,196
Monroe	1,366	335	310,155	1,079	295	372,169
Montville	1,255	356	362,692	1,049	325	367,620
Morrill	494	139	122,098	460	121	138,300
Northport	872	238	196,253	691	203	236,193
Palermo	1,118	280	254,966	887	275	208,847
Prospect	770	211	166,224	697	181	174,131
Searsmont	1,330	323	365,949	1,144	346	368,284
Searsport	2,322	635	1,049,662	1,693	447	913,831
Stockton Springs	1,548	511	401,446	1,149	283	318,445
Swanville	703	170	138,338	689	208	148,269
Thorndike	713	187	280,033	589	148	264,863
Troy	1,059	243	263,939	868	195	271,150
Unity	1,092	272	386,334	922	252	415,384
Waldo	663	149	146,923	581	148	174,410
Winterport	2,260	523	558,090	1,926	554	616,816
Total	32,463	8,563	$9,577,834	27,759	7,611	$10,260,456

WASHINGTON COUNTY.

	1880. Population.	Polls.	Estates.	1890. Population.	Polls.	Estates.
Addison	1,238	333	$ 278,978	1,022	288	$ 290,324
Alexander	439	87	71,035	337	104	74 468
Baileyville	376	66	53,061	226	65	64,520
Baring	303	57	76,316	273	69	75.912
Beddington	129	34	32,605	184	41	90,760
Brookton	335	60	84,660	429	97	104,021
Calais	6,173	1,409	1,732,056	7,200	1,390	2,398,[illegible]6
Centerville	137	35	40,276	114	26	68,289
Charlotte	489	93	60,298	381	102	77.133
Cherryfield	1,793	425	404,573	1,787	456	52[illegible],874
Columbia	642	161	121,826	587	171	131,410
Columbia Falls	685	165	160,208	698	171	176,077
Cooper	346	79	52,340	264	78	59,573
Crawford	206	48	29,584	140	43	33,449
Cutler	829	211	87,251	662	166	107,075
*Danforth	612	141	106,934	1,063	269	179,055
Deblois	105	29	17,846	76	27	24,5 3
Dennysville	522	117	184,786	452	114	172,597
East Machias	1,875	389	495,535	1,637	401	391,071
Eastport	4,006	721	838,892	4,908	1,053	954,572
*Eaton	314	66	88,294			
Edmunds	445	97	72,331	395	91	69,512
*Forest City				287	61	71,581
Harrington	1,290	330	285,978	1,150	316	275.137
†Jonesborough	555	133	80,000	624	170	140,589
Jonesport	1,563	258	192,984	1,917	434	342,318
Kossuth	122	27	26,645	68	23	39,967
Lubec	2,109	490	310,818	2,069	514	320,474
Machias	2,203	531	779,588	2,035	535	798,333
Machiasport	1,531	303	191,248	1,437	368	205,262
Marion	182	50	28,127	90	32	29,618
Marshfield	300	75	62,669	299	59	62,232
Meddybemps	172	54	25,833	156	51	28,533
Milbridge	1,752	400	304,779	1,963	475	389,380
Northfield	193	51	33,311	143	44	55,854
Pembroke	2,324	537	409,443	1,514	397	317,026
Perry	1,047	224	172,921	945	256	287,495
Princeton	1,038	232	176,518	1,027	263	191,150
Robbinston	910	198	111,694	787	195	121,414
Steuben	1,165	278	185,133	982	287	182,904
Talmadge	112	25	51,780	112	24	70,902
Topsfield	440	105	68,608	375	78	81,593
Trescott	552	147	49,335	485	128	57,095
Vanceboro	381	89	129,528	870	241	216,485
Waite	204	48	31,400	159	39	41,693
Wesley	245	60	41,684	227	72	52,692
Whiting	425	88	82,037	393	89	89,443
Whitneyville	492	117	26,771	413	120	69,349
PLANTATIONS.						
Codyville	79	24	43,757	72		
Devereaux	7			5		
Hinckley	345			404		
Indian	151			88		
‡Lambert Lake	126			152		
No. 1	127					
No. 1, Range 1				5		
No. 1, Range 3				22		
No. 5	5					
No. 10, Range 3	17			37		
No. 11, Range 3	13					
No. 14, East. Div.	164	35	32,659	112		

*Eaton divided Feb. 15, 1887; portion annexed to Danforth and Forest City incorporated.
†Including Roque Bluffs. ‡ Formerly No. 1, R. 2.

	1880.			1890.		
	Population.	*Polls.*	*Estates.*	*Population.*	*Polls.*	*Estates.*
No. 18, East. Div.	40					
No. 19, E. Div.	3			30		
No. 21	109	23	$ 24,103	5		
No. 24	6			81		
No. 27	3					
No. 31	23					
Public lots				17		
Wild lands			576,084			$ 24,080
						1,132,761
Total	44,434	9,758	$9,721,792	44,482	10,493	$11,769,414

YORK COUNTY.

Acton	1,050	281	$ 363,105	878	253	$ 297,966
Alfred	1,101	333	421,418	1,030	271	465,406
Berwick	2,774	636	821,629	2,294	572	922,994
Biddeford	12,651	2,774	5,877,867	11,443	3,342	7,542,309
Buxton	2,230	649	666,991	2,036	545	676,212
Cornish	1,169	305	423,285	1,118	306	453,617
Dayton	592	179	248,492	500	172	245,131
Eliot	1,640	453	492,060	1,463	441	466,191
Kennebunk	2,852	754	1,395,798	1,278	380	416,433
Kennebunkport	2,405	653	866,802	3,172	788	1,780,726
Kittery	3,230	796	535,289	2,196	681	1,247,962
Lebanon	1,601	421	425,050	2,864	744	554,767
Limerick	1,253	306	361,362	1,263	336	423,529
Limington	1,431	414	408,573	966	312	436,243
Lyman	1,004	241	373,739	1,092	335	367,901
Newfield	995	283	264,577	854	188	347,193
North Berwick	1,801	451	637,334	796	246	231,374
*Old Orchard				1,803	560	727,246
Parsonsfield	1,613	471	563,075	877	188	540,139
Saco	6,389	1,558	3,408,533	1,398	419	559,072
Sanford	2,734	599	654,303	6,075	1,721	4,135,349
Shapleigh	1,128	353	248,713	4,201	840	1,173,883
South Berwick	2,677	564	864,590	968	242	256,100
Waterborough	1,482	403	373,580	3,434	844	1,128,018
Wells	2,450	570	613,326	1,357	321	371,203
York	2,463	625	716,798	2,029	547	615,485
				2,444	735	1,228,716
Total	62,267	15,504	$22,423,960	62,829	16,329	$27,611,165

RECAPITULATION BY COUNTIES.

Androscoggin	45,042	10,312	$20,776,973	48,968	12,376	$25,260,356
Aroostook	41,393	7,734	7,564,932	49,589	10,031	10,018,259
Cumberland	86,359	21,539	51,530,510	90,949	24,738	65,039,972
Franklin	18,180	4,791	6,153,612	17,053	4,711	6,385,055
Hancock	38,129	9,560	8,274,966	37,312	10,408	15,394,462
Kennebec	53,058	13,252	23,292,164	57,012	14,765	30,911,202
Knox	32,863	9,087	10,878,736	31,473	8,924	13,156,997
Lincoln	24,821	6,750	6,634,693	21,996	6,051	7,668,148
Oxford	32,627	8,810	10,058,554	30,586	8,885	10,660,540
Penobscot	70,476	17,407	21,408,151	72,865	19,085	26,789,400
Piscataquis	14,872	3,622	5,255,746	16,134	4,248	4,453,620
Sagadahoc	19,272	5,182	10,297,215	19,452	5,336	11,358,702
Somerset	32,333	8,698	12,128,878	32,627	8,788	13,941,084
Waldo	32,463	8,563	9,577,834	27,759	7,611	10,260,456
Washington	44,484	9,758	9,721,792	44,482	10,493	10,612,573
York	62,267	15,504	22,423,960	62,829	16,329	27,611,165
Total	648,039	160,569	$235,978,176	661,086	172,799	$289,533,991

*Set off from Saco Feb. 23, 1883.

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